

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN MILTON:

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

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VOL. I.

London :
MACMILLAN AND CO.
1874.

LONDON

R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS,
BREAD STREET HILL.

PREFACE.

THE TEXT of the Poems in this Edition will, it is hoped, be found very accurate, having been carefully prepared by the Editor for the larger Edition, called "The Cambridge Edition," which appears at the same time. The INTRODUCTIONS and NOTES are an adaptation to the Golden Treasury size of the more extensive and minute editorial matter of the larger Edition. The prefixed MEMOIR has been written for the present Edition, with a view to make it, as one of the books of the Golden Treasury series, independently complete.

EDINBURGH :

September 1874.

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MEMOIR OF MILTON.

THE Introductions to the Poems in these volumes contain necessarily a considerable quantity of biographical matter. All that is needed here, therefore, by way of general memoir, is a map or chronology of the life as a whole. A very sure Topography of the life may be blended with such a Chronology.

BREAD STREET, CHEAPSIDE, OLD LONDON.

1608—1625 : *etat.* 1—17.

Born in Bread Street, Cheapside, on Friday, December 9, 1608, in a house known as "The Spread Eagle," and baptized in Allhallows Church in the same street on the 20th of the same December, Milton was for the first sixteen years of his life a denizen of the very heart of Old London.

His father, John Milton, originally from Oxfordshire, was a prosperous London scrivener, and owner of the Spread Eagle, which served him both as residence and as place of business. (See Introduction to *Ad Patrem*.) As to the name of Milton's mother there has hitherto been some uncertainty. One tradition calls her Sarah Bradshaw, and another Sarah Caston ; and yet in the register of Allhallows parish, Bread Street, there is this distinct record : "The xxiind daye of February, A^o. 1610 [1610-11], was buried in this parishe Mrs. Ellen Jefferys, the mother of Mr. John Mylton's wyffe of this parishe." The Mrs. Ellen Jefferys who seems

thus to have lived with the scrivener and his wife till two years after the birth of her grandchild, the future poet, is ascertained to have been the widow of a Paul Jeffray or Jeffreys, citizen and Merchant Taylor of London, who had lived in St. Swithin's parish, but was dead in 1602. She had another daughter, Margaret Jeffray or Jeffreys, who was married in 1602, at the age of twenty, to a "William Truelove, gentleman, of the parish of Hatfield Peverell, in the county of Essex, widower," afterwards designated as "of Blakenham upon the Hill, co. Suffolk," and heard of as owning various properties in Essex and Herts. At the time of that marriage the widow's consent to it was signified through her son-in-law, the bride's brother-in-law, John Milton, of Allhallows, Bread Street.*

At the death of the widowed grandmother Jefferys in February 1610-11, the Bread Street household consisted of the scrivener, his wife, and two children—Anne and John. Three children were subsequently born; of whom only one, Christopher, seven years younger than John, outlived infancy. Anne, John, and Christopher, therefore, are to be remembered, and in that order, as the surviving children.

The first sixteen years of Milton's life were the last sixteen of the reign of James I. Amid the events of those sixteen years, and the growing discontent of the mass of the English people with the rule of James and his minister Buckingham, Milton passed his boyhood. He was most carefully educated, on the principles of a pious Puritan household of superior means and tastes, the head of which was himself distinguished as a musical composer. To be remembered, as having shared with this excellent father the honour of Milton's early education, are the Scottish preacher Thomas Young, his first domestic tutor, and the two Alexander

* With the exception of the burial entry of Mrs. Ellen Jefferys in the register of Allhallows, the documents that have yielded the above particulars of Milton's maternal pedigree have been recently discovered by the research of Colonel J. L. Chester, a distinguished American antiquary and genealogist, living in London.

Gills, father and son, respectively head-master and under-master of St. Paul's School, close to Bread Street (see Introd. to *Elegia Quarta*). At this public school Milton was for some years a day-scholar; and here he first became acquainted with the young half-Italian Charles Diodati, his friendship with whom he has made touchingly and everlastingly memorable in his Letters and his Latin poetry (see Introd. to *Elegia Prima*, *Elegia Sexta*, and *Epitaphium Damonis*). He was still, it seems, a scholar at St. Paul's when his sister Anne Milton, who was a year or two older than himself, married (1624) a Mr. Edward Phillips, from Shrewsbury, second clerk in the important Government office called the Crown Office in Chancery. As the married couple took up their residence in the Strand, near Charing Cross, Milton and his younger brother Christopher were then the only children left in the paternal home.

From his childhood Milton was not only a ceaseless student and insatiable reader, but also a writer of verses. The earliest preserved specimens of his Muse, however, belong to the year 1624, his last year at St. Paul's School. They are

A Paraphrase on Psalm CXIV. {
 " " " " CXXXVI. {

CAMBRIDGE.

1625—1632: *ætat.* 17—24.

If we deduct the two Psalm-paraphrases, which belong to the last year of the reign of James I., Milton's literary life may be said to begin exactly with the reign of Charles I.

That king succeeded his father on the 27th of March, 1625. Six weeks before that event, *i.e.* February 12, 1624-5, Milton, at the age of sixteen years and two months, had been entered in the grade of a "Lesser

Pensioner" on the books of Christ's College, Cambridge ; and his matriculation in the Register of the University is dated April 9, 1625, when Charles had been on the throne a fortnight. From that time to July 1632, or for a period of more than seven years, Milton resided habitually in Cambridge, though with frequent visits, in vacation and at other times, to London and his father's house. The rooms he occupied in Christ's College are still pointed out.

When Milton was at Cambridge, the total number of persons on the books of all the sixteen colleges of the University was about 2,900. Christ's College had about 265 members on its books. The master of the college was Dr. Thomas Bainbrigge ; and among the fellows were Joseph Meade, remembered as a commentator on the Apocalypse, Mr. William Chappell, who was Milton's first tutor, and became afterwards an Irish bishop, and Mr. Nathaniel Tovey, to whose tutorship Milton was transferred, and who was afterwards Rector of Lutterworth in Leicestershire (see *Introd. to Elegia Prima*). Among Milton's fellow-students at Christ's were Edward King, afterwards commemorated as *Lycidas*, John Cleveland, afterwards the well-known satirist, and Henry More, afterwards the Cambridge Platonist. They were all Milton's juniors ; and indeed More entered the college in Milton's last year. Milton's brother Christopher joined him at Christ's in February 1630-1, and was put under Tovey's tutorship.—Among the eminent heads of colleges when Milton's academic course began were Dr. John Preston of Emanuel, Dr. Samuel Collins of King's, Dr. Samuel Ward of Sidney Sussex, and John Gostlin, M.D. of Caius. The Public Orator of the University was George Herbert the poet ; Andrew Downes, of St. John's, was Regius Professor of Greek ; Robert Metcalfe, of the same college, was Regius Professor of Hebrew ; Thomas Thornton, also of St. John's, was Lecturer in Logic ; and Abraham Whelock, the Orientalist, was University Librarian. Among the

Fellows or more advanced graduates of the different colleges were about ten men who afterwards rose to be Bishops or Archbishops, others who rose to be heads of colleges, and some who became noted as Puritan divines. Contemporaries of Milton at Cambridge, only a little his seniors in their respective colleges, were the Church-historian Thomas Fuller, of Queen's, and the poets Edmund Waller, of King's, and Thomas Randolph, of Trinity. Jeremy Taylor, who was a native of Cambridge, entered Caius College, as a pauper scholar, in August 1626, eighteen months after Milton had entered Christ's.

Although Milton never looked back on Cambridge with any great affection, and although it is certain that in the beginning of his undergraduateship he was unpopular among the rougher men in his own college (where he was nicknamed "*The Lady*" on account of his fair complexion, feminine and graceful appearance, and a certain haughty delicacy in his tastes and morals), there is, nevertheless, the most positive evidence that his career at the University was one of industrious and persevering success, and that, even before the close of his undergraduateship, he had beaten down all opposition, and gained a reputation quite extraordinary. "Performed the Collegiate and "Academical Exercises to the admiration of all, and "was esteemed to be a virtuous and sober person, "yet not to be ignorant of his own parts," is Anthony Wood's summary of the information he had received on the subject. He took his B.A. degree, at the proper time, in Jan. 1628-9, and the M.A. degree, also at the proper time, in July 1632. On each occasion, with the other graduates, he went through the formality of signing Articles of Religion implying faith in the constitution, worship, and doctrines of the Church of England; and on the second occasion his signature "*Joannes Milton*" stands at the head of the list of twenty-seven who so signed from Christ's College. This looks as if the foremost place in his college

was then unanimously accorded to him. By that time, I should say, he was recognised as without an equal among his coevals in the University.

The reputation won by Milton during his seven years at Cambridge was doubtless due in part to his personal impressiveness in walks and talks with select companions, and in all those daily chances of intercourse between seniors and juniors, in hall or in college-rooms, which University life affords. There were, however, the more formal opportunities of those scholarly displays called by Wood "the Collegiate and Academical Exercises:" viz. the periodical Latin debates and declamations, in College or in the Public Schools of the University, which formed so conspicuous a part of the old system of Cambridge training. Seven specimens of Milton's ability in such things have been preserved under the title of *Prolusiones Quædam Oratoriæ*, and are interesting both as revelations of Milton's own character and habits of intellect at this period, and also as curious glimpses of old Cambridge life (see *Introductio* to *At a Vacation Exercise*). There are preserved also four Latin Familiar Epistles written by Milton during the Cambridge period—two of them to his former preceptor, Thomas Young; and two to Alexander Gill the younger, his former teacher at St. Paul's School. More important products of the seven Cambridge years, however, were the poems, in English or in Latin, written at intervals. Here is a list of these in chronological order, the more important printed in capitals, and the Latin distinguished from the English by italics:—

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT. 1626.

AD CAROLUM DIODATUM (Elegia Prima). 1626.

In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis (Elegia Tertia). 1626.

In obitum Præsulis Eliensis (among the Sylvæ). 1626.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis (Elegia Secunda). 1626.

In obitum Frocancellarii Medici (among the Sylvæ). 1626. •

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS (among the Sylvæ). 1626.

*In Proditionem Bombardicam; In Eandem; In Eandem;
In Eandem; In Inventorem Bombardæ* (annexed to
the *Elegiarum Liber*).

Ad Thomam Junium, Præceptorem Suum (Elegia Quarta).
1627.

"*Nondum blanda tuas,*" &c. (*Elegia Septima*). 1628.

NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM (among the *Sylvæ*).
1628.

AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE. 1628.

De Idæâ Platoniciâ quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit
(among the *Sylvæ*).

In Adventum Veris (Elegia Quinta). 1628-9.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY. 1629.

AD CAROLUM DIODATUM, RURI COMMORANTEM
(*Elegia Sexta*). 1629.

Upon the Circumcision.

The Passion.

On Time.

At a Solemn Music.

Song on May Morning.

ON SHAKESPEARE. 1630.

On the University Carrier. 1630-1.

Another on the Same. 1630-1.

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.
1631.

Sonnet to the Nightingale (Sonnet I.).

SONNET ON ARRIVING AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE
(Sonnet II.). Dec. 1631.

From these pieces there may be gathered, as the Introductions to them will indicate, many particulars of Milton's life and the nature of his occupations during his seven years at Cambridge. If published in a little volume in 1632, they would have given young Milton a place of some distinction among contemporary poets. With the exception, however, of *Naturam non pati Senium*, of which printed copies were made at Cambridge for an academic purpose, and the lines "On Shakespeare," which appeared anonymously in

the Second Folio Edition of Shakespeare, published in 1632, all the pieces appear to have remained in manuscript.

The Sonnet which closes the list of the Cambridge pieces is especially interesting (see Introduction to Sonnet II.). When Milton went to Cambridge, he had been destined, by himself and his friends, for the Church; but the seven years of his residence there had entirely changed his purpose. This was owing, in part, to the great change that had occurred in the political condition of England. Charles I., married in May 1625 to the French princess Henrietta-Maria, had adopted a policy in Church and State compared with which his father's efforts towards Absolutism had been mild. Having quarrelled successively with four Parliaments, and dismissed the last of them with anger and insult in March 1628-9, he had resolved to have nothing more to do with Parliaments, but to govern in future by his own authority through ministers responsible only to himself. England was in the fourth year of this *Reign of Thorough*, as it has been called, when Milton's course at the University came to an end. Since the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham in August 1628, Charles's chief advisers and ministers had been Laud, Wentworth, Cottington, and a few other select Lords of his Privy Council. In ecclesiastical matters, Laud, Bishop of London since 1628, and with the Archbishopric of Canterbury in prospect, was single and paramount. Under his vigilant supervision there had been going on, in all the dioceses of England, that systematic repression and even persecution of Calvinistic Theology and all forms of Puritan opinion and practice, and that equally systematic promotion and encouragement of Arminian Theology, the rights of high Prelacy, and a strict and florid ceremonial of worship, which had already, as the Puritans thought, undone all that was essential in the English Reformation, and brought the Church of England back into the shadow of the Church of Rome. Nor did there seem

any hope of deliverance. Laud's supremacy in England seemed to be growing surer and surer every day; Wentworth, as Viceroy of Ireland, was to impose the same system on that country; even Scotland, though an independent kingdom, was to be reclaimed, as soon as Laud should be at leisure, from the meagre half-Episcopacy which was all that King James had persuaded her to adopt, and brought into conformity with Laud's ideal of a Church. Unable to endure this state of things, many of the bolder Puritans had gone into exile in Holland or had emigrated to America, while those that remained at home, forming a large mass of the population of England, lay in a dumb agony of discontent, sighing for a Parliament, but not daring to utter the word. With these Milton was in sympathy. Whatever he had intended in 1625, it was clear to him in 1632 that he could not take orders in the Church of England. This necessarily involved also the abandonment of all idea of continued residence in the University in a Fellowship or for other chances.

HORTON, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

1632—1638 : *ætat.* 24—30.

On leaving the University in July 1632, Milton went to reside at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, a small village near Windsor, and about twenty miles from London, where his father, who had meanwhile retired from business, had taken a country house. At first there seems to have been some gentle remonstrance on his father's part on his abandonment of the Church and his disinclination to any other profession; but very soon the excellent man, whose trust in his son was boundless, acquiesced generously in what was proposed. That was that Milton should devote himself thenceforward exclusively to study, speculation, and literature. The tenor of the five years and eight months which he spent at Horton is, accordingly, thus

described by himself: "At my father's country residence, whither he had retired to pass his old age, "I was wholly intent, through a period of absolute "leisure, on a steady perusal of the Greek and "Latin writers, but still so that occasionally I exchanged the country for the city, either for the "purpose of buying books, or for that of learning "anything new in Mathematics or in Music, in which "I then took delight." From this succinct account we should not gather that it was also during those five summers and winters, passed mainly in the flat, verdant, well-wooded and well-watered scenery about Horton, with the towers of Windsor in view, that Milton composed the finest and most classic of his minor English poems. Such, however, is the fact. Here is the list:—

Ad Patrem (among the *Sylvæ*). 1632?

L'ALLEGRO.

IL PENSEROSO.

ARCADES: Part of an Entertainment at Harefield. 1633 or earlier?

COMUS: A Masque presented at Ludlow Castle: 1634.

Greek translation of Psalm CXIV. (among the *Sylvæ*). 1634.

LYCIDAS. Nov. 1637.

We may pass over this interesting Horton period the more lightly because in the Introductions to these pieces there is an ample filling up of minutiae. The admission of Milton to the M.A. degree at Oxford in 1635 may, however, be noted here. Three of his Latin Familiar Epistles, it ought also to be added, belong to the period. One of these (December 4, 1634) is again to his former teacher Alexander Gill the younger; the other two (both dated September 1637) are to his friend Charles Diodati. In the last he speaks of leaving Horton permanently, and taking chambers in London. The intention was not fulfilled. He went back to Horton to write his *Lycidas* there (so it may be guessed), and to remain there till April 1638. Three

incidents mark the closing months of his Horton life. One was the appearance in 1637, with his permission, but anonymously, of a printed edition of his *Comus* by itself at the charge of his friend Henry Lawes, the musical composer (see Introd. to *Comus*). Another was his introduction, early in 1638, to the celebrated Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton, not far from Horton (*ibid*). The third was the actual appearance of his *Lycidas*, with his initials "J. M.," at the end of a collection of obituary poems in Latin, Greek, and English, in memory of Edward King, contributed by thirty-two friends of the deceased, and printed at the Cambridge University press (see Introd. to *Lycidas*). But an event earlier than any of these, and which had already made Horton a sadder home to Milton than it had been, was the death of his mother. She died at Horton April 3, 1637, and was buried in the old church there. A visit to Horton any summer's day, to see the simple stone that covers her grave, and then, after having the spot near the church pointed out to one where the house of Milton's father stood, to stroll among the meadows and pollards by the banks of the sluggish Colne, where Milton must have so often walked and mused, may be recommended to lovers of Literature and English History.

The quiet time at Horton, bringing Milton from the twenty-fourth to the thirtieth year of his age, was a continuation of the *Reign of Thorough* in the British Islands. Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury since 1633, was still crushing Calvinism and Puritanism in England; Wentworth was ruling Ireland with a rod of iron; and the business of re-shaping the rough semi-Episcopal Kirk of Scotland into a more perfect practical representation of Laud's ideal Beauty of Holiness had been steadily in progress. Precisely in this business of the Scottish Kirk, however, had the policy of *Thorough* struck against a rock of opposition. In July 1637 the Scots had risen in riot and revolt against the attempt to introduce Laud's new

Scottish Liturgy; and in March 1638 the leaders of the Scottish people of all ranks, Nobles, Lairds, Burgesses, and Clergy, leagued themselves for open resistance to the death, and swore their famous *Covenant*. The news ran through England, stirring strange hopes in the hearts of the Puritans.

ITALIAN JOURNEY.

April 1638—August 1639: ætat. 30—31.

The *Scottish Covenant* ("the damnable Covenant," as Charles called it) was the last word in all English mouths when Milton, in April 1638, set out on that journey to Italy of which he had long had dreams, and to which his father had at last given consent. He took one English man-servant with him. His father meanwhile was to live on at Horton, where his younger son Christopher, already a married man, though only passing his terms for the Bar, was to keep him company, with his newly-wedded wife, Thomasine Webber of London.

Taking letters of introduction with him, one of which was from Sir Henry Wotton (see Sir Henry Wotton's Letter of April 13, 1638, prefixed to *Comus*), Milton arrived in Paris. Here he spent some days, receiving great attention from Lord Scudamore, English joint-ambassador with the Earl of Leicester at the Court of Louis XIII. He specially mentions an interview procured for him by Lord Scudamore with the learned Dutchman, Hugo Grotius, then residing in Paris as ambassador from Sweden. From Paris he proceeded to Italy by way of Nice. After visiting Genoa, Leghorn, and Pisa, he reached Florence. Here he remained about two months (Aug.—Sept. 1638), enchanted with the beauties and antiquities of the famous city, and forming acquaintanceships with many of the wits and scholars then living in it. Seven Florentines, most of them young men, leaders in the chief Academies or literary clubs of Florence, are par-

ticularly named by him as friends whose merits, and whose courtesies to himself, he would never forget. These were Jacopo Gaddi, Carlo Dati, Pietro Frescobaldi, Agostino Coltellini, Benedetto Buommattei, Valerio Chimentelli, and Antonio Francini. They have all left some traces of themselves in Italian literary history, though some of them are now best remembered by the happy accident of their contact with Milton. It was either in Florence, or in its close neighbourhood, that he also "found and visited the "famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in Astronomy otherwise than the "Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought." From Florence, through Siena, Milton went to Rome. His stay here extended over nearly two months more (Oct.—Nov. 1638); and here again, besides musing amid the ruins of the Eternal City, seeing the galleries and other sights, and being present at a concert in the palace of Cardinal Francesco Barberini, where he heard Leonora Baroni sing (see *Introd. to Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem*), he enjoyed the society of the literary clubs or Academies. He made especial acquaintance with Lucas Holste or Holstenius, a learned German, settled in Rome as secretary to Cardinal Barberini and one of the librarians of the Vatican, and also with Alessandro Cherubini, Giovanni Salzilli, and a certain more obscure Selvaggi. Leaving Rome, in company with "a certain Eremite Friar," he spent some little time (Nov.—Dec. 1638) in Naples. Here, through his travelling companion, he was introduced to the great man of the place, the venerable Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, then nearly eighty years of age (see *Introd. to the Latin poem Mansus*). From Naples it was his intention to cross over into Sicily and thence to extend his tour into Greece; but "the sad news of civil war in England," determined him to return, "inasmuch," he says, "as I thought it base to "be travelling at my ease for intellectual culture while "my fellow-countrymen at home were fighting for

"liberty."—The news that had reached Milton in Naples, however, was not quite that of civil war in England itself, but only of such a course of events in Scotland, as seemed to make civil war inevitable. The *Covenant* having been adopted all but universally by the population of Scotland, Charles had been obliged to temporize so far as to permit the meeting of a General Assembly of the Kirk at Glasgow for the consideration of affairs; and at this Assembly (Nov. 21–Dec. 20, 1638) the result of the consideration of affairs had been defiance to Charles and Laud in every particular. Not only had the recent ecclesiastical innovations been condemned, but all the Scottish Bishops had been deposed and disgraced, Episcopacy of every kind had been declared at an end in Scotland, and the Kirk and nation had returned absolutely to the old Presbyterian system of Knox. To punish the Scots for such audacity Charles was certainly levying forces in England and Ireland, so that in a sense civil war in Britain had actually begun.—It was probably the receipt of much more correct information that made Milton's homeward journey more leisurely than he purposed when he left Naples. He spent, at all events, a second two months in Rome (Jan.—Feb. 1639), going about freely, and also talking freely, though warned, he says, that the English Jesuits in the city were on the watch to entrap him into some danger from the Papal police; and he also spent a second two months in Florence (Feb.—April, 1639), where his Florentine friends were rejoiced at his reappearance. From Florence he made an excursion to Lucca; after which, crossing the Apennines, and passing through Bologna and Ferrara, he came to Venice. He spent one month in that city (May, 1639); whence, having despatched to England by sea the books he had collected in Italy, he made his way, by Verona and Milan, and over the Pennine Alps, to Geneva. Here he passed a week or two (June, 1639), once more among Protestants, and conversing daily with the theologian Dr. Jean Diodati,

the uncle of his friend Charles. Thence his route through France took him again to Paris; and early in August 1639 he was back in England.

Milton's fifteen or sixteen months of foreign travel and residence contributed but few additions to the list of his writings. Besides two Latin Familiar Epistles written at Florence, one to the Florentine grammarian Buommattei (Sept. 10, 1638), and one to Holstenius at Rome (March 30, 1639), we have to note only the following:—

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem (three pieces annexed to the *Elegiarum Liber*). 1638.

Ad Salsillum, Poetam Romanum, ægrotantem (among the *Sylvæ*). 1638.

MANSUS (among the *Sylvæ*). 1638.

Five Italian Sonnets, with a Canzone. 1639?

The Introductions to these will add particulars to this section of the Memoir.

BACK AT HORTON AND IN LONDON : LODGINGS
IN ST. BRIDE'S CHURCHYARD, FLEET STREET.

1639—1640 : *ætat.* 31—32.

At Horton, where Milton found all well, there had been born in his absence a little nephew, the first child of Christopher Milton and his young wife. The infant, however, had died and been buried five months before (March 26, 1639).

Another death that had happened in Milton's absence was that of his friend Charles Diodati. Milton had vaguely heard of the fact while abroad; but not till his return did he learn the full particulars. Till now the exact place and date of the death have eluded research; but, while I am writing this Memoir, I am in receipt of the long-desired information. "Charles Diodati," I am informed by Colonel Chester, whose contributions to our knowledge of Milton's family history I have already had occasion to acknowledge

a *tè* p. x.), "was buried at St. Anne, Blackfriars, London, 27 Aug. 1638. The entry in the Register is simply '*Mr. Charles Deodate, from Mr. Dollam's.*' "Seven days before, viz. 10 Aug. 1638, was also buried there '*Mrs. Philadelphia Deodate, from Mr. Dollam's.*' On the 29th of June 1638 was baptized "*Richard, son of John and Isabell Deodate*"; and on "the 23rd of June in the same year was buried "*Isabell, wife to John Deodate.*" These are all the entries of the name that occur in the Register of St. Anne, Blackfriars." The interpretation of these records is as follows :—When Milton had gone abroad, he had left his friend, the young physician Charles Diodati, living in lodgings, with a sister of his called Philadelphia, in the house of a Mr. Dollam in Blackfriars, near the house of their married brother, John Diodati, and therefore at some little distance from the house of their father, the naturalized Italian physician, Dr. Theodore Diodati, in Little St. Bartholomew, whose recent second marriage in his old age seems to have somewhat alienated from him these grown-up children by his first wife. Milton had left all three well in Blackfriars ; but in June 1638, only two months after he had set out on his foreign tour, John Diodati had lost his wife in childbirth, and in August 1638, when he was in Florence for the first time and little dreaming of any such calamity, his friend Charles Diodati had been carried off by some epidemic of which his sister also had been a victim, and both had been buried from Mr. Dollam's house.

There was no more profound private feeling in all Milton's life than that which he experienced in the loss of Charles Diodati. He gave expression to it in that Latin pastoral of lament which he wrote immediately after his return to England (probably at Horton), and which deserves here to stand by itself :—

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS (among the *Sylvar.*) 1639.¹

¹ The new facts in the text, communicated to me at the last moment by Colonel Chester, add precision to the information I have given in

Not long after Milton's return to England the household at Horton was broken up. The father, with Christopher Milton and his wife, remained at Horton, indeed, to as late as August 1640, Christopher having been called to the Bar of the Inner Temple January 26, 1639-40; but soon afterwards Christopher, his wife, and a second child, born at Horton, went to live at Reading, the father accompanying them. Some time before that removal (probably in the winter of 1639-40) Milton had taken lodgings in London, "in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet Street, at the house of "one Russel, a tailor," consenting at the same time to an arrangement which can hardly have added to his comfort. His only surviving sister, whom we saw married to Mr. Edward Phillips of the Crown Office in 1624, was no longer Mrs. Phillips. Her first husband had died in 1631; and, after some time of widowhood, she had married his successor in the Crown Office, Mr. Thomas Agar. There had been left her, however, two young boys by the first marriage—Edward Phillips and John Phillips. The younger of these, (probably his godson) aged only nine years, Milton now took wholly into his charge; while the elder, only about a year older, went daily, from his mother's house near Charing Cross, to the lodging in St. Bride's Churchyard, for the benefit also of his uncle's lessons. And so, teaching his two young nephews, meditating literary projects, and looking round him on public affairs, Milton found himself in the famous year 1640.

What a year that was! In the previous year there had been the *First Bishops' War*—i.e. the first war of

the Introduction to the *Epitaphium Damonis*. They also require one correction there and in the Introduction to the *Elegia Prima*: viz. the substitution of "John" for "Theodore" as the name of Charles Diodati's brother. There *was* a Theodore Diodati the younger; but he was the son of the Genevese theologian, and therefore only the nephew of the old Dr. Theodore Diodati of London, the father of John and Charles. He outlived his uncle Dr. Theodore and his cousin John, as well as his cousin Charles, and is heard of as a "Doctor of Medicine and Merchant" in London, and apparently the sole survivor of the London Diodatis, as late as 1680.

Charles for restoration of Episcopacy among the Scots. It had ended in collapse on the King's side. Charles had advanced to the Scottish border with a reluctant English army ; but, met there by an army of the Scottish Covenanters, he had not risked a battle, but had agreed to terms, granting the Scots their Presbyterian Kirk, and substantially all else they asked (June 18, 1639). That war, therefore, had been begun and ended while Milton was still abroad. But Charles had again broken with the Scots, and resolved on their subjugation and chastisement. In his straits for money and means for that purpose he had even ventured, after eleven years of uninterrupted absolutism, to call another English Parliament. That Parliament, which met April 13, 1640, proved as stubbornly Puritan as its predecessors, and, instead of yielding supplies against the Scots, with whom it was in secret sympathy, fell on the question of English grievances. It was, therefore, dismissed, after little more than a fortnight (May 5), and is remembered as the *Short Parliament*. Milton, who had been observing all this, with the feelings of an English Puritan, then saw Charles plunge, nevertheless, with resources otherwise raised, into the *Second Bishops' War*. In August 1640 he was at York, with the Irish Viceroy Wentworth, now Earl of Strafford, in his company, on his way to Scotland, and with an English army between him and the doomed country. But the Scots did not wait this time on their own side of the border. They invaded England, August 20 ; they beat a detachment of the English at Newburn, near Newcastle, August 28 ; they entered that town, August 29 ; and they spread themselves thence over the northern counties. With the Puritans of England all in sympathy with them, and welcoming their invasion rather than resenting it, they had thus, by one bold push and but small effort besides, utterly checked the King. His army disorganized and deserting, he summoned a Great Council of Peers to meet at York, September 24, and help him

in his negotiation with the Scots ; but, some of the leading Peers themselves petitioning for a Parliament, and petitions to the same effect arriving from the city of London, he was obliged to yield. A preliminary treaty with the Scots, agreed upon by commissioners of the two nations, was signed by him at York, October 27 ; and thence he hastened to London, to open the new Parliament. It was to be known as the *Long Parliament*, the most famous Parliament in the annals of England. It met Nov. 3, 1640.

ALDERSGATE STREET, LONDON.

1640—1645 : *ætat.* 32—37.

The lodgings in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet Street, were but a temporary arrangement. "Looking round," says Milton, "where best I could, in the midst of "affairs so disturbed and fluctuating, for a place to "settle in, I hired a house in the city sufficiently large "for myself and my books." His nephew Edward Phillips, who soon went to be a fellow-boarder in the new house with his younger brother John, describes it more particularly as "a pretty garden-house in Aldersgate Street, at the end of an entry, and therefore the "fitter for his turn by reason of the privacy, besides that "there are few streets in London more free from noise "than that." Aldersgate Street is very different now, and not a vestige of Milton's house remains. It stood at the back of that part of the street, on the right hand as you go from St. Martin's-le-Grand, where there is now Maidenhead Court.

The Aldersgate Street house, which Milton entered some time in 1640, probably before the meeting of the Long Parliament, was to be a very memorable one in his biography. "There, in tolerable comfort," he says, "I betook myself to my interrupted studies, trusting "the issue of public affairs to God in the first place, "and to those to whom the people had committed that "charge." In other words, his hope was that now at

last he might begin in real earnest that life of sustained literary exertion in his own English speech, after a higher and nobler fashion than England had heretofore known, to which he had secretly pledged himself. Especially, during his Italian journey, he had been revolving the project of some one great English poem, to be begun on his return, and to be his occupation through as many years as might be necessary. As we learn from his poem to Manso, and still more distinctly from his *Epitaphium Damonis* (see Intros. to these poems), an epic on the subject of Arthur, involving the whole cycle of Arthurian or ancient British Legends, was the scheme that had principally fascinated him. Within the first year after his return, however, the Arthurian subject had been set aside, and Milton's mind, weighing and balancing the comparative advantages of the epic form and the stately tragedy of the Greeks with its lyrics and choruses, was at sea among a great number of possible subjects, suitable for either, collected from Biblical History and the History of Britain before the Conquest (see Introd. to *Par. Lost*: Section II.). *Paradise Lost*, in the form of a tragedy, was already the favourite; but all was uncertain. To end this uncertainty, by actually choosing a subject and setting to work, was the business which Milton, while daily teaching his young nephews, and showing them "an example of hard study and spare diet," had prescribed for himself in Aldersgate Street.

Alas! it had to be postponed, and for a longer series of years than could have been anticipated. Milton, at this juncture of his life, was whirled into politics; and for nearly twenty years (1640-1660), with but moments of exception, he had to cease to be "a Poet soaring in the high region of his fancies with his garland and singing-robcs about him," and to "sit below in the cool element of Prose." It was not only Milton's life, indeed, that was so affected by the great Puritan Revolution. The lives of almost all his English literary contemporaries were similarly affected, and through the twenty years

between 1640 and 1660 there was an almost total cessation of Pure Literature in England in consequence of the drafting of the literary intellect of the country into the service of the current controversies. In no life, however, is the phenomenon more marked than in Milton's; and there are some to whom its exhibition in that life in particular is matter for regret. They judge, I believe, poorly and wrongly. It may be admitted that in controversial prose, though such prose with Milton was to be far from a "cool element," he had, as he himself expresses it, "the use but of his left hand." To lend even that hand, however, with all its force, to what he deemed the cause of God, Truth, Liberty, and his Country, seemed to him a more important duty, so long as there should be need, than scheming and writing poems.

It was on the Church question that Milton first spoke out. The Long Parliament had, with singular rapidity, in the first months of its sitting, swept away accumulated abuses in State and Law, brought Strafford to trial and execution, impeached and imprisoned Laud and others of the chief ministers of *Thorough*, subjected Charles to constitutional checks, made a satisfactory treaty with the Scots, and sent them home with thanks for their great services to England. They had also taken measures for their own security and the permanence of English Parliamentary government. All this having been done unanimously or nearly so, the Church question had at length emerged as the most difficult of all, and that in which there was most difference of opinion. That the Laudian Episcopacy must no longer exist in England all, with hardly an exception, were agreed; but, for the rest, people divided themselves into two parties. There were the advocates of a Limited Episcopacy, excluding the Bishops perhaps from the House of Lords and from other places of political and judicial power, and also surrounding them even in Church matters with Councils of Presbyters; and there were the Root-and-Branch-Reformers, who were for abolish-

ing Episcopacy utterly, and re-constructing the Church of England after some Presbyterian model like that of the Scots. Into this controversy Milton, in May 1641, flung his first pamphlet, entitled "*Of Reformation touching Church Discipline in England and the Causes that have hitherto hindered it.*" It was a Root-and-Branch pamphlet of most tremendous earnestness, and was followed within a year by four more of the same sort, viz. "*Of Prelatical Episcopacy*" (June 1641), "*Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnuus*" (July 1641), "*The Reason of Church government urged against Prelaty*" (about Feb. 1641-2), "*Apology against a Pamphlet called A modest Confutation of the Animadversions upon the Remonstrant against Smectymnuus*" (March 1641-2). These five pamphlets of Milton are to be remembered in a group by themselves, and may be called his "Anti-Episcopal Pamphlets." The first of them is general; in the others there are replies to defenders of Episcopacy, and especially to Bishop Hall and Archbishop Usher. The "Remonstrant" is Bishop Hall, whose *Humble Remonstrance* was regarded as the chief manifesto of High Prelacy; "Smectymnuus" was the fancy name put on the title-page of a large reply to Hall by five leading Puritan Divines, whose initials put together made up the odd word (one of them Thomas Young, Milton's old tutor, now Vicar of Stowmarket in Suffolk); and there were other pamphlets, of retort and rejoinder, between Hall and the Smectymnuans, in all of which Milton advised and assisted the five Smectymnuans. Altogether, by the power of his Anti-Episcopal pamphlets, and especially by his vehement invectives against Hall, Milton became a man of public note, admired by the Root-and-Branch Puritans, but detested by those who wanted to see Episcopacy preserved.

In August 1642, Charles having in the meantime assented to a Bill excluding the Bishops from the House of Lords, but having broken decisively with the Parliament on other questions, there began the great

CIVIL WAR. From that date Englishmen were divided into two opposed masses—the PARLIAMENTARIANS, taking the side of that majority of the Commons and small minority of the Lords which still sat on as the two Houses ; and the ROYALISTS, taking the side of the King and of the bulk of the nobility, with the adhering minority of the Commons. Milton, of course, attached himself resolutely to the Parliamentarians. He did not, indeed, serve in the Parliamentary Army ; but he watched the progress of the contest with the most eager interest. For the first year all was dubious. The Parliamentary generals, Essex, Manchester, and Sir William Waller, moved about ; the King and his generals moved about, advancing at one time close to London ; there were skirmishes, fights, even battles ; but, when Midsummer 1643 had come, all that could be said was that London and the Eastern Counties were the fastnesses of Parliament, while the King had his head-quarters at Oxford, and the rest of England lay torn into districts, some Royalist, others Parliamentary, and others of Royalists and Parliamentarians all but equally mixed.

That Milton should have chosen such a time for his marriage is less surprising than that he should have brought his bride from the very head-quarters of Royalism. That, however, is the fact. "About Whit-suntide [May 21, 1643] it was, or a little after," says his nephew Phillips, "that he took a journey into the country, nobody about him certainly knowing the reason, or that it was any more than a journey of recreation ; but home he returns a married man that went out a bachelor, his wife being Mary, the eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Powell, then a Justice of the Peace, of Forest-hill, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire." What was a mystery to the boy Phillips at the time is very much a mystery yet ; but research has revealed a few particulars.—Forest-hill is, and was, a village about four miles to the east of Oxford, in the very neighbourhood where Milton's paternal ancestors

had lived, and whence his father had come. The estate and mansion of Forest-hill had been for some little time in the possession of a family called Powell, not originally of that neighbourhood. The family, though apparently well-to-do, with a carriage and what not, was really in somewhat embarrassed circumstances. There were several mortgages on the property; and among other debts owing by Mr. Powell was one of 500*l.* to Milton himself. It had been owing (on what account one does not know, but probably through some transaction with Milton's father) since 1627, when Milton was a student at Cambridge. The family, as their vicinity to Oxford required, were strongly Royalist. Besides Mr. Powell and his wife, there were eleven children, six sons and five daughters, the eldest one-and-twenty years of age, the youngest four. Mary Powell, the eldest daughter, whom Milton took home to Aldersgate Street as his wife, was seventeen years and four months old (born January 24, 1625-6), while Milton himself was in the middle of his thirty-fifth year, or exactly twice as old.—In the house in Aldersgate Street, whither some of the bride's relatives accompanied her, "there was feasting held for some days in celebration of the nuptials." So we are told by Phillips, who was in the house at the time, a boy of thirteen. "At length," he continues, "they [the bride's relatives] took their leave, and, returning to Forest-hill, left the sister behind: "probably not much to her satisfaction, as appeared by the sequel. By that time she had for a month or "thereabout led a philosophical life (after having been "used to a great house and much company and "jollity), her friends, possibly incited by her own "desire, made earnest suit by letter to have her company the remaining part of the summer; which was "granted, on condition of her returning at the time "appointed, Michaelmas [Sept. 29, 1643] or thereabout."—In short, it had been a hasty marriage, unsuitable on both sides, and the greatest blunder of

Milton's life. "Michaelmas being come," Phillips proceeds, "and no news of his wife's return, he sent for her by letter, and, receiving no answer, sent several other letters, which were also unanswered, so that he despatched down a foot-messenger with a letter, desiring her return; but the messenger came back, not only without an answer, at least a satisfactory one, but, to the best of my remembrance, reported that he was dismissed with some sort of contempt. This proceeding, in all probability, was grounded upon no other cause but this: viz. that, the family being generally addicted to the Cavalier Party, as they called it, and some of them possibly engaged in the King's service, . . . they began to repent them of having matched the eldest daughter of the family to a person so contrary to them in opinion, and thought it would be a blot on their escutcheon whenever the Court should come to flourish again. However, it so incensed our author that he thought it would be dishonourable ever to receive her again after such a repulse; so that he forthwith prepared to fortify himself with arguments for such a resolution, and accordingly wrote . . ." What he wrote will appear presently.

The Parliament meanwhile had virtually decreed the entire abolition of Episcopacy in England, and had called an Assembly of Puritan Divines to advise it as to the forms and creed of the future National Church. This Assembly met at Westminster, July 1, 1643, just at the time when Milton's wife left him to go back to her friends. In the following month the Parliament, finding that they had made but little advance in the war with Charles, applied to the Scots for armed aid. The Scots having agreed to this on the condition that the Parliament would do all it could to bring England into religious and ecclesiastical conformity with Scotland, an alliance was formed between the two nations on the basis of what was called the *Solemn League and Covenant*, to be signed by all the English

Parliamentarians on the one hand and by the whole people of Scotland on the other (Sept. 1643). Some Scottish Divines then took their places in the Westminster Assembly; and in January 1643-4 a Scottish auxiliary army of 21,000 men entered England. For some time they were rather inactive; but on the 2nd of July, 1644, they took part in the great battle of Marston Moor. In this battle, won chiefly by the exertions of Cromwell, then Lieutenant-general under the Earl of Manchester, the King's forces were disastrously beaten, and the North of England was secured for the Parliament.—By this time there had appeared a dispute among the Parliamentarians themselves, which interfered much with the farther prosecution of the war, and was to be of immense consequence in the history of England for many years to come. It was the dispute between the *Presbyterians* and the *Independents*. It began first in the Westminster Assembly, when that body was required to advise Parliament as to the form of Church-government to be set up in England. The great majority of the English Divines, and of course all the Scottish Divines present, were for strict Presbytery, on the Scottish system of a gradation of Church Courts, from the small court of each parish or congregation, up to the district or Presbyterial Court, the Synod or Provincial Court, and so to the supreme authority of the whole Church, exercised by annual representative assemblies. They were also for the compulsory inclusion of every man, woman, and child, within the pale of such a Church, in attendance on its worship and subject to its discipline. A very small minority of the English Divines, however, dissented from these views. They maintained that, according to the Scriptural constitution of the Church, every voluntary congregation of Christians ought to be independent within itself, and that, though occasional meetings of ministers and members of different congregations might be useful for the purposes of consultation, any governing apparatus of Presbyteries,



Synods, and Assemblies, for the control of individual congregations, was unlawful. They demanded farther that, if a Presbyterian National Church were to be set up in England (which the overwhelming drift of opinion in its favour seemed to make inevitable), there should at least be a toleration of dissent from it, and liberty for all respectable Sects to form congregations for themselves. The debate soon extended itself through the English community at large; where, though the Presbyterians were also largely in the majority, there were yet scattered thousands of persons favourable to Independency. To the Independents there attached themselves the Baptists, the Brownists, the Antinomians, and a great many other sects that had lurked in English society since Elizabeth's time, as well as free opinionists of all sorts, and many who, though agreeing sufficiently with the Presbyterians in their theology, yet held by the principle of Liberty of Conscience, and regarded spiritual compulsion by a Presbyterian Church as no less monstrous than the same under the Papacy or Prelacy. Independency, in all these various forms, had come to prevail largely in the Parliamentarian Army, and Cromwell was already marked there as the head of the Independents. Hence the English Presbyterians and the Scots had begun to look with great suspicion on the success of Cromwell and the Army-Independents in the field. They declared that Independency, with its principle of toleration, opened the door to all kinds of schisms, heresies, and blasphemies; they called the Army, all but the Scottish auxiliary portion of it, an Army of Sectaries; and they prophesied ruin to England if victory over the King should be won by their means. In these circumstances it is not surprising that the Presbyterians and the Scottish auxiliaries should have contented themselves with a slow and cautious strategy, calculated to bring the King to terms rather than to beat him thoroughly, while Cromwell and the Independents had no such hesitation, but found both their duty and their safety

in audacity and energy. In fact, before the end of 1644 it had become evident that the Independents were more extreme revolutionists than the Presbyterians, with peculiar democratic ideas bound up with their principle of religious freedom. Nominally, the Presbyterians and Independents, with the Scots, were united against the King on the basis of the same *Solemn League and Covenant*; but, in reality, the Independents had begun to doubt the utility of that document, to resent the interference of the Scots in English affairs, and to follow such courses as were suggested by free English reasonings on the Church question and on others.—There was no real objection on the part of the Independents to the establishment of a Presbyterian National Church in England, since that seemed to be the wish of the majority of the Parliamentarians. Accordingly in January 1644-5 the establishment of such a Church was voted by Parliament. But Cromwell and the Independents took care that the question of a toleration of Dissent should be reserved. They were also powerful enough in Parliament to carry about the same time certain very important resolutions. The Parliamentary general-in-chief, Essex, having recently sustained a great defeat, and the war having turned otherwise in the King's favour, it was resolved, really through Cromwell's influence, that the Army should be entirely remodelled, that Essex, Waller, Manchester, and all the chief officers till then in command should lay down their commissions, and that the New-modelled Army should be commanded by Fairfax as general-in-chief, with officers under him not having seats in Parliament (Feb.—April, 1645). The New-modelled Army having taken the field, with Cromwell exceptionally retained in it as second in command to Fairfax, the result was at once seen. On June 14, 1645, there was fought the great battle of Naseby, in which the King was utterly ruined. The war was to straggle on in detail for a year more; but Naseby had virtually finished it. After

that battle, of course, the Independents and Sectaries, with their principle of Religious Toleration, had fuller sway in the politics of England, and the Presbyterians and their Scottish friends were checked.

Through those two important years Milton, deserted by his wife, had been living on in Aldersgate Street. Shortly after his wife's departure, his aged father, dislodged from Christopher Milton's house in Reading by the capture of that town by the Parliamentarians in April 1643, had come permanently to live with him. The teaching of his two nephews, and of a few sons of friends who were admitted daily to share their lessons, had been one of the occupations of his enforced bachelorhood. His industry otherwise is attested by the fact that six new pamphlets came from his pen during the two years. One was a little *Tract on Education*, addressed (June 1644) to a friend of his, Samuel Hartlib, a well-known German, living in London, and busy with all kinds of projects and speculations. It expounded Milton's views of an improved system of education for gentlemen's sons, that should supersede the existing public schools and universities. It was followed (Nov. 1644) by his famous "*Areopagitica, or Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*," addressed to the Parliament, and urging them to repeal an Ordinance they had passed in June 1643 for the Regulation of the Press by a staff of official censors. In this pamphlet there was abundant evidence that Milton, as might have been inferred from his passion for intellectual liberty from his earliest youth, was in political sympathy with the Independents. It was the most eloquent plea for freedom of opinion and speech on all subjects that had yet appeared in the English or in any other tongue. But, indeed, by this time Milton and the Presbyterians were at open war for reasons more peculiar and personal. Hardly had his wife left him when he had published (August 1643) an extraordinary pamphlet entitled "*The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce Restored, to the Good of both*"

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Sexes," in which, without mention of his own case, but with implied reference to it, he argued that obstinate incompatibility of mind or temper between husband and wife was as lawful a ground for divorce as infidelity, and that any two persons who, after marriage, found that they did not suit each other, should be at liberty, on complying with certain public formalities, to separate and marry again. A second and much enlarged edition of this treatise appeared in February 1643-4, openly dedicated to the Parliament; and the same doctrine was advocated in three subsequent tracts: viz., "*The Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce*" (July 1644); "*Tetrachordon, or Expositions upon the four chief places in Scripture which treat of Marriage*" (March 1644-5); and "*Colasterion: a Reply to a Nameless Answer against the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*" (March 1644-5). It is impossible now to imagine adequately the commotion caused in the religious world of London and of England by Milton's four Divorce Pamphlets. He was denounced and stigmatized at once as a heretic of the worst kind, the promulgator of a doctrine of hideous import, that would corrupt public morals and sap the very foundations of society. He was preached against from the pulpit, written against in books, named everywhere among the orthodox with horror and execration. The Presbyterian Divines, in particular, were violent in their attacks upon him, coupling him with the most notorious heretics and sectaries of the time, and pointing to him as an example of the excesses to which Toleration would lead. They complained of him to Parliament, so that actually twice he and his writings were the subject of parliamentary notice and inquiry. There were men in Parliament, however, who knew him; and though his Divorce doctrine shocked many of the Independents as well as the Presbyterians, the general feeling among the Independents was that it ought to be regarded in his case only as the eccentric speculation of a very able and noble man. He was therefore let alone; and his

pamphlets, circulating in English society, then in a ferment of new ideas of all kinds, did make some converts, so that *Miltonists* or *Divorcers* came to be recognised as one of the Sects of the time. Thus, though Milton had been the friend and adviser of the five Smectymnuans who were now leading Presbyterians in the Westminster Assembly, though he had himself in his Anti-Episcopal pamphlets advocated what was substantially a Presbyterian constitution for the Church of England, and though, with hundreds of thousands of other Englishmen, he had signed the Solemn League and Covenant and welcomed the Scots, he had, by a natural course of events, been led to repudiate utterly the Presbyterians, the Scots, and their principles, and to regard them as narrow-minded and pragmatical men, enemies to English freedom.

Phillips believes that his uncle was so resolute in his Divorce views that he was prepared to put them in practice and risk the consequences. In or before 1645 there were proposals of marriage, Phillips had heard, to a Miss Davis, though that lady was naturally reluctant. Unexpectedly, however, and just at the crisis, the wife reappeared. The shattering of the King's fortunes at Naseby had led Mr. and Mrs. Powell of Forest-hill to reconsider the state of affairs, with the conclusion that it would be better for their daughter to go back to her husband. Arrangements having been made, she came to London; Milton was entrapped into an interview with her; and a reconciliation was effected. This was in July or August 1645, after two years of separation, and exactly at the time when Milton, having had pressing applications to receive more pupils than the Aldersgate Street house could accommodate, had taken a larger house in the same neighbourhood.

How completely Milton had desisted from Poetry during his five years in Aldersgate Street appears from the extreme slenderness of the list of his poetical pieces belonging to this period :—

Sonnet, "When the Assault was intended to the City"
(Sonnet VIII.). 1642.

Sonnet to a Lady (Sonnet IX.). 1644.

Sonnet, "To the Lady Margaret Ley" (Sonnet x.). 1644

Translated Scraps from Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Horace,
Sophocles, and Euripides, in the Prose Pamphlets (now
appended to the Minor English Poems). 1641—1645.

Philosophus ad Regem Quendam (Greek Verses).

BARBICAN, LONDON.

1645—1647 : *ætat.* 37—39.

The house to which Milton removed was in the street called Barbican, going off from Aldersgate Street at right angles, and within a walk of two or three minutes from the former house. As you went from Aldersgate Street it was on the right side of Barbican. It existed entire till only the other day, when one of the new city railways was cut through that neighbourhood. Milton, with his wife, his father, the two nephews, and other pupils, entered the house, as I calculate, in September 1645, and it was to be his house for two years.

One of the first incidents after the removal to Barbican was the publication by the bookseller Moseley of the First or 1645 edition of Milton's Minor Poems (see General Introduction to Minor Poems). Milton evidently attached some importance to the appearance of the little volume at that particular time. It would remind people that he was not merely a controversial prose-writer, but something more. Nor was this unnecessary. Although he wrote no more upon Divorce, his opinions on the subject were unchanged, and the infamy with the orthodox brought upon him by his past Divorce Pamphlets still pursued him. The little volume of Poems might do something to counteract such unfavourable judgments. Not but that Milton had many friends whose admiration and respect for him were undisturbed, if indeed they were, not enhanced,

by the boldness of his opinions. Such were those, some of them relatives of his own, and others of considerable rank in London society, who accounted it a favour that he should receive their sons or nephews as his pupils. The two years in Barbican, we learn from Phillips, were his busiest time in pedagogy. The house seems to have been, in fact, a small private academy, in which Milton carried out, as far as he could with about a dozen day-scholars and boarders, the plan of education explained in his tract to Hartlib, and especially his method for expeditiously acquiring the Latin tongue, and at the same time a great deal of useful knowledge, by readings in a course of books different from those usually read in schools.

The King's cause having been desperate since Naseby, he at length left Oxford in disguise, to avoid being taken there by the New-Model army of English Independents, and surrendered himself to the Scottish auxiliaries (May 1646), who immediately withdrew with him to Newcastle. The Civil War was then over, and the garrisons that still held out for the King yielded one by one. Oxford surrendered to Fairfax in June 1646; and Milton's father-in-law Mr. Powell, who had been shut up in that city, availed himself of the Articles of Surrender, and came to London, with his wife and several of their children. Through losses in the Civil War and sequestration of their small remaining property, they were in a very poor condition, and were glad of the shelter of Milton's house. Here Mr. Powell died January 1, 1646-7, leaving his affairs in sad confusion. Two months and a half afterwards Milton's own father died. He was buried in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, March 15, 1646-7. The birth of Milton's first child, a daughter named Anne, had preceded these deaths by a few months (July 29, 1646). After the death of Milton's father, Mrs. Powell and her children removed from the house in Barbican to some other part of London, Milton making her an allowance out of a small property in Oxfordshire of

which he took legal possession as one of the creditors of his late father-in-law. Mrs. Powell and her affairs were to cause him a good deal of trouble, at intervals, for the next seven years.

The possession of the King by the Scots at Newcastle had greatly complicated for a time the political struggle between the English Presbyterians and the English Independents. The Presbyterians wanted to treat with him in such a way as to get rid of the Army of Sectaries which the Civil War had created, and establish, after all, a strict and universal system of Presbytery in England, without any toleration. The Independents, on the other hand, if they were to treat with him at all, wanted to make terms that should prevent such a universal Presbyterian tyranny, and secure religious liberty for themselves and the sects. Thinking that the possession of him by the Scots gave the Presbyterians the advantage, the Independents and the Army were for a time furious against the Scots, and threatened to chase them out of England and take Charles from them by force. At length, however, Charles refusing to take the Covenant and consent to complete Presbytery, which were the only terms on which the Scots would stand by him, they accepted the arrears due to them from the English, and retired into Scotland, leaving the King to the custody of the English Parliament (January 1646-7). Confined by the Parliament at Holmby House in Northamptonshire, and still refusing to come to any definite treaty on the basis of nineteen Propositions which had been sent to him, Charles then watched the chances in his favour arising out of the contest between the Presbyterians and the Independents on the question whether the Army should be disbanded. The Presbyterians, as the war was over, and the expense of the Army was great, insisted that it should; but the Army itself refused to be disbanded, and the Independents abetted them, on the ground, among others, that there would be no security then for a right settlement with the

King or for Liberty of Conscience in England. So violent grew the dispute that at last the Army disowned Parliamentary authority, moved about in revolt, and seized the King at Holmby (June 1647), with a view to come to an understanding with him in their own way. The indignation among the Presbyterians was then tremendous ; and the Londoners, who were in the main zealous for Presbyterian uniformity, rose in tumult, stormed the Houses of Parliament, and tried to coerce them into a conflict with the Army for its forcible disbandment and the rescue of the King. But the excitement was brief. Fairfax marched the Army into London ; the tumults were quietly suppressed ; a few of the leading Presbyterians in Parliament, whom the Army regarded as its chief enemies, were expelled from their seats ; and the Parliament and the Army fraternized, and agreed to forget their differences (Aug. 1647).—The Army, in fact, had assumed the political mastery of England. It was a strange crisis for the country, but for the King it brought chances which were the best he ever had. Since the Army had taken him in charge they had treated him very generously, permitting him to reside where he liked, and pay visits and receive visits freely, only within military bounds. And now, restored to his own Palace of Hampton Court, with his episcopal chaplains and others of his old courtiers about him, he was more like a sovereign again than a prisoner, the Army only guarding him, or massed in his near vicinity, while their chiefs, Fairfax, Cromwell, and Ireton, held interviews with him, and tried to bring him to a compact. The terms they offered were more liberal than those of the Presbyterians. They were anxious to try the experiment of a restored Royalty with strong constitutional safeguards, and with an arrangement on the Church question which, while it should not disturb the Presbyterian establishment so far as it had been already set up, should save Charles's personal scruples in religion as much as possible, and guarantee to all non-Presbyterians a general liberty of belief and worship.

No man in England was more interested in all this than Milton in Barbican. Not only had a general system of Presbyterian Church-government been voted for England; but the system was by this time in actual operation in London and in Lancashire. Each London parish had its parochial Church Court; the parishes had been grouped into "classes" or Presbyteries, each with its Presbyterial Court; nay, the First Provincial Synod of all London had actually met (May 1647). Now, if this system had been as strict practically as it ought to have been by the theory of those who had set it up and those who administered it, Milton and all men like him would have fared rather badly. A marked heretic and sectary, whose name stood prominently in the black list again and again published by the London Presbyterians, he would have been called to account by the Church Courts and remitted by them to the Civil. Only the fact that the Presbytery set up was imperfect and tentative, with no real powers as yet over any but its voluntary adherents, prevented such consequences to Milton. Little wonder then that he followed with interest the movements of those whose activity stood between him and that Presbyterian domination which would have made such consequences inevitable. Little wonder that he approved heartily of all the Army had done, and regarded their march into London and seizure of the political mastery in August 1647 as not only a deliverance for England, but also a protection to himself.

With the exception of one Latin Familiar Epistle, dated April 1647, and addressed to his well-remembered friend, Carlo Dati of Florence, we can assign to Milton's two years in Barbican only the following pieces of writing:—

In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem (Greek Verses). 1645.

Sonnet, "On the Detraction which followed upon my writing certain Treatises" (Sonnet XI.). 1645.

Sonnet, "On the Same" (Sonnet XII.). 1645.

Sonnet, "To Mr. Henry Lawes on his *Airs*" (Sonnet XIII.).
1646.

Sonnet, "On the Religious Memory of Mrs. Catherine
Thomson, my Christian Friend" (Sonnet XIV.). 1646.
On the New Forcers of Conscience (among the Sonnets).
1646.

Ad Joannem Rousium, Oxoniensis Academiae Bibliothhe-
carium (among the *Sylvæ*). 1646-7

Apologus de Rustico et Hero (appended to *Elegiarum Liber*).

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

1647—1649 : *ætat.* 39—41.

It was just after the entry of the Army into London, Phillips tells us (*i.e.* it was in September or October 1647), that Milton, tired by this time of the drudgery of teaching, and desiring quiet for his own pursuits, "left his great house in Barbican, and betook himself to a smaller in High Holborn, among those that open backward into Lincoln's Inn Fields." The house cannot be distinguished, and is probably not now extant; but its site was somewhere in the present block between Great Turnstile and Little Turnstile. That was then a pleasant and airy neighbourhood.

Of Milton's occupations during the eighteen months or so of his residence in this house we know little else than that he was busy over three prose enterprises he had projected long ago and had prosecuted at intervals. One was the collection of materials for a Latin Dictionary; a second was the preparation of a System of Divinity directly from the Bible; the third was the compilation of a History of Britain. It was while he was thus studiously engaged that the tragedy of the Reign of Charles came to a conclusion.

After Cromwell and the other Army chiefs had persisted in negotiating with Charles at Hampton Court till the Army had grown impatient, and had begun to suspect their chiefs, and to call out for a pure Democracy as the only fit consummation, Charles had himself

precipitated matters by escaping from the negotiation and the Army at the same time, and taking refuge in the Isle of Wight (November 1747). Committed to safe keeping in Carisbrooke Castle, he was followed thither by commissioners from Parliament, charged to treat with him peremptorily on a severe recast of the old terms. He was still obdurate on the essential points, and Parliament formally decreed all negotiation with him at an end (January 1647-8). By that time he had made a secret treaty with the Scots, from which he expected vast results. On his promise to confirm the Covenant and Presbyterian government in England, and to suppress Independency and all sects and heresies, the Scottish Government then in power had undertaken to invade England in his behalf, rouse the English Presbyterians, and restore him to his royal rights. Thus in May 1648 began the SECOND CIVIL WAR. Masses of the English Presbyterians, including the Londoners, forgetting all the past, and exulting only in the prospect of subduing the Independents, the Army, and the Sectaries, were hurried into a phrenzy of Royalism in common with the Old Royalists or Cavaliers. There were risings in various districts, and threats of rising everywhere ; and, when the Scots did invade England under the Duke of Hamilton (July 1648), even the Parliament began to falter. Cromwell's marvellous defeat of the Scots in the three days' battle of Preston (August 17—19), and Fairfax's extinction of the insurrection in the South-Eastern Counties by the capture of Colchester after a six weeks' siege (August 28), ended the brief tempest and brought Charles to his doom. There was still a farther treaty with him in the Isle of Wight on the part of the Parliament, the Army looking on with anger, but reserving its interference to the last. The treaty having failed like all the rest, the Army, which had resolved in no case to be bound by it, did interfere. They brought Charles from the Isle of Wight ; they purged the Parliament of some scores of its members, so as to reduce it to

a body fit for their purposes ; they compelled the Parliament so purged to set up a Court of High Justice for the trial of the King ; and, though many even of the Independents shrank at the final moment, the sentence of this Court was executed, Jan. 30, 1648-9, in front of Whitehall. England then passed into the condition of a Republic, to be governed by the *Rump of the Long Parliament*, i.e. that fragment of the Commons House which the Army had left in existence, in conjunction with a *Council of State*, consisting of forty-one members of the Rump chosen as a Ministry or Executive. Scotland, monarchical still, proclaimed Charles II., and sent envoys to him in Holland.

The pieces from Milton's pen in High Holborn during this rapid rush of events are few enough, but are characteristic :—

Nine of the Psalms (Psalms LXXX.—LXXXVIII.) done into Metre. April 1648.

Sonnet, "On the Lord General Fairfax at the Siege of Colchester" (Sonnet xv.) Sept. 1648.

AT CHARING CROSS : AND IN SCOTLAND YARD,
WHITEHALL.

1649—1652 : *ætat.* 41—44.

Milton at once adhered to the Republic, and in a very public and emphatic manner, by the publication (Feb. 1648-9) of his "*Tenure of Kings and Magistrates, proving that it is lawful, and hath been held so through all ages, for any who have the power, to call to account a Tyrant, or wicked King, and, after due conviction, to depose and put him to death, if the ordinary Magistrate have neglected to do it.*" It was a thorough-going Republican pamphlet, defending in every particular the recent proceedings of the English Army, and containing also a severe invective against the whole life and reign of Charles. It had been begun and almost finished before the King's death.

What more natural than that the Government of the new Commonwealth should seek to attach to its official service the author of such a pamphlet, who was moreover a man of such merits and antecedents otherwise? Hardly, in fact, had the first Council of State been constituted, with Bradshaw for its President, when Milton was offered, and accepted (March 1649), the post of Secretary for Foreign Tongues to the Council. The salary was to be about 300*l.* a year in the money of that day; which was equivalent to about 1,050*l.* a year now. The General Secretary to the Council, at a somewhat higher salary, was a Mr. Walter Frost, appointed by the Parliament; under whom was his son, Walter Frost, junior, as Assistant-Secretary, with the necessary clerks. The *Secretaryship for Foreign Tongues*, called also the *Latin Secretaryship*, was a special and independent office, instituted by the Council itself, chiefly in view of expected correspondence between the Commonwealth and Foreign Powers. It had been agreed that all letters from the Commonwealth to Foreign States and Princes should be in Latin; but, as the replies might be in various foreign tongues, a knowledge of such tongues would be useful in the Secretary. Altogether Mr. Milton was thought the very man for the post. While Mr. Frost, as the General Secretary, would be always present at the Council meetings, and engrossed in their ordinary and multifarious business, Mr. Milton would have to give attendance for the most part daily, but only for portions of the day. His duties, I should say, were to be very much those of the head Secretary of our present Foreign Office under the Minister for that department, with the difference that the Council of State then managed the Foreign ministry as well as every other department of State, and that the diplomatic correspondence of the Commonwealth was not likely to be so extensive but that one head Secretary, with a clerk or two, could manage it all.

The duties, at all events, made it convenient that Milton should reside near to the Council, the meetings of which were for the first month or two in Derby House, close to the Houses of Parliament, but afterwards permanently in Whitehall. Accordingly, immediately on his appointment, he left his house in High Holborn, and took lodgings "at one Thomson's, next door to the Bull Head Tavern at Charing Cross, opening into the Spring Garden." This was only till official apartments could be prepared for him in Whitehall; and in November 1649, seven or eight months after he had begun his Secretaryship, such apartments were assigned him by the Council. They were in that end of the extensive palace of Old Whitehall which was called Scotland Yard. Not a few members of the Council of State, and others of the Parliament, were similarly accommodated in Whitehall; which had, in fact, been converted into a range of Government-offices. Milton occupied his Whitehall or Scotland Yard rooms for a little more than two years, or till near the end of the third year of his Secretaryship. After he had been in them for some time the Council voted him some of the late King's hangings, or curtains and tapestry, for the better furnishing of the rooms.

To give the details of Milton's life in the first years of his Latin Secretaryship to the Council of State would be really, in some measure, to narrate the history of the English Commonwealth, so exactly at the centre of affairs was he by his official position, and with so many of the public proceedings of the time was he personally concerned. It would be a mistake to suppose that his sole employment was in drafting letters in Latin to foreign Governments. Among the State Documents of English history, indeed, from 1649 onwards, there is a long series of Latin letters to Foreign Courts and Princes, all of Milton's penning, and some of them, though Milton only embodied his instructions, unmistakeably his own in form and

expression. It was part of his duty, however, not only to prepare such letters for the approbation of the Council or of Parliament (for some of them had to be read in Parliament and approved there before the Speaker signed and despatched them), but also to translate foreign papers and be in attendance at interviews of the Council, or of Committees of the Council or of Parliament, with foreign ambassadors and envoys. Indeed, sometimes he had himself to wait on such ambassadors or envoys, and convey delicate messages to them, in the name of the Council. In this way his acquaintanceship among eminent foreigners living in London, or visiting London, came gradually to be very extensive. Gradually only; for in the first years of his official life, while Foreign Powers as yet, with few exceptions, held aloof from the Commonwealth, the particular duties of the Foreign Secretaryship were far from onerous. A despatch once in two months to the King of Spain, the King of Portugal, the Hamburg Senate, &c, is about the measure of the preserved Foreign Correspondence for the years 1649-1651. From the first, therefore, the Council had availed themselves of Milton's services in very miscellaneous work. If they wanted a book, or a set of dangerous papers, reported on, with a view to a prosecution for sedition, they referred the task to Mr. Milton; if there were any dealing with an author or a printer about something to be published, Mr. Milton was requested to see to it; everything, in short, involving literary knowledge or judgment went to Mr. Milton rather than to Mr. Frost. Occasionally he brought some matter of his own accord before the Council, or used his influence in behalf of some scholar or man of letters, such as Davenant, who had got into difficulties through his Royalism. One would hardly have expected to find the author of the *Areopagitica* acting as an official licenser of the press; but, for a whole year, I have distinctly ascertained, Milton was the official licenser of the newspaper called

Mercurius Politicus. As it was, in fact, a Government organ, conducted by Mr. Marchamont Needham, who had formerly been a Royalist pamphleteer and journalist, the censorship may be supposed to have implied a superintending editorship. To Milton's Secretaryship was also attached an "inspection into" the State Paper Office in Whitehall, *i.e.* a kind of keepership of the Records. Nor was this all. When the Council of State had chosen Milton as their Secretary for Foreign Tongues, they had secured, as they knew, a man fit to be the Literary Champion of the still struggling Commonwealth. Three publications of Milton, accordingly, all done at the order or by the request of the Council of State, have to be especially mentioned as feats of the first three years of his Secretaryship. "*Observations on Ormond's Articles of Peace with the Irish Rebels and on a Representation of the Scotch Presbytery of Belfast*," is the title (somewhat abbreviated) of a pamphlet of Milton's published by authority in May 1649, when Charles II. had been proclaimed in Ireland, and the Marquis of Ormond was trying to unite in his cause the native Irish Roman Catholics, the English settlers, and the Ulster Presbyterians. Of far greater importance was the *Eikonoklastes* (*i.e.* Image-Breaker), published in October 1649 in answer to the famous "*Eikon Basilike* (*i.e.* Royal Image) or Portraiture of his Sacred Majesty in his solitudes and sufferings," professing to be meditations and prayers written by Charles I. in his last years. The "King's Book," as it was called, then all but universally believed to be really by Charles, though the evidence that it was a fabrication in his interest has long been regarded as conclusive, had appeared immediately after Charles's death, had circulated in different forms and in thousands of copies, and had become a kind of Bible with the Royalists. Milton's answer to it, in which he criticised both the book and the dead king with merciless severity, was received, therefore, as a signal service to the Commonwealth. More momentous

still was his Latin "*Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*" ("Defence for the People of England"), published in April 1651 in reply to the defence of Charles I. and attack upon the English Commonwealth, which had been published in Holland more than a year before by the great Leyden Professor, Salmasius, at the instance and at the expense of Charles II. (see Introduction to the Latin Epigrams on Salmasius). Never in the world had one human being inflicted on another a more ruthless or appalling castigation than Milton here inflicted on perhaps the most renowned scholar of his day in all Europe, the veteran whom his learned contemporaries called "The Wonderful," and for the honour of possessing whom Princes and Courts contended; and just in proportion to the celebrity of the victim so murdered, trampled on, and gashed, was the amazement over the man that had done the deed. The book had been out little more than two months when the Council of State, after offering a money reward to Milton, which he declined, passed and inserted in their Minutes (June 17, 1651) this vote of thanks to him: "The Council, taking notice of the many good services performed by Mr. John Milton, their Secretary for Foreign Tongues, to this State and Commonwealth, particularly of his Book in vindication of the Parliament and People of England against the calumnies and invectives of Salmasius, have thought fit to declare their resentment and good acceptance of the same, and that the thanks of the Council be returned to Mr. Milton, and their sense represented in that behalf." But it was abroad, and among foreigners in London, that the Reply to Salmasius excited the most lively interest. From all the embassies in London Milton received formal calls or speedy messages of compliment expressly on account of the book; and in Holland, France, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and elsewhere, copies were in extraordinary demand, and a topic of talk among scholars for months was the mangling which the great

Salmasius had received from one of "the English mastiffs." It is not too much to say that before the end of the year 1651, in consequence of this one book, Milton's name was more widely known on the Continent than that of any other Englishman then living, except Oliver Cromwell.

Though Cromwell had been, of course, a member of the Council of State from the first, *his* labours through the greater part of the years 1649—1651 had been elsewhere than at Whitehall. From August 1649 to June 1650 he had been in Ireland, as Lord Lieutenant for the Commonwealth, crushing the Royalist confederacy there, and reconquering the country after its eight years of Rebellion. From July 1650 to August 1651 he had been in Scotland, where Charles II. had meanwhile been received as King, and whence the Scots threatened to bring him into England. The battle of Dunbar (Sept. 3, 1650) and subsequent successes had already made Cromwell master of all the South of Scotland, when by a sudden movement Charles and the Scottish Army escaped his vigilance and burst into England, obliging him to follow in pursuit. Having beaten them in the great battle of Worcester (Sept. 3, 1651), he was back at Whitehall at last, the acknowledged saviour of the Commonwealth and supreme chief of England. The young King was again in exile, and the Commonwealth, now including Scotland, Ireland, and the English colonies and dominions, was to all appearance one of the most stable, as it was certainly one of the most powerful, of the European States. Such foreign Princes and Governments as had hitherto stood aloof hastened to send their embassies and apologies, and Milton's duties in the special work of his Secretaryship for Foreign Tongues were likely to be more burdensome than they had been.

It is significant that the only pieces of verse known to have come from Milton's pen during the three years of his life just sketched are these :—

Scrap of Verse from Seneca, inculcating Tyrannicide, translated in *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates* (now appended to *Minor English Poems*). 1649.

In Salmasii Hundredam: Scrap of Latin parody in *Defensio Prima* (now annexed to the *Sylva*).

PETTY FRANCE, WESTMINSTER.

1652—1660 : *ætat.* 44—52.

In the beginning of 1652, for some reason or other, Milton removed from the official rooms in Whitehall into a house which he had taken close at hand. It was "a pretty garden-house in Petty France, Westminster, next door to the Lord Scudamore's, and opening into St. James's Park." It still exists, and is, I believe, the only one of Milton's many London houses now left. No one looking now at No. 19 York Street, Westminster, a dingy old house, let out in apartments, in a dense and dingy street of poor houses and shops, can imagine without difficulty that it was once the pretty garden-house, opening into St. James's Park, which Milton occupied. That is the house, however; and any one can go and see it. Jeremy Bentham, whose residence was in the neighbourhood, was afterwards its proprietor; and William Hazlitt lived in it from 1811 onwards. Milton was to inhabit it for eight years, the longest term in which we have found him in any one house yet since he left his native Bread Street. This term of eight years, however, subdivides itself biographically into three portions :—

LAST FIFTEEN MONTHS OF THE COMMON-WEALTH (*Jan.* 1651-2—*April* 1653) :—As the Council of State was itself elected annually by the Parliament, with changes of its *personnel* every year; Milton's Latin Secretaryship, it will be understood, had also been renewed from year to year by express appointment of each Council. In 1652 he entered on his fourth year of office. There was more to

do this year in the way of drafting foreign despatches and attending at meetings with ambassadors than there had been previously ; and, accordingly, Milton's preserved Latin despatches of the year, as given in his printed works, are about as numerous as those for the three preceding years put together. Yet it was precisely in the midst of this increase of work that Milton became incapable, as one would suppose, of Secretarial work of any kind. The blindness which had been gradually coming on for some years (one eye having failed before the other), and which had been accelerated by his persistence in his book against Salmasius in spite of the warnings of his physicians, had become serious before his removal to Petty France, and was total about the middle of 1652. With such a calamity added to his almost constant ill-health otherwise, one would have expected the resignation of his Secretaryship. But the Commonwealth had no disposition to part with its literary champion ; and arrangements were made for continuing him in office. Mr. Walter Frost, senior, having died in March 1652, Mr. John Thurloe had been appointed his successor in the General Secretaryship to the Council, with a salary of 600*l.* a year (worth about 2000*l.* a year now) ; a naturalized German, Mr. Weckherlin, formerly in the service of Charles I. and of Parliament, was brought in to assist Milton in the Foreign department ; and for occasional service in translating documents Mr. Thurloe found other persons as they were wanted. Milton was distinctly retained with his full rank and title as Secretary for Foreign Tongues to the Council ; and there is positive evidence that he went on performing some portion of his old duties. What one sees, in fact, from the middle of 1652 onwards, is the blind Milton led across the Park every other day, when his health permitted, from his house in Petty France to Whitehall, sitting in the Council as before when he had to catch the substance of any resolution that had to be embodied in a Latin letter, or perhaps sometimes only

receiving the necessary information from Mr. Thurloe, and then either dictating the required document on the spot, or returning home to compose it more at leisure. Whatever Weckherlin and others did to help, all the more important despatches were still expected from Milton himself, and at receptions of ambassadors and other foreign agents he was still the proper official.

Salmasius, who had been in Sweden when Milton's Answer to him appeared, had returned to Holland in no enviable state of mind. He had been vowing revenge, and was even rumoured to have a Reply ready for the press; but none was forthcoming. Meanwhile several attacks on Milton in his behalf by other persons were published abroad anonymously and in Latin. One of these, a very poor thing, attributed at the time to the Irish ex-Bishop Bramhall, but really by a refugee English preacher named Rowland, was handed over by Milton for answer to his younger nephew, John Phillips. The result was "*Joannis Philippi Angli Responsio ad Apologiam anonymi cujusdam tenebrionis*" (1652), a pamphlet so revised and touched by Milton that it may be accounted partly his. He reserved wholly for himself the task of replying to a far more formidable and able attack made upon him by an anonymous friend of Salmasius under the title "*Regii Clamor ad Cælum adversus Parricidas Anglicanos*" ("Cry of the King's Blood to Heaven against the English Parricides"). Published at the Hague late in 1652, this book contained such charges against Milton's personal character that he could not let it pass; but the Answer was deferred. For the rest, the literary relics of the last fifteen months of his Secretaryship to the Commonwealth consist only of three Latin Familiar Epistles, two of them to foreigners, and the following two Sonnets:—

Sonnet, "To the Lord General Cromwell" (Sonnet XVI.).

May 1652.

Sonnet, "To Sir Henry Vane the younger" (Sonnet XVII.).

Put into Vane's hands July 3, 1652.

CROMWELL'S DICTATORSHIP AND PROTECTORATE (*April 1653—Sept. 1658*):—The Sonnets to Cromwell and Vane were written just at the time when these two chiefs of the Republic were coming to an irreconcilable difference. Cromwell, and the whole Army at his back, had made up their minds that the time had come for a more regular Government of the Commonwealth than the anomalous makeshift by the Rump of the Long Parliament, consisting of about a hundred and twenty persons at the utmost, surviving out of a House of five hundred that had been returned by English constituencies as far back as 1640. The question of a dissolution and the election of a new and complete Parliament on a reformed system of popular suffrage, including all that would be faithful to the Commonwealth, had again and again been discussed, and a rather distant day for a dissolution at last fixed. There were, however, misunderstandings on the subject, with signs that Vane and others were bent on a policy antagonistic to the views of Cromwell and the Army. On the 20th of April 1653 Cromwell concluded the business by going to the House with a company of musketeers, turning out Vane and the other fifty-two members who were then sitting, locking the doors, and giving the key and the mace into the keeping of one of his colonels. He dissolved the Council of State the same day. The Commonwealth proper being thus at an end, there ensued the five years and four months of Cromwell's supremacy. It was divided into (1) what may be called his *Interim Dictatorship* (April—Dec. 1653), when he governed, still as "Lord General Cromwell," by the aid of a Council of his officers, waiting the issue of the special Parliament of select persons from England, Scotland, and Ireland, which he had summoned for the emergency; and (2) his *Protectorate* (Dec. 1653—Sept. 1658), when he ruled with the title of "Lord Protector." The Protectorate itself passed through two phases. Till May 1657 Cromwell was still in a manner but the elected head of a Republic

but thence to his death, Sept. 3, 1658, he was virtually King.

Though all England, Scotland, and Ireland were obliged to acquiesce in Cromwell's supremacy, and though in the course of his powerful rule he succeeded in winning general respect, and especially in making the entire population of the British Islands proud of the position asserted for them in Europe by his magnanimous foreign policy, yet the *Oliverians*, as his more express and thorough adherents were called, were but a section of the former Army-men and Republicans. Milton, whose admiration for Cromwell had all along been immense, was decidedly one of those Oliverians. He had approved even of Cromwell's forcible dissolution of the Parliament and the Council of State which he himself served; and he regarded Cromwell's Dictatorship and Protectorate as the best possible embodiment for the time of the principles of real Republicanism. It need be no matter for surprise, therefore, that Milton was continued in his Latin Secretaryship. There was conjoined with him, indeed, in 1653 a Philip Meadows, entitled also "Latin Secretary;" Milton's friend Andrew Marvell was brought in at a later time to give some assistance; and there was some fluctuation of Milton's salary in the course of the Protectorate. In 1655, on a general reduction of official salaries, it was ordered that Milton's should be reduced to 150*l.* *per annum*, but that the same should be settled on him for his life. Actually, however, this sum seems to have been raised to 200*l.* a year (worth about 700*l.* a year now); with which salary, and with Meadows as his coadjutor, doing all the routine work, Milton remained the Latin Secretary Extraordinary.

Among his preserved Latin State Letters, besides about half a dozen written in the latter part of 1653 for Cromwell's Council of Officers or the special Parliament he had called in his Dictatorship, there are as many as eighty belonging to the Protectorate itself, and despatched as Cromwell's own letters, with his signa-

ture, "OLIVERIUS, *Angliæ, Scotiæ, Hiberniæ, &c., Protector.*" Most famous perhaps among these now are the Letters written in 1655 on the subject of the massacre of the Vaudois Protestants (see *Introd.* to *Sonnet XVIII.*). All in all, though Milton's secretarial services under the Protectorate must have been confined mainly to such eloquent expression in Latin of the Protector's more important messages to Foreign Powers, it is a memorable fact in the history of England that he was one of Cromwell's faithful officials to the last, often in colloquy with him, and sometimes in ceremonial attendance at his Court. For any colloquy, Milton, with his clear vague eyes, would be led into the room where Cromwell was; and at any Court Concert, or the like, Milton, if he came, would be conducted gently to a seat.

In 1653 or 1654 Milton's wife died, still a very young woman, leaving him, at the age of forty-five, a widower with three daughters, Anne, Mary, and Deborah. The eldest, who was somewhat deformed, was but in her eighth year; the second was in her sixth; the youngest was a mere infant. A son, born in Scotland Yard between the second daughter and the third, had not survived. How the motherless little creatures were brought up in the house in Petty France, under the charge of their blind father, no one knows. It may have been a happy chance for them when he married again, Nov. 12, 1656. But the second wife, known merely as Catherine Woodcock, daughter of a Captain Woodcock of Hackney, died in childbirth Feb. 10, 1657-8, only fifteen months after the marriage, the child dying also (*Sonnet XXIII.* and *Introduction* to it); and thus, in the last year of Cromwell's Protectorate, Milton, in his fiftieth year, was again a widower, with his three motherless girls, the eldest not twelve years old. Fancy, in the house in Petty France, the blind father, a kind of stern King Lear, mostly by himself, and the three young things pattering about, as noiselessly as possible, at their own will

or in the charge of some servant ! It was to be tragic in the end both for him and them.

What of Milton's independent literary activity through the five years of Cromwell's Protectorate? For a blind man it was considerable.—Besides fourteen of his Latin Familiar Epistles, most of them to foreign friends, there belong to the period of the Protectorate two of Milton's most substantial Latin pamphlets. The first, which appeared in 1654, was his Reply to that attack upon him, already mentioned, which had been published at the Hague in 1652 by some anonymous friend of Salmasius. While defending his own character in this Reply, Milton made it also a new defence of the English nation ; and hence it was entitled "*Joannis Miltoni Angli pro Populo Anglicano Defensio Secunda*" ("Second Defence of John Milton, Englishman, for the English People"). Both historically and autobiographically it is one of the most interesting of Milton's pamphlets. It contains a splendid panegyric on Cromwell, with notices of Fairfax, Bradshaw, Fleetwood, Lambert, Whalley, Overton, and others. Milton assumes throughout that the author of the book to which he was replying was a certain Alexander More (see Introduction to the lines *De Moro*, annexed to the Latin Elegies), and the license he gives himself in his personal abuse of this More is something frightful. More, who had only had a hand in the publication of the book that had given the offence (the real author of which was Peter Du Moulin, afterwards Prebendary of Canterbury), replied to Milton's attack, and so drew from him in 1655 another pamphlet, entitled "*Joannis Miltoni Angli pro se Defensio contra Alexandrum Morum*" ("Defence of John Milton, Englishman, for Himself, against Alexander More"), to which was annexed "*Autoris ad Alexandri Mori Supplementum Responsio*" ("The Author's Reply to Alexander More's Supplement"). This closed the controversy.—In the

shape of Verse we have from Milton, through the time of Cromwell's rule, the following :—

Eight of the Psalms (Psalms I.—VIII.) done into Verse.

Aug. 1653.

The Fifth Ode of Horace, Lib. I., translated.

De Moro (Scrap from the *Defensio Secunda*, now appended to *Elegiarum Liber*) 1654.

In Salmastium (another scrap from the *Defensio Secunda*, now appended to the *Sylvæ*). 1654.

Ad Christinam, Succorum Reginam, nomine Cromwelli (appended to the *Elegiarum Liber*, as attributed to Milton). 1654.

Sonnet, "On the late Massacre in Piedmont" (Sonnet XVIII.) 1655.

Sonnet on his Blindness (Sonnet XIX.).

Sonnet to Mr. Lawrence (Sonnet XX.).

Sonnet to Cyriack Skinner (Sonnet XXI.).

Sonnet to the Same (Sonnet XXII.). 1655.

Sonnet to the Memory of his Second Wife (Sonnet XXIII.). 1658.

A fact of special interest, for which there is very good authority, is that the actual composition of *Paradise Lost* was begun in the last year of Cromwell's Protectorate, *i.e.* in 1658, about the date of the last of Milton's Sonnets. In resuming the subject, first projected in 1639 or 1640, Milton abandoned the Dramatic form then contemplated, and settled on the Epic.

PROTECTORATE OF RICHARD CROMWELL, AND ANARCHY PRECEDING THE RESTORATION (*Sept.* 1658—*May* 1660) :—Eleven printed Letters by Milton in the name of the Protector Richard, and two written by him for the restored Rump Parliament after Richard's abdication (April 1659), attest the continuance of Milton's Secretaryship into this wretched period. Indeed as late as October 1659 he and Andrew Marvell are found in receipt of their salaries of 200*l.* a year each as colleagues in the office. But "a little before the King's coming over," Phillips informs us, he was sequestered

from his office and "the salary thereunto belonging." O how Milton struggled to the last to avert that catastrophe, as he regarded it, of "the King's coming over"! "*A Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes*"; "*Considerations touching the likeliest means to remove Hirelings out of the Church*"; "*A Letter to a Friend concerning the Ruptures of the Commonwealth*": such are the titles of three short pamphlets addressed by Milton in 1659 to his perplexed and bewildered countrymen. They were followed in the beginning of 1660 by three more—"The Present Means and Brief Delineation of a Free Commonwealth, easy to be put in practice and without delay; in a Letter to General Monk"; "*The Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth*"; "*Brief Notes upon a late Sermon [a Royalist Sermon] preached and since published by Matthew Griffith, D.D.*" All in vain! "*No Blind Guides*" was the title of a Reply by the Royalist Roger L'Estrange to the last pamphlet. The Restoration of Charles II. had come to be generally desired throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland, as the only escape from anarchy; Monk managed it; and on the 29th of May, 1660, Charles made his triumphant entry into London.—No piece of verse came from Milton in this period; but it contains three of his Latin Familiar Letters.

IN HIDING AND IN CUSTODY.

1660: *ætat.* 52.

The wonder is that, at the Restoration, Milton was not hanged. At a time when they brought to the scaffold all the chief living Regicides and their accomplices that were within reach, including even Hugh Peters, and when they dug up Cromwell's body and hanged it at Tyburn, and tore also from the earth at Westminster the body of Cromwell's mother and other "Cromwellian bodies" that had been buried there with honour, the

escape of Milton, the supreme defender of the Regicide through the press, the man who had attacked the memory of Charles I. with a ferocity which even some of the actual Regicides must have thought unnecessary and outrageous, is all but inexplicable. He *was* for some time in real danger. Quitting his house in Petty France, his nephew tells us, he lay concealed in "a friend's house in Bartholomew Close," near Smithfield, till the Act of general Oblivion and Indemnity came forth (August 1660); and there is a story, on more vague authority, that his friends, while he was in hiding, spread a report that he was dead, and even arranged a mock-funeral, to stop search for him. Meanwhile his *Eikonoklastes* and his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano* had been condemned by Parliament and burnt by the hands of the hangman. Even after the Act of Indemnity Milton was not safe. He was in custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms for some time, but was finally released December 15. There had been, doubtless, powerful intercession in his behalf; and the tradition is that among those who exerted themselves for him was Sir William Davenant, now the restored Poet-laureate of the new reign, for whom Milton had done a like good service under the Commonwealth. However his pardon was effected, the spirit in which it was granted was exactly as if, in some meeting of Charles's Council, when the propriety of bringing Milton to trial was discussed, the conclusion had been "It is not worth while: let the blind blackguard live."

HOLBORN AGAIN (NEAR RED LION FIELDS): JEWIN STREET.

1660—1664: *ætat.* 52—56.

For some little time after Milton's release and pardon he lived in Holborn, near what is now Red Lion Square, on the opposite side of the great Holborn thoroughfare from that which contained his former house in that neighbourhood. As soon as possible

however, he removed to his old and favourite Aldersgate Street vicinity, having taken a house in Jewin Street, which goes off from Aldersgate Street on the same side as Barbican, but nearer to St. Martin's-le-Grand than either Barbican or the site of Milton's former Aldersgate Street house. If this Jewin Street house exists, it has not been identified.

It was from those two houses, in Holborn and in Jewin Street, that Milton witnessed, or rather heard of, all those miscellaneous events and proceedings which were to undo, as far as was possible, the achievements of the preceding twenty years, and which are comprised now in English Histories in the single phrase *The Restoration*. What had been the united Commonwealth was again broken into its three parts, England, Scotland, and Ireland; and in each the partisans of the late system found themselves disgraced and degraded, and the regulation of affairs passed into the hands of Cavaliers returned from exile, and of such renegades or new men as these drew in their train. In England Episcopacy was restored, with the Liturgy, and all else that belonged to the old Anglican Church; two thousand Presbyterian ministers were ejected from their livings by the Act of Uniformity; and by other Acts civil penalties and disadvantages were attached to every profession of Dissent. In Scotland all Acts passed since 1633 were repealed; the Kirk was forced back into Prelacy, with Archbishop Sharp at its head; and there began, under a ministry who were generally drunk, the ruthless barbarities against the Presbyterians still remembered as "the Persecutions." In Ireland there were measures to correspond. And, with this universal political reaction, what a change in public morals and manners! Round a Court, which set an example of shamelessness, London and the general English world were whirled, by a rebound from the extreme Puritan strictness that had been in fashion, into an ostentatious revelry in Anti-Puritanism. Swearing, swaggering, and an affectation of profligacy, were

the proofs of a proper abhorrence of the cant of the lately ruling Saints, and a proper loyalty to the existing powers. In the new Literature that sprang up, as well as in other forms of mental activity, the new social spirit was faithfully represented. Veterans like Hobbes and Izaak Walton, with Browne of Norwich, Clarendon, Jeremy Taylor, and others among the graver prose-writers who had survived from the reign of Charles I., and Shirley, Herrick, Waller, Davenant, Denham, Cowley, and others, surviving from among the poets of the same reign, were very much their former selves, only rejoicing in the restored Royalty; the specific tendency to mathematical and physical science which had already grouped together such men as Wilkins, Wallis, Petty, Boyle, and Hooke, through the Commonwealth and Protectorate, now only displayed itself more signally in the institution of the Royal Society; but the literature belonging properly to the Restoration itself had all the characteristics of its origin. To the core it was Anti-Puritan, reactionary, and unearnest. Never in English literary history had there been such a run of talent to the comic, the jocose, the witty. The revived drama of the re-opened theatres, to which people rushed now with an avidity all the keener for the disuse of that amusement for eighteen years, consisted chiefly of Comedies and Farces, in which wit was desirable, but indecency indispensable. New things called Tragedies there were, but of such a texture that Time has refused to remember them. For what of Tragedy was wanted, reproduction of Elizabethan pieces was best; in the age itself, on the stage as elsewhere, the comic faculty was paramount. Off the stage it showed itself in songs, stories, satires, essays, character-sketches, and burlesques. Even the forms and mechanisms of English literature were changed. The cavaliers and courtiers had brought back from their exile acquired French tastes in literature, as in other matters. Experiments were made in the Tragedy of

Rhymed Declamation ; the syntax of English prose was to be neater and easier than it had been ; and the English metrical ear was to be tuned to stricter and more regular rhythms. Over this rising popular literature of the Restoration the nominal president was Davenant, the reinstated Laureate ; but the robust Dryden was making his way to the chief place in the drama and in other departments, with Buckinghams, Dorsets, and Howards about him, and Ethereges, Wycherlys, and Shadwells appearing on the horizon. Butler's *Hudibras* was out, and Charles and his courtiers were laughing over it.

On the verge of this new world of the Restoration, disowned by it, and disdaining it, the blind Milton lived—

“ On evil days now fallen, and evil tongues,
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
And solitude.”

Such friends as did still come about him were chiefly Nonconformists of the more devout and extreme sects, Independents, Baptists, or Quakers. One was Alderman Isaac Pennington, once Lord Mayor of London, and recently, as member of the Long Parliament and of the Council of State, a prominent man in the Commonwealth. Andrew Marvell, young Lawrence, Marchamont Needham, Cyriack Skinner, and the high-minded Lady Ranelagh, sister of Robert Boyle, who had been among his most frequent visitors in the house in Petty France, would find their way occasionally as far as Jewin Street. Dr. Paget, a physician of that neighbourhood, was very intimate with him ; and his old friend Hartlib would appear sometimes, bringing some foreigner who desired to be introduced. Such visits to Milton by foreigners, it seems, had become customary : they did not like to leave London without having seen him, and even the house in Bread Street where he had been born. Still “solitude,” the word which Milton himself uses, describes his condition too truly. The house in Jewin Street must have been a

small one ; and, as Milton had now no official income, and had lost by the Restoration several thousands of pounds, invested in Commonwealth securities, or others as bad, the economy of his household must have been very frugal. He had always a man or a boy to read to him, write to his dictation, and lead him about in his walks ; one or other of his two nephews, now shifting for themselves in or near London by tutorship and literary hackwork, would sometimes drop in, and yield him superior help ; and there were young men ready to volunteer their occasional services as amanuenses for the privilege of his conversation or of lessons from him. The young Quaker, Thomas Ellwood, recommended to him by Alderman Pennington and Dr. Paget, made his acquaintance this way in Jewin Street in 1662, valuing the privilege much, and taking a lodging near on purpose. For the management of his house and of his daily life, however, Milton had to depend on his daughters, and the dependence was a sad one. The poor girls, the eldest in her seventeenth year in 1662, the next in her fifteenth, and the youngest in her eleventh, had been growing up ill looked-after, and, though one does hear of a governess, but slenderly educated. The eldest, the deformed one, could not write ; the other two could write but indifferently. But, though he can therefore hardly have employed them as amanuenses, he did exact from them attendance which they found irksome. When no one else was at hand, he would make them, or at least the two younger, read to him ; and by some extraordinary ingenuity in his method, or by sheer practice on their part, they came at last to be able to read sufficiently well for his purpose in Latin, Greek, Italian, French, Spanish, and even Hebrew, without themselves understanding a word. This drill, as far as the youngest daughter was concerned, can have been little more than begun in the Jewin Street house ; but there all three were already in rebellion. They “made nothing of deserting him ;” “they did combine together and

counsel his maid-servant to cheat him in her marketings ;" they "had made away with some of his books, and would have sold the rest to the dunghill-women." Things had at last come to such a pass that, on the recommendation of Dr. Paget, Milton, Feb. 12, 1662-3, married a third wife. She was an Elizabeth Minshull, from Cheshire, a relation of Dr. Paget's, and not more than twenty-five years of age, Milton being fifty-four. A very excellent and careful wife she was to prove to him through the rest of his life. When Mary, the second daughter, heard of the intended marriage, she said "that that was no news, to hear of his wedding, but, if she could hear of his death, that *was* something." This, which is certified on oath, is almost too horrible for belief.

A small elementary Latin Grammar, published in 1661 under the title of "*Accedence Commenced Grammar*," is all of a literary kind that came from Milton while he was in Holborn or Jewin Street. It had doubtless been long lying by him. Other works, however, had been in progress, especially *Paradise Lost*.

ARTILLERY WALK, BUNHILL FIELDS.

1664—1674 : *atat.* 56—66.

Not long after his third marriage (possibly in 1663, though I make it 1664) Milton left Jewin Street for what was to be the last of all his London houses. It was in "Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields," *i.e.*, as has been ascertained with some trouble, in that part of the present Bunhill Row where there is now a clump of newer houses "to the left of the passenger who turns northward from Chiswell Street towards St. Luke's Hospital and Peerless Pool." It was close to the Artillery Ground, or exercising-place of the old London Trained Bands ; and hence the name. Bunhill Fields Burying Ground, long the place of sepulture for London Dissenters, and where Bunyan and Defoe are buried, did not exist when Milton went to the

neighbourhood. On the whole, the remove, though it did not take him far from his former residence, was into greater privacy and obscurity. The three daughters still accompanied him, better managed now that the third wife had the charge of the housekeeping, but naturally in warfare with her.

Of Milton's habits, in his house near Bunhill Fields, through the last ten years of his life, we have pretty distinct accounts from various persons, as follows:—He used to get up very early, generally at four o'clock in summer and five in winter. After having a chapter or two of the Hebrew Bible read to him, he worked, first in meditation by himself, and then, after breakfast, by dictation to his amanuensis for the time being, interspersed with farther readings to him from the books he wanted to consult, till near his mid-day dinner. A good part of the afternoon was then given to walking in the garden (and a garden of some kind had been always a requisite with him), or to playing on the organ, and singing, or hearing his wife sing, within doors. His wife, he said, had a good voice, but no ear. Later in the afternoon he resumed work; but about six o'clock he was ready to receive evening visitors, and to talk with them till about eight, when there was a supper of "olives or some light thing." He was very temperate at meals, drinking very little "wine or strong liquors of any kind"; but his conversation at dinner and supper was very pleasant and cheerful, with a tendency to the satirical. This humour for satire was connected by some of his hearers with his strong way of pronouncing the letter *r*: "*litera canina*, the dog-letter, the certain sign of a satirical wit," as Dryden said to Aubrey when they were talking of this personal trait of Milton. After supper, when left to himself, he smoked his pipe and drank a glass of water before going to bed; which was usually at nine o'clock. "He was visited by the learned," says Aubrey, "much more than he did desire," Aubrey himself and Dryden being latterly among those who

went sometimes to see him. He attended no church, and belonged to no communion; nor had he any regular prayers in his family, having some principle of his own on that subject which his friends did not understand. His favourite attitude in dictating was sitting somewhat aslant in an elbow-chair, with his leg thrown over one of the arms. He would dictate his verses, thirty or forty at a time, to any one that happened to be at hand; but his two younger daughters, Mary and Deborah, whom he had by this time perfected in the art of reading to him in all languages without understanding what they read, had more than their share in such daily drudgery with him over his books. His poetical vein, Phillips tells us, flowed most happily "from the autumnal equinox to the vernal," *i.e.* from the end of September to the end of March, so that, with all his exertions through the other half of the year, he was never so well satisfied with the results. His poor health, and frequent headaches and other pains, were another interference with his work, but less than might have been supposed. Gout was his most confirmed ailment, and it had begun to stiffen his hands.

And so at last, before Milton had been two years in the house in Artillery Walk, *Paradise Lost* had been completed. For, when the Great Plague broke out in London in 1665, and Milton (perhaps driven from his house by the fact that Bunhill Fields had been chosen as a "pest-field" where the dead could be buried in pits) went to spend the summer in a cottage which Ellwood had taken for him at Chalfont-St.-Giles, Buckinghamshire, he took the finished manuscript with him (see Introduction to *Par. Lost*, Section II.). That country-cottage, therefore, has to be remembered, in this exact place, and with this interesting association, as one of Milton's residences. It still exists, a very small cottage indeed, with a very small garden, standing on the slope of the public road at one end of the quiet old village of Chalfont; and, when it

was in good tending and there were honeysuckles about it, the summer air in its tiny rooms, with the lattices open, may have been pleasant. The old lattices, with their lozenges of glass set in lead, still remained when I was there; but the cottage was empty and to let. A few pounds, I suppose, would buy it altogether.

Back in London in 1666, Milton may have been prevented from publishing his *Paradise Lost* in that "Annus Mirabilis" by the Great Fire. It did not reach indeed to his neighbourhood; but it left a vast space of the city in ruins, with his native Bread Street in the very heart of the space. From that date there could be no more visits of admiring foreigners to the old "Spread Eagle" where he had been born; but all his other London residences remained. In 1667, the year after the Fire, the due licence having been obtained and other arrangements made (see *Intro.* to *Par. Lost*, Section I.), the epic was published. The publication must have been an event of some consequence to Milton personally. It threw between him and all that past part of his life which lay under public obloquy the atonement of a great Poem. Whatever he had been, was he not now the author of *Paradise Lost*? Gradually, as the poem was read, though here and there some of the poorer creatures put in their sarcasms, this was the feeling among all the abler leaders of the Restoration Literature itself. "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too," is reported to have been Dryden's immediate criticism; and it was probably after Dryden had read the poem, and said this, that he first sought out Milton. Indeed, it was probably after the fame of *Paradise Lost* was established that the straggling of admiring visitors, especially foreigners, to Milton's house which had followed him ever since the Restoration swelled into that conflux of the learned about him, "much more than he did desire," of which Aubrey speaks. Certain it is that Dryden, not nearly yet at his best in the world,

but the manliest and greatest figure already in the whole society of the Restoration wits, had contracted a profound reverence for the blind Republican, from which he never swerved, and to which on every possible occasion he gave the most generous expression. As Dryden was appointed to the Laureateship in 1670, in succession to Davenant, who had died in 1668, it was an odd fact, at which Dryden would have been the first to smile, that he could count Milton for a time among his literary subjects. The last four or five years of Milton's life were the first four or five of Dryden's Laureateship, and they include the following interesting series of publications by Milton: his *History of Britain to the Conquest*, with his portrait by Faithorne prefixed, 1670; his *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* together, 1671 (see Introductions to these poems); his Latin treatise on Logic, according to the system of Ramus, entitled "*Artis Logicæ Plenior Institutio, ad Petri Rami Methodum Concinnata*," 1672 (probably an old performance lying among his MSS.); his English tract "*Of true Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and what best means may be used against the growth of Popery*," 1673; the Second edition of his *Minor Poems*, 1673 (see General Introd. to *Minor Poems*); the Second edition of *Paradise Lost*, 1674 (see Introd. to *Par. Lost*, Section I.); a translation of *Letters Patent for the Election of John III. [Sobieski], King of Poland*, 1674; his *Epistolæ Familiæres*, with his juvenile *Prolusiones Oratoriæ* at Cambridge added, 1674 (see Introd. to *At a Vac. Ex.*). There is evidence in the number of these publications, and in the nature of some of them, that Milton's name prefixed to a book was again of some value.

To complete our formal chronology of the Poems we have now only to extricate from among the productions of the ten years in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, the following separately:—

PARADISE LOST. 1667. Re-edited 1674.

Two Scraps of translated Verse from Geoffrey of Monmouth in *History of Britain* (annexed now to the Minor English Poems). 1670.

PARADISE REGAINED. 1671.

SAMSON AGONISTES. 1671.

During the last four or five years of Milton's life his three daughters had ceased to reside with him. In or about 1669, the eldest being then twenty-three years of age and the youngest seventeen, they had all, by what seems to have been a really judicious arrangement of their step-mother, been sent out, at their father's expense, "to learn some curious and ingenious sorts of manufacture that are proper for women to learn, particularly embroideries in gold and silver." From that time, therefore, Milton and his wife Elizabeth had been by themselves in the house near Bunhill Fields, with one maid-servant. It was probably the calmest time in Milton's life for many a day. Our best glimpse of him in those closing years is from the Notes of the painter Richardson. "An aged clergyman of Dorsetshire," he says, "found John Milton in a small chamber hung "with rusty green, sitting in an elbow chair, and dressed "neatly in black; pale, but not cadaverous; his hands "and fingers gouty, and with chalk-stones. He used "also to sit in a grey coarse cloth coat at the door of "his house near Bunhill Fields in warm sunny weather, "and so, as well as in his house, received the visits of "people of distinguished parts as well as quality." A day soon came when the slight figure in coarse grey was no more to be seen by the inhabitants of the obscure neighbourhood. He died peacefully, of what was called "gout struck in," on Sunday, Nov. 8, 1674, aged sixty-five years and eleven months; and he was buried, Nov. 12, beside his father, in the church of St. Giles, Cripple-gate, attended to the grave by "all his learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar." Andrew Marvell, who may have been among the mourners, promised Aubrey to write some

account of Milton to be sent to Anthony Wood for his *Fasti Oxonienses*; but, Marvell having died in 1678, without having fulfilled the promise, Aubrey himself collected what information he could from Milton's widow, his brother, the elder Phillips, and others.

POSTHUMOUS DETAILS.

Milton, before his death, estimated his estate at about 1,000*l.* in money, besides household goods. Actually about 900*l.* in money (worth about 2,700*l.* now) was the sum at once realized. It was the subject of litigation between the widow and the three daughters. A few months before his death, Milton, in a conversation with his brother Christopher, then a bencher of the Inner Temple, had signified his intentions as to the disposition of his property thus: "The portion due to me from Mr. Powell, my former [first] wife's father, I leave to the unkind children I had by her, having received no part of it; but my meaning is that they shall have no other benefit of my estate than the said portion and what I have besides done for them, they having been very undutiful to me. All the rest of my estate I leave to the disposal of Elizabeth, my loving wife." For the right understanding of this, it is to be explained that there was due to Milton's estate a promised marriage-portion of 1,000*l.* with his first wife, and arrears of interest on the same since 1643, and that, though there had been little prospect of a recovery of the money at Mr. Powell's death in 1647, the Powell family were now in circumstances to bear the debt, and were under obligation to do so by Mr. Powell's will. Milton's meaning, therefore, was that his daughters should have a claim on their relatives, the Powells, for the 1,000*l.* and arrears of their grandfather's money, while his widow should have the whole of his own actual estate. The daughters, however, probably with the Powells urging them (their grandmother, Mrs. Powell, was still alive),

disputed the "nuncupative" or word-of-mouth will of their father, alleging that they had been and were "great frequenters of the church and good livers"; and insinuating that their uncle Christopher had an interest in upholding the will, inasmuch as there was a private understanding that the widow should hand over to *his* children, according to a desire which the deceased had expressed, any overplus that the estate might yield above 1,000*l.* The result was that, though there was perfect evidence of the facts, it was decided (Feb. 1674-5) on technical grounds that the widow should have two-thirds and the daughters one-third among them. The widow acquiesced, and punctually paid to the three daughters about 100*l.* each, having about 600*l.* left for herself. She was then thirty-seven years of age, and the money would yield her a meagre annuity.

The widow, after remaining in London for some years, retired to Nantwich in her native Cheshire, where she lived to as late as 1727, a pious member of a Baptist congregation, having survived her husband nearly fifty-three years. The inventory of her effects at her death has been recovered, and shows that she retained to the last some trinkets that had belonged to Milton, and two juvenile portraits of him.—Milton's eldest daughter, Anne, "lame, and with a defect in her speech, but with a very handsome face," married "a master-builder," and died in her first childbirth, the child dying also. Mary, the second daughter, never married, and was dead before 1694. Deborah, the youngest and the best, and "very like her father," had gone to Dublin, as companion to a lady, before her father's death, and married there an Abraham Clarke, described as a weaver or silk-mercator. They came to London about 1687, and settled in the weaving business in Spitalfields. She lived till 1727, and was visited in her later years by Addison and others, who were much pleased with her, and whom she surprised by repeating stray lines she remembered from Homer,

Euripides, and Ovid. The Princess Caroline of Wales sent her fifty guineas. Of her ten children only two survived to have issue. A son, Caleb Clarke, had gone to Madras before 1703, and had died as "parish-clerk of Fort George" in 1719, leaving progeny who are supposed to have all died out in India. The last trace of them is the registration at Madras, April 2, 1727, of the birth of a daughter of Abraham Clarke, the son of Caleb (*i.e.* a great-great-grandaughter of Milton, actually born while Milton's widow was still alive at Nantwich); but there is just a possibility that there was other and farther descent from Milton in these Indian Clarkes. Otherwise, the direct descent from Milton ended in his grand-daughter Elizabeth Clarke, the youngest daughter of Deborah. She married a Thomas Foster, a Spitalfields weaver; she afterwards kept "a small chandler's shop" in Holloway; she removed thence to Shoreditch, where she and her husband had some little dispute in 1750 as to the investment of about 130*l.*, the proceeds of a performance of *Comus* which Dr. Johnson and others had got up for her benefit; and she died in Islington in 1754. She struck those who visited her as "a good, plain, sensible woman," in very infirm health. Seven children of hers had all died in infancy.—Christopher Milton, the poet's lawyer-brother, but who had always been opposite to him in politics, was not only a bencher of the Inner Temple at the time of his brother's death, but also Deputy-Recorder of Ipswich. In the reign of James II., having pushed his compliance so far as to turn Roman Catholic, he became Sir Christopher Milton, Knt., and a Judge. At the Revolution he retired into private life at or near Ipswich; where he died in 1692, in his seventy-seventh year. He left a son, Thomas Milton, and two or three daughters, who are traced some way into the eighteenth century.—-- So far as is known, the Milton pedigree was transmitted farthest and most respectably in the descent from Milton's sister Anne, who was first Mrs.

Phillips and afterwards Mrs. Agar, and who seems to have died some years before the poet, leaving Mr. Agar still alive. Her two sons by the first marriage, Edward and John Phillips, Milton's two nephews, and educated by him (John wholly, but with two years at Oxford added in Edward's case), can hardly, indeed, be reckoned among fortunate men. They struggled on cleverly and industriously, but never very prosperously, in private tutorship, schoolmastering, and hack-authorship; and their numerous publications in prose and verse, lists of which have been made out, are among the curiosities of the minor literature of England in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Edward died not long after 1694, in which year he had published his brief, but valuable, "Life of Milton," prefixed to an English translation of Milton's State Letters; John, who seems to have been the less reputable in his life and the more reckless in the spirit and style of his writings, was alive till 1706. Their families have not been traced. Meanwhile, their half-sister, Ann Agar, their mother's only surviving child by her second marriage, had carried the pedigree, in more flourishing circumstances, into another line, with another change of name. Her father, Mr. Thomas Agar, resuming his post of Deputy Clerk of the Crown at the Restoration, had come to be a man of some wealth; and, before his death in 1673 (when he was succeeded in his office by Thomas Milton, the son of Christopher), she had married a David Moore, of Sayes House, Chertsey, in the county of Surrey, Esq. From this marriage came a Thomas Moore of Sayes House, who was knighted in 1715; and from him have descended, branching out by intermarriages, a great many *Moores* and *Fitzmoores*, traceable in the squirearchy, the church, or the public service, of England, to the present day. All these are related to Milton in so far as they are descended from his sister, the mother of the "Fair Infant" of his early Elegy.

In 1682, eight years after Milton's death, there was

published from his manuscript a compilation called "*A Brief History of Moscovia, and of other less known countries lying eastward of Russia as far as Cathay.*" The collections he had made towards a Latin Dictionary went into the hands of Edward Phillips, were used by Philips in some compilations of his own, and have been embodied in subsequent Dictionaries. Two packets of manuscript left by Milton, about the fate of which he was somewhat anxious, were his Latin System of Divinity drawn direct from the Bible, and his Latin Letters of State to Foreign Powers written in his Secretaryship to the Commonwealth and Protectorate. These packets he had entrusted to one of his latest amanuenses, a young Cambridge man, Daniel Skinner, a relative of his friend Cyriack. They were conveyed by Skinner to Amsterdam for publication by Daniel Elzevir; but, the English Government having heard of them, the publication was stopped, and they were sent back to London in a brown-paper parcel, which was thrown aside in the State Paper Office. This was in 1676; in which year, however, a London bookseller, who had somehow obtained imperfect copies of the Latin State Letters, published a surreptitious edition of them, entitled *Litteræ Pseudo-Senatus Anglicani, necnon Cromwelli, nomine et jussu Conscriptæ*. A better edition was printed at Leipsic in 1690, and Phillips's English translation appeared in 1694. Quite different from these Milton State Letters, though sometimes called *The Milton Papers*, is a thin folio, edited in 1743 by John Nickolls, and consisting of Letters and Addresses to Cromwell, and other public and private documents, from 1650 onwards, which had somehow been in Milton's keeping, and which were afterwards in possession of the Quaker Ellwood. Finally, in 1825, attention having been at last called to the brown-paper parcel that had been lying in the State Paper Office since 1676, Milton's long lost treatise *De Doctrinâ Christianâ*, part of the contents of the parcel, was published by Dr. Sumner, afterwards

Bishop of Winchester, with the addition of an English translation in the same year. It is from this treatise that Milton's theological opinions, so far as they could be expressed in formal and systematic language, are to be most authentically learnt. The original manuscript of the treatise in the hands of several of Milton's amanuenses, and the transcript for press of his State Letters in the hand of Daniel Skinner, are still in the State Paper Office.



INTRODUCTION TO PARADISE LOST.

I. EARLIEST EDITIONS OF THE POEM.

It was possibly just before the Great Fire of London in September, 1666, and it certainly cannot have been very long after that event, when Milton, then residing in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, sent the manuscript of his *Paradise Lost* to receive the official licence necessary for its publication. The duty of licensing such books was then vested by law in the Archbishop of Canterbury, who performed it through his chaplains. The Archbishop of Canterbury at that time (1663-1677) was Dr. Gilbert Sheldon; and the chaplain to whom it fell to examine the manuscript of *Paradise Lost* was the Rev. Thomas Tomkyns, M.A. of Oxford, then incumbent of St. Mary Aldermary, London, and afterwards Rector of Lambeth and D.D. He was the Archbishop's domestic chaplain, and a very great favourite of his—quite a young man, but already the author of one or two books or pamphlets. The nature of his opinions may be guessed from the fact that his first publication, printed in the year of the Restoration, had been entitled "The Rebel's Plea Examined; or, Mr. Baxter's Judgment concerning the Late War." A subsequent publication of his, penned not long after he had examined *Paradise Lost*, was entitled "The Inconveniencies of Toleration;" and, when he died in 1675, still young, he was described on his tomb-stone as having been "*Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ contra Schismaticos assertor eximius*." A manuscript by a man of Milton's political and ecclesiastical antecedents could hardly, one would think, have fallen into the

hands of a more unpropitious examiner. It is, accordingly, stated that Tomkyns hesitated about giving the licence, and took exception to some passages in the poem—particularly to that (Book I. vv. 594—599) where it is said of Satan in his diminished brightness after his fall, that he still appeared

“as when the Sun, new-risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or, from behind a cloud,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs.”

At length, however, Mr. Tomkyns was satisfied. There still exists the first book of the actual manuscript which had been submitted to him.* It is a fairly written copy, in a light, not inelegant, but rather characterless hand of the period—of course, not that of Milton himself, who had been for fourteen years totally blind. It consists of eighteen leaves of small quarto, stitched together; and on the inside of the first leaf, or cover, is the following official licence to print in Tomkyns's hand:

Imprimatur: Tho. Tomkyns, Rmo. in Christo Patri ac Domino, Dno. Gilberto, divinâ Providentiâ Archiepiscopo Cantuariensi, a sacris domesticis.

The other books of the manuscript having received a similar certificate, or this certificate on the MS. of the first book sufficing for all, the copy was ready for publication by any printer or bookseller to whom Milton might consign it. Having already had many dealings with London printers and booksellers, Milton may have had several to whom he could go; but the one whom he favoured in this case, or who favoured him, was a certain Samuel Simmons, having his shop “next door to the Golden Lion in Aldersgate Street.” The date of the transaction between Simmons and Milton is April 27, 1667. On that day an agreement was signed between them to the following effect:—Milton, “in consideration of Five Pounds to him now paid,” gives, grants, and assigns to Simmons “all that Book, Copy, or Manuscript of a Poem intituled *Paradise Lost*, or by whatsoever other title or

* The manuscript is described and a facsimile of a portion of it is given, in Mr. S. Leigh Sotheby's “*Ramblings in elucidation of the Autograph of Milton*,” 1861: pp. 196, 197. It was then in the possession of William Baker, Esq. of Bayfordbury, Hertfordshire, to whom it had descended, with other Milton relics, from the famous publishing family of the Tonsons, connected with him by ancestry.

"name the same is or shall be called or distinguished, now lately licensed to be printed;" on the understanding, however that, at the end of the first impression of the Book—"which impression shall be accounted to be ended when thirteen hundred books of the said whole copy or manuscript imprinted shall be sold or retailed off to particular reading customers"—Simmons shall pay to Milton or his representatives a second sum of Five Pounds; and further that he shall pay a third sum of Five Pounds at the end of a second impression of the same number of copies, and a fourth sum of Five Pounds at the end of a third impression similarly measured. To allow a margin for presentation copies, we suppose, it is provided that, while in the account between Milton and Simmons each of the three first impressions is to be reckoned at 1,300 copies, in the actual printing of each Simmons may go as high as 1,500 copies. At any reasonable request of Milton or his representatives, Simmons, or his executors and assigns, shall be bound to make oath before a Master in Chancery "concerning his or their knowledge and belief of, or concerning the truth of, the disposing and selling the said books by retail as aforesaid whereby the said Mr. Milton is to be entitled to his said money from time to time," or, in default of said oath, to pay the Five Pounds pending on the current impression as if the same were due.*

It has been inferred from the wording of this document that Milton, before his bargain with Simmons, may have begun the printing of the poem at his own expense. There seems no real ground, however, for thinking so, or that what was handed over to Simmons was anything else than the fairly copied manuscript which had received the *imprimatur* of Mr. Tomkyns. With that *imprimatur* Simmons might proceed safely in printing the book and bringing it into the market. Accordingly, on the 20th of August, 1667, or four months after the foregoing agreement, we find this entry in the books of Stationers' Hall:—

August 20, 1667: Mr. Sam. Symons entered for his copie, under the hands of Mr. Thomas Tomkyns and Mr. Warden Royston, a book or copie intituled "*Paradise Lost, a Poem in Tenne bookes by J. M.*"

* The original of this document—or rather that one of the two originals which Simmons kept—is now in the British Museum. To the poet's signature "John Milton" (which, however, is written for him by another hand) is annexed his seal, bearing the family arms of the double-headed eagle; and the witnesses are "John Fisher" and "Benjamin Greene, servt. to Mr. Milton."

The date of the above entry in the Stationers' registers fixes the time about which printed copies of the Poem were ready for sale in London. There are few books, however, respecting the circumstances of whose first publication there is room for a greater variety of curious questions. This arises from the fact that, among the numerous existing copies of the First Edition, no two are in all particulars exactly alike. They differ in their title-pages, in their dates, and in minute points throughout the text. There is involved in this, indeed, a fact of general interest to English bibliographers. In the old days of leisurely printing, it was quite common for the printer or the author of a book to make additional corrections while the printing was in progress—of which corrections only part of the total impression would have the benefit. Then, as, in the binding of the copies, all the sheets, having or not having the corrections so made, were jumbled together, there was no end to the combinations of different states of sheets that might arise in copies all really belonging to one edition; besides which, if any change in the proprietorship, or in the author's or publisher's notions of the proper title, arose before all the copies had been bound, it was easy to cancel the first title-page and provide a new one, with a new date if necessary, for the remaining copies. The probability is that these considerations will be found to affect all our early printed books. But they are applicable in a more than usual degree, so far as differences of title-page are concerned, to the First Edition of *Paradise Lost*. Here, for example, is a conspectus of the different forms of title-page and other accompaniments of the text of the Poem that have been recognised among existing copies of the First Edition. We arrange them, as nearly as can be judged, in the order in which they were issued.

First title-page.—"Paradise lost. A Poem written in Ten Books By John Milton. Licensed and Entred according to Order. London Printed, and are to be sold by Peter Parker under Creed Church neer Aldgate; And by Robert Boulter at the Turks Head in Bishopsgate-street; And Matthias Walker under St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-street. 1667." 4to. pp. 342.

Second title-page.—Same as above, except that the author's name "John Milton" is in larger type. 1667. 4to. pp. 342.

Third title-page.—"Paradise lost. A Poem in Ten Books. The Author J. M. [initials only]. Licensed and Entred according to Order. London Printed &c. [as before, or nearly so]. 1668. 4to. pp. 342.

Fourth title-page.—Same as the preceding, but the type in the body of the title larger. 1668. 4to. pp. 342.

Fifth title-page.—"Paradise lost. A Poem in Ten Books. The Author John Milton. London, Printed by S. Simmons, and to be sold by S. Thomason at the Bishops-Head in Duck-lane, H. Mortlack at the White Hart in Westminster Hall, M. Walker under St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-street, and R. Boulter at the Turks-Head in Bishopsgate-street, 1668." 4to. pp. 356. The most notable peculiarity in this issue as compared with its predecessors is the increase of the bulk of the volume by fourteen pages or seven leaves. This is accounted for as follows:—In the preceding issues there had been no Prose Argument, Preface, or other preliminary matter to the text of the poem; but in this there are fourteen pages of new matter interpolated between the title-leaf and the poem. First of all there is this *three-line* advertisement: "The Printer to the Reader. Courteous Reader, There was no Argument at first intended to the Book, but for the satisfaction of many that have desired it, is procured. S. Simmons." Then, accordingly, there follow the prose Arguments to the several Books, doubtless by Milton himself, all printed together in eleven pages; after which, in two pages of large open type, comes Milton's preface, entitled "The Verse," explaining his reasons for abandoning Rime—succeeded on the fourteenth page by a list of "Errata." But this is not all. Simmons's three-line Address to the Reader, as given above, is, it will be observed, not grammatically correct; and, whether because Milton had found out this or not, there are some copies, with this fifth title-page, in which the ungrammatical three-line address is corrected into a *five-line* address thus—"The Printer to the Reader. Courteous Reader, There was no Argument at first intended to the Book, but for the satisfaction of many that have desired it, I have procured it, and withall a reason of that which stumbled many others, why the Poem Rimes not. S. Simmons."

Sixth title-page.—Same as the preceding, except that instead of four lines of stars under the author's name there is a fleur-de-lis ornament. 1668. 4to. pp. 356. Here we have the same preliminary matter as in the preceding. There seem to be some copies, however, with the incorrect *three-line* Address, and others with the correct *five-line* Address, of the Printer.

Seventh title-page.—"Paradise lost. A Poem in Ten Books. The Author John Milton. London, Printed by S. Simmons, and are to be sold by T. Helder, at the Angel, in Little-Brittain, 1669." 4to. pp. 356. Some copies with this title-page still retain Simmons's incorrect *three-line* Address to the Reader, while others have the *five-line* Address. Rest of preliminary matter as before.

Eighth and Ninth title-pages.—Same as last, except some insignificant changes of capital letters and of pointing in the words of the title. 1669. 4to. pp. 356.

Here are at least nine distinct forms in which, as respects the title-page, complete copies were issued by the binder, from the first publication of the work about August 1667 on to 1669 inclusively; besides which there are the variations among individual copies arising from the two forms of the Printer's Advertisement, and the variations in the text of the poem arising from the indiscriminate binding together of sheets in the different stages of correctness in which they were printed off. The variations of this last class are of absolutely no

moment—a comma in some copies where others have it not ; an error in the numbering of the lines, or of a *with* for an *in* in some copies rectified in others, &c. On the whole, the *text* of any existing copy of the First Edition is as perfect as that of any other—though there is an advantage in having a copy with the small list of Errata and the other preliminary matter. But the variations in the title-page are of greater interest. Why is the author's name given in full in the title-pages of 1667, then contracted into "J. M." in two of those of 1668, and again given in full in two of those of the same year, and in all those of 1669? And why, though Simmons had acquired the copyright in April 1667, and had entered the copyright as his in the Stationers' Books in August 1667, is his name kept out of sight in all the title-pages prior to that one of 1668 which is given as the Fifth in the foregoing list, and which is the first with the preliminary matter—the preceding title-pages showing no printer's name, but only the names of three booksellers at whose shops copies might be had? Finally, why, after Simmons does think it right to appear on the title-page, are there changes in the names of the booksellers—two of the former booksellers first disappearing and giving way to other two, and then the three of 1668 giving way in 1669 to the single bookseller, Helder of Little Britain? Very probably in some of these changes nothing more was involved than convenience to Simmons in his circumstances at the time. Not impossibly, however, more was involved than this in so much tossing-about of the book within so short a period. May not Simmons have been a little timid about his venture in publishing a book by the notorious Milton, whose attacks on the Church and defences of the execution of Charles I. were still fresh in the memory of all, and some of whose pamphlets had been publicly burnt by the hangman after the Restoration? May not his entering the book at Stationers' Hall simply as "a Poem in Ten Books by J. M." have been a caution on his part ; and, though, in the first issues, he had ventured on the name "John Milton" in full, may he not have found or thought it advisable, for a subsequent circulation in some quarters, to have copies with only the milder "J. M." upon them?

In any case, the first edition of *Paradise Lost* was a most creditably printed book. It is, as has been mentioned, a small quarto—of 342 pages in such copies as are without the

“Argument” and other preliminary matter, and of 356 pages in the copies that have this addition. But the pages are not numbered—only the lines by tens along the margin in each Book. In one or two places there is an error in the numbering of the lines, arising from miscounting. The text in each page is enclosed within lines—single lines at the inner margin and bottom, but double lines at the top for the running title and the number of the Book, and along the outer margin columnwise for the numbering of the lines. Very great care must have been bestowed on the reading of the proofs, either by Milton himself, or by some competent person who had undertaken to see the book through the press for him. It seems likely that Milton himself caused page after page to be read over slowly to him, and occasionally even the words to be spelt out. There are, at all events, certain systematic peculiarities of spelling and punctuation which it seems most reasonable to attribute to Milton’s own instructions. Altogether, for a book printed in such circumstances, it is wonderfully accurate; and, in all the particulars of type, paper, and general getting-up, the first appearance of *Paradise Lost* must have been rather attractive than otherwise to book-buyers of that day.

The selling-price of the volume was three shillings—which is perhaps as if a similar book now were published at about 7s. 6d. From the retail-sale of 1,300 copies, therefore, the sum that would come in to Simmons, if we make an allowance for trade-deductions at about the modern rate, would be something under 140l. Out of this had to be paid the expenses of printing, &c., and the sum agreed upon with the author; and the balance would be Simmons’s profit. On the whole, though he cannot have made anything extraordinary by the transaction, it must have been sufficiently remunerative. For, by the 26th of April 1669, or after the poem had been published a little over eighteen months, the stipulated impression of 1,300 copies had been exhausted. The proof exists in the shape of Milton’s receipt (signed for him by another hand) for the additional Five Pounds due to him on that contingency:—

April 26, 1669.

Received then of Samuel Simmons five pounds, being the Second five pounds to be paid mentioned in the Covenant. I say recd. by me.

JOHN MILTON,

Witness, Edmund Upton.

Thus, by the month of April 1669, Milton had received in all Ten Pounds for his *Paradise Lost*. This was all that he was to receive for it in his life. For, contrary to what might have been expected after a sale of the first edition in eighteen months, there was no second edition for five years more, or till 1674. Either the book was out of print for these five years, or what demand for it there continued to be was supplied out of the surplus of 200 copies which, for some reason or other, Simmons had been authorized to print beyond the 1,300. But in 1674—the last year of Milton's life—a second edition did appear, with the following title:—

“Paradise Lost. A Poem in Twelve Books. The Author John Milton. The Second Edition Revised and Augmented by the same Author. London, Printed by S. Simmons next door to the Golden Lion in Aldersgate-street, 1674.”

This edition is in small octavo, with the pages numbered, but with no marginal numbering of the lines—the pages of the text as numbered being 333. There are prefixed two sets of commendatory verses—the one in Latin signed “S. B., M.D.,” and written by a certain Samuel Barrow, a physician and a private friend of Milton; the other in English, signed “A. M.,” and written by Andrew Marvel. But the most important difference between this and the previous edition is that, whereas the poem had been arranged in Ten Books in the first, it is here arranged in Twelve. This is accomplished by dividing what had formerly been the two longest Books of the poem—Books VII. and X.—into two Books each. There is a corresponding division in the “Arguments” of these Books; and the “Arguments,” instead of being given in a body at the beginning, are prefixed to the Books to which they severally apply. To smooth over the breaks made by the division of the two Books, the three new lines were added which now form the beginning of Book VIII. and the five that begin Book XII.; and there are one or two other slight additions or alterations, also dictated by Milton, in the course of the text, besides a few verbal variations, such as would arise in reprinting. On the whole the Second Edition, though very correct, is not so nice-looking a book as the First.

Four years sufficed to exhaust the Second Edition; and in 1678 (*i.e.* four years after Milton's death) a Third Edition appeared with this title: “*Paradise Lost. A Poem in Twelve Books. The Author John Milton. The Third Edition. Revised*

and Augmented by the same Author. London, Printed by S. Simmons, next door to the Golden Lion in Aldersgate Street, 1678." This edition is in small octavo, and in other respects the same as its predecessor, save that there are a few verbal variations in the printing. It is of no independent value—the Second Edition being the last that could have been supervised by Milton himself. From the appearance of a third edition in 1678, however, it is to be inferred that by that time the second of those impressions of 1,300 copies which had to be accounted for to the author was sold off (implying perhaps a total circulation up to that time of 3,000 copies), and that, consequently, had the author been alive, he would have been then entitled to his third sum of Five Pounds, as by the agreement. Milton being dead, the sum was due to his widow. Whether, however, on account of disputes which existed between the widow and Milton's three daughters by his first wife as to the inheritance of his property (disputes which were the subject of a law-suit in 1674-5), or for other reasons, Simmons was in no hurry to pay the third Five Pounds. It was not till the end of 1680 that he settled with the widow, and then in a manner of which the following receipt given by her is a record :—

I do hereby acknowledge to have received of Samuel Symonds, Cittizen and Stationer of London, the Sum of Eight pounds: which is in full payment for all my right, Title, or Interest, which I have, or ever had in the Copy of a Poem Intituled *Paradise Lost* in Twelve Bookes in 8vo. By John Milton, Gent., my late husband. Witness my hand this 21st day of December, 1680.

ELIZABETH MILTON.

Witness, William Yapp.
Ann Yapp.

That is to say, Simmons, owing the widow Five Pounds, due since 1678, and in prospect of soon owing her other Five Pounds on the current impression of the Poem, preferred, or consented, to compound for the Ten by a payment of Eight in December 1680. The total sum which he could in any case have been called upon to pay for *Paradise Lost* by his original agreement was 20*l.* (for the agreement did not look beyond three impressions of 1,300 copies each); and the total sum which he did pay was 18*l.* If he thus got off 2*l.*, it was probably to oblige the widow, who may have been anxious to realize all she could of her late husband's property at once before leaving town. There is, indeed, a subsequent document from which it would appear as if Simmons feared having

farther trouble from the widow. It is a document, dated April 29, 1681, by which she formally releases Samuel Simmons, his heirs, executors, and administrators for ever, from "all and all manner of action and actions, cause and causes of action, suits, bills, bonds, writings obligatory, debts, dues, duties, accounts, sum and sums of moneys, judgments, executions, extents, quarrels either in law or equity, controversies and demands, and all and every other matter, cause, and thing whatsoever, which against the said Samuel Simmons" she ever had, or which she, her heirs, executors, or administrators should or might have "by reason or means of any matter, cause, or thing whatsoever, from the beginning of the world unto the day of these presents." About the most comprehensive release possible!

From 1680, accordingly, neither Milton's widow, nor his daughters, had any share or interest whatever in the sale of *Paradise Lost*. The sole property in it was vested in the printer Simmons. Nor did he keep it long. Shortly after his last agreement with the widow he transferred his entire interest in the poem to another bookseller, Brabazon Aylmer, for twenty-five pounds. But on the 17th of August, 1683, Aylmer sold half of his right at a considerably advanced price to the famous bookseller, Jacob Tonson, who had begun business in 1677, and was already introducing a new era in the book-trade by his dealings with Dryden and others; and in March, 1690, Tonson bought the other half of the copyright. What are called the fourth, fifth, and sixth editions, accordingly, were all issued by Tonson. The fourth was issued in 1688, in folio, with a portrait by White, and other illustrations, and a list of more than 500 subscribers, including the most eminent persons of the day—some copies including *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*, and having the general title of Milton's Poetical Works. The fifth appeared in 1692, also in folio; and with *Paradise Regained* appended. The sixth was published in 1695, also in large folio and with illustrations, both separately, and also bound up with all the rest of the poems under the general title of "The Poetical Works of Mr. John Milton." This edition was accompanied by what is in reality the first commentary on the poem, and also one of the best. It consists of no fewer than 321 folio pages of Annotations, under this title, "Annotations on Milton's *Paradise Lost*: wherein the texts of Sacred Writ relating to the Poem are quoted; the parallel places and imitations of

“ the most excellent Homer and Virgil cited and compared ;
 “ all the obscure parts rendered in phrases more familiar ; the
 “ old and obsolete words, with their originals, explain’d and
 “ made easy to the English reader. By P. H., φιλοποιήτης.”
 The “ P. H.” who thus led the way, so largely, carefully,
 and laboriously, in the work of commentating Milton, was
 Patrick Hume, a Scotsman, of whom nothing more has been
 ascertained than that he was then settled as a schoolmaster
 somewhere near London.

A common statement is, that it was Addison’s celebrated
 series of criticisms on *Paradise Lost* in the *Spectator*, during
 the years 1711 and 1712, that first awoke people to Milton’s
 greatness as a poet, and that till then he had been neglected.
 The statement will not bear investigation. Not only had six
 editions of the *Paradise Lost* been published before the close
 of the seventeenth century—three of them splendid folio
 editions, and one of them with a commentary which was in
 itself a tribute to the extraordinary renown of the poem ; and
 not only before or shortly after Milton’s death had there
 been such public expressions of admiration for the poem by
 Dryden and others as were equivalent to its recognition as one
 of the sublimest works of English genius ; but since the year
 1688 these emphatic, if not very discriminating lines, of
 Dryden, printed by way of motto under Milton’s portrait in
 Tonson’s edition of that year, had been a familiar quotation
 in all men’s mouths :—

“ Three Poets in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of mind surpassed ;
 The next in majesty ; in both the last.
 The force of nature could no further go ;
 To make a third she joined the former two.”

Even before these lines were written the habit of com-
 paring Milton with Homer and Virgil, and of wondering
 whether the highest greatness might not be claimed for the
 Englishman, had been fully formed. Addison’s criticisms,
 therefore, were only a contribution to a reputation already
 become traditional. Three new editions of the *Paradise
 Lost*, by itself or otherwise, had been published by Tonson
 before the appearance of these criticisms—to wit, in 1705,
 1707, and 1711 ; after which Addison’s criticisms may have
 given an impulse to the sale, visible in the rapid multiplication
 of subsequent editions.

The Tonson family had an undisturbed monopoly of these editions, and indeed of all Milton's poetry, till as late as the year 1750. Every one of the numerous editions, in different sizes and forms, published in Great Britain down to that year, bears the name of the Tonson firm on the title-page. This was owing to the state of opinion as to copyright in books. In Great Britain the understanding in the book-trade was that a publisher who had once acquired a book had a perpetual property in it. The understanding did not extend to Ireland; and accordingly there had been three Dublin editions of *Paradise Lost*—in 1724, 1747, and 1748 respectively. But about 1750 the understanding broke down in Great Britain as well—being found inconsistent with the Copyright Act of Queen Anne, passed in 1709; and, accordingly, from 1750 onwards we find London and Edinburgh publishers venturing to put forth editions of Milton to compete with those of the Tonsons. Not, however, till the death, in 1767, of Jacob Tonson *tertius*, the grand-nephew of the original Tonson, and the last of the famous firm, was the long connexion of the name of Tonson with Milton's poetry broken, and the traffic in Milton's poems really thrown open. From that date to the present the number of editions of *Paradise Lost*, and of Milton's other poems, by different publishers, and in different fashions, is all but past reckoning.

II. ORIGIN OF THE POEM AND HISTORY OF ITS COMPOSITION.

A great deal has been written concerning "the origin" of *Paradise Lost*.

Voltaire, in 1727, suggested that Milton had, while in Italy in 1638-9, seen performed there a Scriptural drama, entitled *Adamo*, written by a certain Giovanni Battista Andreini, and that, "piercing through the absurdity of the performance to the hidden majesty of the subject," he "took from that ridiculous trifle the first hint of the noblest work which the human imagination has ever attempted." The Andreini thus recalled to notice was the son of an Italian actress, and was known in Italy and also in France as a writer of comedies and religious poems, and also of some defences of the drama. He was born in 1578, and, as he did not die till 1652, he may have been of some reputation in Italy as a living author at the time of Milton's

visit. His *Adamo*, of which special mention is made, was published at Milan in 1613, again at Milan in 1617; and there was a third edition of it at Perugia in 1641. It is a drama in Italian verse, in five Acts, representing the Fall of Man. Among the characters, besides Adam and Eve, are God the Father, the Archangel Michael, Lucifer, Satan, Beelzebub, the Serpent, and various allegoric personages, such as the Seven Mortal Sins, the World, the Flesh, Famine, Despair, Death; and there are also choruses of Seraphim, Cherubim, Angels, Phantoms, and Infernal Spirits. From specimens which have been given, it appears that the play, though absurd enough on the whole to justify the way in which Voltaire speaks of it, is not destitute of vivacity and other merits, and that, if Milton did read it, or see it performed, he may have retained a pretty strong recollection of it.

The hint that Milton might have been indebted for the first idea of his poem to Andreini opened up one of those literary questions in which ferrets among old books and critics of more ingenuity than judgment delight to lose themselves. In various quarters hypotheses were started as to particular authors to whom, in addition to Andreini, Milton might have been indebted for this or that in his *Paradise Lost*. The notorious William Lauder gave an impulse to the question by his publications, from 1746 to 1755, openly accusing Milton of plagiarism; and, though the controversy in the form in which Lauder had raised it ended with the exposure of his forgeries, the so-called "Inquiry into the Origin of *Paradise Lost*" has continued to occupy to this day critics of a very different stamp from Lauder, and writing in a very different spirit. The result has been that some thirty authors have been cited, as entitled, along with Andreini or apart from him, to the credit of having probably or possibly contributed something to the conception, the plan, or the execution of Milton's great poem. Quite recently, for example, a claim has been advanced for the Dutch poet, Joost van den Vondel (1587—1679), one of whose productions—a tragedy called "*Lucifer*," acted at Amsterdam, and published in 1654—describes the rebellion of the Angels, and otherwise goes over much of the ground of *Paradise Lost*. Milton, it is argued, must have heard of this tragedy before he began his own Epic, and may have known Dutch sufficiently to read it. Then there was the somewhat older Dutch poet, Jacob Cats

(1577—1660), one of whose poems, describing Adam and Eve in Paradise, might have been known to Milton, even though he could not read Dutch, as it had been translated into Latin by Caspar Barlaeus, and published at Dordrecht in 1643. Nor, if Vondel and Cats remained unknown to Milton, was it possible that he should not be familiar with *Adamus Exul*, a Latin tragedy by the famous Hugo Grotius, the most learned Dutchman of his age, and whom Milton himself had met in Paris. This poem of Grotius, the work of his youth, had been before the world since 1601. But not from Dutch sources only is Milton supposed to have derived hints. May he not have seen the following Latin works by German authors—the *Bellum Angelicum* of Frederic Taubmann, of which two books and a fragment appeared in 1604; the *Dæmonomachia* of Odoric Valmarana, published in Vienna in 1627; and the *Sarcotis* of the Jesuit Jacobus Masenius, three books of which were published at Cologne in 1644? Among possible Italian sources of help, better known or less known than Andreini's *Adamo*, there have been picked out the following—Antonio Cornozano, *Discorso in Versi della Creazione del Mondo sino alla Venuta di Gesù Cristo*, 1472; Antonio Alfani, *La Battaglia Celeste tra Michele e Lucifero*, 1568; Erasmo di Valvasone, *Angelada*, 1590; Giovanni Soranzo, *Dell' Adamo*, 1604; Amico Anguifilo, *Il Caso di Lucifero*; Tasso, *Le Sette Giornate del Mondo Creato*, 1607; Gasparo Murtola, *Della Creazione del Mondo: Poema Sacro*, 1608; Felice Passero, *Epamerone; ovvero, L'Opere de sei Giorni*, 1609; Marini, *Strage degli Innocenti*, 1633, and also his *Gerusalemme Distrutta*; Troilo Lancetta, *La Scena Tragica d'Adamo ed Eva*, 1644; Serafino della Salandra, *Adamo Caduto: Trag. Sacra*, 1647. A Spanish poet has been procured for the list in Alonzo de Azevedo, the author of a *Creacion del Mundo*, published in 1615; and a similar poem of the Portuguese Camoens, published in the same year, has also been referred to. Finally, reference has been made to the *Locustæ* of the Englishman Phineas Fletcher, a poem in Latin Hexameters published at Cambridge in 1627, and to certain *Poemata Sacra* of the Scottish Latinist, Andrew Ramsay, published at Edinburgh in 1633; as well as, more in detail, to Joshua Sylvester's English translation of the *Divine Weeks and Works* of Du Bartas, originally published in 1605, and thenceforward for nearly half a century one of the most popular books in England, and to the Scriptural

Paraphrases of the old Anglo-Saxon poet *Cædmon*, first edited and made accessible in 1655.

What is to be said of all this? For the most part it is laborious nonsense. That Milton knew most of the books mentioned, and, indeed, a great many more of the same sort, is extremely likely; that Sylvester's *Du Bartas* had been familiar to him from his childhood is quite certain; that recollections of this book and some of the others are to be traced in the *Paradise Lost* seems distinctly to have been proved; but that in any of the books, or in all of them together, there is to be found "the origin of *Paradise Lost*," in any intelligible sense of the phrase, is utterly preposterous. Indeed, some of the books have been cited less from any knowledge of their contents than from confidence in their titles as casually seen in book-catalogues.

One conclusion, pertinent to the subject, which might have been suggested by the mere titles of so many books, appears to have been missed. The subject of *Paradise Lost*, it would seem, if only on the bibliographical evidence so collected, was one of those which already possessed in a marked degree that quality of hereditary and widely diffused interest which fits subjects for the purposes of great poets. Milton, it may be said, inherited it as a subject with which the imagination of Christendom had long been fascinated, and which had been nibbled at again and again by poets in and out of England, though by none managed to its complete capabilities. There are traces in his juvenile poems—as, for example, in his Latin poem *In Quintum Novembris*—of his very early familiarity, in particular, with some of those conceptions of the personality and agency of Satan, and the physical connexion between Hell and Man's World, which may be said to motive his great epic. Nothing is more certain, however, than that, though thus signalled in the direction of his great subject by early presentiments and experiments, he came to the actual choice of it at last through considerable deliberation. We have already given some information on this subject in our *Memoir of Milton*; but a few additional details may be desirable here :—

It was in 1639, after his return from his Italian tour, in his thirty-first year, that Milton, as we have seen, first bethought himself seriously of some great literary work, on a scale commensurate with his powers, and which posterity should not

willingly let die. He had resolved that it should be an English poem; he had resolved that it should be an epic; nay, he had all but resolved—as is proved by his Latin poem to Manso, and his *Epitaphium Damonis*—that his subject should be taken from the legendary history of Britain, and should include the romance of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Suddenly, however, this decision was shaken. He became uncertain whether the dramatic form might not be fitter for his purpose than the epic, and, letting go the subject of Arthur, he began to look about for other subjects. The proof exists in the form of a list—written by Milton's own hand in 1640-1, or certainly not later than 1642, and preserved among the Milton MSS. in Trinity College, Cambridge—of about one hundred subjects, many of them Scriptural, and the rest from British History, which he had jotted down, with the intention, apparently, of estimating their relative degrees of capability, and at last fixing on the one, or the one or two, that should appear best. Now at the head of this long list of subjects is *PARADISE LOST*. There are no fewer than four separate drafts of this subject as then meditated by Milton for dramatic treatment. The first draft consists merely of a list of *dramatis personæ*, as follows:—

“*The Persons*:—Michael; Heavenly Love; Chorus of Angels; Lucifer; Adam, Eve, with the Serpent; Conscience; Death; Labour; Sickness, Discontent, Ignorance, with others, Mutes; Faith; Hope; Charity.”

This Draft having been cancelled, another is written parallel with it, as follows:—

“*The Persons*:—Moses [originally written ‘Michael or Moses,’ but ‘the words ‘Michael or’ deleted, so as to leave ‘Moses’ as preferable for the drama]; Justice, Mercy, Wisdom; Heavenly Love; the Evening Star, Hesperus; Lucifer; Adam; Eve; Conscience; Labour, Sickness, Discontent, Ignorance, Fear, Death, [as] Mutes; Faith; Hope; Charity.”

This having also been scored out, there follows a third Draft, more complete, as follows:—

“*PARADISE LOST*:—*The Persons*: Moses *προλογιζει*, recounting how he assumed his true body; that it corrupts not, because of his [being] with God in the mount; declares the like of Enoch and Eliah, besides the purity of the place—that certain pure winds, dews, and clouds preserve it from corruption; whence exhorts to the sight of God; tells them they cannot see Adam in the state of innocence by reason of their sin.—[Act I.]: Justice, Mercy, Wisdom, debating what should become of Man

" if he fall. Chorus of Angels sing a hymn of the Creation.—Act II. :
 " Heavenly Love ; Evening Star. Chorus sing the marriage song and
 " describe Paradise.—Act III. : Lucifer contriving Adam's ruin. Chorus
 " fears for Adam and relates Lucifer's rebellion and fall.—Act IV. :
 " Adam, Eve, fallen ; Conscience cites them to God's examination.
 " Chorus bewails and tells the good Adam hath lost.—Act V. : Adam
 " and Eve driven out of Paradise, presented by an Angel with Labour,
 " Grief, Hatred, Envy, War, Famine, Pestilence, Sickness, Discontent,
 " Ignorance, Fear, [as] Mutes—to whom he gives their names—likewise
 " Winter, Heat, Tempest, &c. ; Death entered into the world ; Faith,
 " Hope, Charity, comfort and instruct him. Chorus briefly concludes."

This is left standing ; but in another part of the MS., as if written at some interval of time, is a fourth Draft, as follows:—

" ADAM UNPARADIZED:—The Angel Gabriel, either descending or
 " entering—showing, since the globe is created, his frequency as much on
 " Earth as in Heaven—describes Paradise. Next the Chorus, showing the
 " reason of his coming—to keep his watch, after Lucifer's rebellion, by
 " the command of God—and withal expressing his desire to see and
 " know more concerning this excellent and new creature, Man. The
 " Angel Gabriel, as by his name signifying a Prince of Power, passes by
 " the station of the Chorus, and, desired by them, relates what he knew
 " of Man, as the creation of Eve, with their love and marriage.—After
 " this, Lucifer appears, after his overthrow ; bemoans himself ; seeks
 " revenge upon Man. The Chorus prepares resistance at his first
 " approach. At last, after discourse of enmity on either side, he
 " departs ; whereat the Chorus sing of the battle and victory in Heaven
 " against him and his accomplices, as before, after the first Act, was
 " sung a hymn of the Creation.—Here again may appear Lucifer, relat-
 " ing and consulting on what he had done to the destruction of Man.
 " Man next and Eve, having been by this time seduced by the Serpent,
 " appear confusedly, covered with leaves. Conscience, in a shape,
 " accuses him ; Justice cites him to the place whither Jehovah called for
 " him. In the meantime the Chorus entertains the stage and is informed
 " by some Angel of the manner of the Fall. Here the Chorus bewails
 " Adam's fall.—Adam and Eve return and accuse one another ; but
 " especially Adam lays the blame to his wife—is stubborn in his offence.
 " Justice appears, reasons with him, convinces him. The Chorus
 " admonishes Adam, and bids him beware Lucifer's example of impeni-
 " tence.—The Angel is sent to banish them out of Paradise ; but, before,
 " comes to pass before his eyes, in shapes, a masque of all the evils of this
 " life and world. He is humbled, relents, despairs. At last appears
 " Mercy, comforts him, promises him the Messiah ; then calls in Faith,
 " Hope, Charity ; instructs him. He repents, gives God the glory,
 " submits to his penalty. The Chorus briefly concludes.—Compare
 " this with the former Draft."

These schemes of a possible drama on the subject of *Paradise Lost* were written out by Milton as early as between 1639 and 1642, or between his thirty-first and his thirty-fourth year, as a portion of a list of about a hundred subjects which occurred to him, in the course of his reading at that time, as

worth considering for the great English Poem which he hoped to give to the world. From the place and the proportion of space which they occupy in the list, it is apparent that the subject of *Paradise Lost* had then fascinated him more strongly than any of the others, and that, if his notion of an epic on Arthur was then given up, a drama on *Paradise Lost* had occurred to him as the most likely substitute. It is also more probable than not that he then knew of previous dramas that had been written on the subject, and that, in writing out his own schemes, he had the schemes of some of these dramas in his mind. Vondel's play was not then in existence; but Andreini's was. Farther, there is evidence in Milton's prose-pamphlets published about this time that, if he did ultimately fix on the subject he had so particularly been meditating, he was likely enough to make himself acquainted with any previous efforts on the same subject, and to turn them to account for whatever they might be worth. Thus, in his *Reason of Church Government* (1641), taking the public into his confidence in various matters relating to himself, and informing them particularly how his mind had been recently occupied with thoughts of a great English poem (whether an epic or a drama he had not, he hints, quite determined), and with what reluctance he felt himself drawn away from that design to engage in the political controversies of the time, he thus pledges himself that the design, though necessarily postponed, shall not be abandoned: "Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher-fury of a riming parasite, nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added *industrious and select reading*, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs—till which in some measure be compassed, at mine own peril and cost I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loth to hazard so much credulity upon he best pledges that I can give them."

There is evidence that, about the time when Milton thus announced to the public his design of some great English poem, to be accomplished at leisure, and when he was privately considering with himself whether a tragedy on the subject of *Paradise Lost* might not best fulfil the conditions of such a design, he had actually gone so far as to write not only the foregoing drafts of the tragedy, but even some lines by way of opening. Speaking of *Paradise Lost*, and of the author's original intention that it should be a tragedy, Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips, tells us in his *Memoir of his uncle* (1694): "In the Fourth Book of the Poem there are six [ten ?] verses, which, several years before the Poem was begun, were shown to me, and some others, as designed for the very beginning of the said tragedy." The verses referred to by Phillips are those (P. L. iv. 32-41) that now form part of Satan's speech on first standing on the Earth, and beholding, among the glories of the newly-created World, the Sun in his full splendour in the Heavens:

"O thou, that, with surpassing glory crowned,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new World—at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads! to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to me remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious above thy sphere,
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King!"

Phillips's words "several years before the Poem was begun" would not, by themselves, fix the date at which he had seen these lines. But in Aubrey's earlier *Memoir of Milton* (1680), containing information which Aubrey had derived from Phillips, this passage occurs, "In the 4th book of *Paradise Lost* there are about 6 verses of Satan's exclamation to the Sun w^{ch} Mr. E. Phi. remembers, about 15 or 16 years before ever his poem was thought of; w^{ch} verses were intended for the beginning of a tragœdie, w^{ch} he had design'd, but was diverted from it by other businesse." Here we have indirectly Phillips's own authority that he had read the verses in question at a date which we shall presently see reason to fix at 1642. He was then a pupil of his uncle, and living with him in his house in Aldersgate Street.

Alas! it was not "for some few years" only, as Milton had

thought in 1641, that the execution of the great work so solemnly then promised had to be postponed. For a longer time than he had expected England remained in a condition in which he did not think it right, even had it been possible, that men like him should be writing poems. Only towards the end of Cromwell's Protectorate, when Milton had reached his fiftieth year, and had been for five or six years totally blind, does he seem to have been in circumstances to resume effectually the design to which he had pledged himself seventeen years before. By that time, however, there was no longer any doubt as to the theme he would choose. All the other themes once entertained had faded more or less into the background of memory, and PARADISE LOST stood out, bold, clear, and without competitor. Nay more, the dramatic form, for which, when the subject first occurred to him, Milton had felt a preference, had been now abandoned, and it had been resolved that the poem should be an epic. He began this epic in earnest almost certainly before Cromwell was dead—"about 2 years before the K[ing] came in," says Aubrey on Phillips's authority; that is, in 1658, when, notwithstanding his blindness, he was still in official attendance on Cromwell at Whitehall as his Latin Secretary, and writing occasional letters, in Cromwell's name, to foreign states and princes.

The uncertain state of affairs after Cromwell's death, or, at all events, after the resignation of his son Richard, may have interfered with the progress of the poem; and, when the Restoration came, there was danger for a time that not only the poem but the author's life might be cut short. That danger over, he was at liberty, "on evil days though fallen, and evil tongues," to prosecute his labour in obscurity and comparative peace. He had finished it, according to Aubrey, "about 3 years after the K.'s restauration," *i.e.* about 1663. If so, he had been five or six years in all engaged on the poem, and the places in which he had successively pursued the task of meditating and dictating it had been mainly these—first, Petty France (now York Street), Westminster, till within a few weeks of the Restoration; next, some friend's house in Bartholomew Close, West Smithfield, where he lay concealed for a while after the Restoration; then, a house in Holborn, near Red Lion Fields, whither he removed as soon as it was safe for him to do so; and, finally, from 1661 onwards, in Jewin Street, close to that part of Aldersgate Street where he had had his house soem eighteen or nineteen years before, when

Paradise Lost first occurred to his thoughts. During the five or six years occupied in the composition of the poem in these places Milton's condition had been that of a widower,—his first wife having died in 1652 or 1653, in the house in Petty France, leaving him three daughters; the second, whom he had married in Nov. 1656, while residing in the same house, having survived the marriage little more than a year; and his marriage with his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, not having taken place till February, 1662-63, when, if Aubrey's account is correct, the poem was finished, or nearly so. It is probable, however, that, though Milton may have had the poem in some manner complete in Jewin Street, before his third marriage, there may have still been a good deal to do with the manuscript in the house in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, to which he and his wife removed shortly after their marriage (in 1663 or 1664), and which was the last of Milton's many London residences, and that in which he died. We have an interesting glimpse of this manuscript, at any rate, as in Milton's possession, in a satisfactory state, during the summer of 1665. As the Great Plague was then raging in London, Milton had removed from his house in Artillery Walk to a cottage at Chalfont-St.-Giles, in Buckinghamshire, which had been taken for him, at his request, by Thomas Ellwood, a young Quaker, whose acquaintance with him had begun a year or two before in Jewin Street. Visiting Milton here as soon as circumstances would permit, Ellwood was received in a manner of which he has left an account in his Autobiography. "After some common discourses," he says, "had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his; which, being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me and read it at my leisure, and, when I had so done, return it to him with my judgment thereupon. When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entituled *Paradise Lost*."

The anecdote proves the existence of at least one, and most probably of more than one, complete copy in the autumn of 1665—which may, accordingly, be taken as the date when the poem was considered ready for press. The delay of publication till two years after that date is easily accounted for. It was not, says Ellwood, till "the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again," that Milton returned to his house in Artillery Walk; then,

still farther paralysing business of all sorts, came the Great Fire of Sept. 1666 ; and there were difficulties, as we have seen, about the licensing of a poem by a person of Milton's political antecedents and principles.

Whether the time spent by Milton in the composition of *Paradise Lost* was five years (1658—1663), or seven or eight years (1658—1665), it is certain that he bestowed on the work all that care and labour which, on his first contemplation of such a work in his earlier manhood, he had declared would be necessary. The “industrious and select reading,” which he had then spoken of as one of the many requisites, had not been omitted. Whatever else *Paradise Lost* may be, it is certainly one of the most learned poems in the world. In thinking of it in this character we are to remember, first of all, that, ere his blindness had befallen him (1652), Milton's mind was stored with an amount of various and exact learning such as few other men of his age possessed ; so that, had he ceased then to acquire more, he would have still carried in his memory an enormous resource of material out of which to build up the body of his poem. But he did not, after his blindness, cease to add to his knowledge by reading. At the very time when he was engaged on his *Paradise Lost*, he had, as his nephew Phillips informs us, several other great undertakings in progress of a different character, for which daily reading and research were necessary, even if they could have been dispensed with for the poem—to wit, the construction of a Body of Divinity from the Scriptures, the completion of a History of England, and the collection of materials for a Thesaurus, or Dictionary, of the Latin tongue. Laboriously every day, with a due division of his time from early morning, he pursued these tasks, by a systematic use of assistants whom he kept about him. As at the time when the composition of *Paradise Lost* was begun the eldest daughter, Anne, was but twelve years of age, the second, Mary, but ten, and the youngest, Deborah, but six, and as when the poem was certainly finished their ages were about eighteen, sixteen, and twelve respectively, *their* services as readers during its composition can have been but partial. But, whether with them as his readers, or with young men and grown-up friends performing the part for hire or love, he was able to avail himself for his poem, as well as for the drier works on which he was

simultaneously engaged, of any help which books could give. He may, accordingly, at this time, if not before, have made himself acquainted with some of those poems and other works, Italian and Latin, in which his subject, or some portion of it, had been previously treated. He was very likely to do so, and to take any hint he could get.

It would not be difficult to prove, at any rate, that, among the "select readings" engaged in specially for the purposes of *Paradise Lost* while it was in progress, must have been readings in certain books of geography and Eastern travel, and in certain Rabbinical, early Christian, and mediæval commentators on the subjects of Paradise, the Angels, and the Fall. Nothing is more striking in the poem, nothing more touching, than the frequency, and, on the whole, wonderful accuracy, of its references to maps; and, whatever wealth of geographical information Milton may have carried with him into his blindness, there are evidences, I think, that he must have refreshed his recollections of this kind by the eyes of others, and perhaps by their guidance of his finger, after his sight was gone. In short, for the *Paradise Lost*, as well as for the prose labours carried on along with it, there must have been abundance of reading; and, remembering to what a stock of prior learning, possessed before his blindness, all such increments were added, we need have no wonder at the appearance now presented by the poem. To say merely that it is a most learned poem—the poem of a mind full of miscellaneous lore wherewith its grand imagination might work—is not enough. Original as it is, original in its entire conception, and in every portion and passage, the poem is yet full of *flakes*—we can express it no otherwise—full of flakes from all that is greatest in preceding literature, ancient or modern. This is what all the commentators have observed, and what their labours in collecting parallel passages from other poets and prose-writers have served more and more to illustrate. As it is but here and there that we can exemplify this in our notes, let the observation be made once for all. In the first place, *Paradise Lost* is permeated from beginning to end with citations from the Bible. Milton must have almost had the Bible by heart; and, besides that some passages of his poem, where he is keeping close to the Bible as his authority, are avowedly coagulations of Scriptural texts, it is possible again and again, throughout the rest, to detect the flash, through his noblest language, of some suggestion from the Psalms, the

Prophets, the Gospels, or the Apocalypse. So, though in a less degree, with Homer, the Greek tragedians (Euripides was a special favourite of his), Plato, Demosthenes, and the Greek classics generally, and with Lucretius, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, Persius, and the other Latins. So with the Italian writers whom he knew so well—Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, and others now less remembered. So with modern Latinists of various European countries, still less recoverable. Finally, so with the whole series of preceding English poets, particularly Spenser, Shakespeare, and some of the minor Spenserians of the reigns of James and Charles I., not forgetting that uncouth popular favourite of his boyhood, Sylvester's *Du Bartas*. In connexion with all which, or with any particularly striking instance of the use by Milton of a thought or a phrase from previous authors, let the reader remember his own Definition of Plagiarism, given in his *Εἰκονοκλαστής*. "Such kind of borrowing as this," he there says, "*if it be not bettered by the borrower*, among good authors is accounted plagiary." And again, of quotations from the Bible,—"*It is not hard for any man who hath a Bible in his hands to borrow good words and holy sayings in abundance; but to make them his own is a work of grace only from above.*"

How was the poem, as it grew in Milton's mind, committed to paper? It was dictated by parcels of ten, twenty, thirty, or more lines at a time. Even before his blindness, Milton had made use of amanuenses; but, after his blindness, he scarcely wrote at all with his own hand. It would be difficult to produce a genuine autograph of his of later date than 1652. On this matter Phillips is again our most precise authority. "There is another very remarkable passage," he says, "in the composition of this poem, which I have a particular occasion to remember; for, whereas I had the perusal of it from the very beginning, for some years as I went from time to time to visit him, in a parcel of ten, twenty, or thirty verses at a time—which, being written by whatever hand came next, might possibly want correction as to the orthography and pointing—having, as the summer came on, not been shewed any for a considerable while, and desiring the reason thereof, was answered, that his verse never happily flowed but from the Autumnal Equinoctial to the Vernal [*i.e.* from the end of September to the end of

“March], and that whatever he attempted [at other times] was “never to his satisfaction, though he exerted his fancy never so much; so that, in all the years he was about this poem, he “may be said to have spent but half his time therein.” The reader ought to correct by this extract, taken in connexion with information already given as to Milton’s domestic circumstances, the impressions he may have received from flummery pictures representing the blind poet in a rapt attitude dictating *Paradise Lost* to his attentive and revering daughters. His eldest daughter, Anne, could not write; and though the other two could write, and may occasionally, when the poem was in progress, have acted as his amanuenses, their ages exclude the idea of their having been his chief assistants in this capacity—while we also know that the poor motherless girls had grown up in circumstances to make them regard the services they were required to perform for their father as less a duty than a trouble. On the whole, Phillips’s words suggest what is probably the right notion—that Milton dictated his poem in small portions at a time, chiefly within-doors, and more in winter than in summer, to any one that chanced to be about him. Sometimes it may have been one of his daughters; sometimes, latterly, when the poem was nearly complete, it may have been his third wife; frequently it may have been one of the friends or youths who stately read to him. From Phillips’s statement it is also clear that *he* assisted Milton in revising the gathered scraps of MS. from time to time. Finally, when all was completed, a clean copy, or clean copies, must have been made by some practised scribe. One such clean copy was that sent to the licenser, a portion of which, as has been mentioned, still exists. The hand in that manuscript has not been identified.

III. SCHEME AND MEANING OF THE POEM.

Paradise Lost is an Epic. But it is not, like the *Iliad* or the *Æneid*, a national Epic; nor is it an epic after any other of the known types. It is an epic of the whole human species—an epic of our entire planet, or indeed of the entire astronomical universe. The title of the poem, though perhaps the best that could have been chosen, hardly indicates beforehand the full nature or extent of the theme; nor are the

opening lines, by themselves, sufficiently descriptive of what is to follow. According to them, the song is to be

“Of Man’s first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought Death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden.”

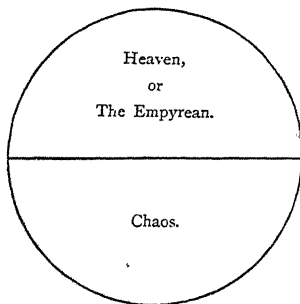
This is a true enough description, seeing that the whole story bears on this point. But it is the vast comprehension of the story, both in space and time, as leading to this point, that makes it unique among epics, and entitles Milton to speak of it as involving

“Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.”

It is, in short, a poetical representation, on the authority of hints from the Book of Genesis, of the historical connexion between Human Time and Aboriginal or Eternal Infinity, or between our created World and the immeasurable and inconceivable Universe of Pre-human Existence. So far as our World is concerned, the poem starts from that moment when our newly-created Earth, with all the newly-created starry depths about it, had as yet but two human beings upon it; and these consequently are, on this side of the pre-supposed Infinite Eternity, the main persons of the epic. But we are carried back *into* this pre-supposed Infinite Eternity, and the grand purpose of the poem is to connect, by a stupendous imagination, certain events or courses of the inconceivable history that had been unfolding itself there with the first fortunes of that new azure World which is familiar to us, and more particularly with the first fortunes of that favoured ball at the centre whereon those two human creatures walked. Now the person of the epic through the narration of whose acts this connexion is established is *Satan*. He, as all critics have perceived, and in a wider sense than most of them have perceived, is the real hero of the poem. He and his actions are the link between that new World of Man the infancy of which we behold in the poem and that boundless antecedent Universe of Pre-human Existence which the poem assumes. For he was a *native* of that Pre-human Universe—one of its greatest and most conspicuous natives; and what we follow in the poem, when its story is taken chronologically, is the life of this great being, from the time of his yet unimpaired primacy or archangelship among the Celestials, on to that time when, in pursuit of a scheme of revenge, he flings himself into the new experimental World,

tries the strength of the new race at its fountain-head, and, by success in his attempt, vitiates Man's portion of space to his own nature, and wins possession of it for a season. The attention of the reader is particularly requested to the following remarks and diagrams. The diagrams are not mere illustrations of what Milton *may* have conceived in his scheme of his poem. They are what he *did* conceive and most tenaciously keep before his mind from first to last; and, unless they are thoroughly grasped, the poem will not be understood as a whole, and many portions of it will be misinterpreted.

Aboriginally, or in primeval Eternity, before the creation of our Earth or the Starry Universe to which it belongs, universal space is to be considered, according to the requisites of the poem, not as containing stars or starry systems at all, but as, so to say, a sphere of infinite radius, divided equatorially into two hemispheres, thus :—



The upper of these two hemispheres of primeval Infinity is HEAVEN, or THE EMPYREAN—a boundless, unimaginable region of Light, Freedom, Happiness, and Glory, in the midst whereof Deity, though omnipresent, has His immediate and visible dwelling, and where He is surrounded by a vast population of beings, called "the Angels," or "Sons of God," who draw near to His throne in worship, derive thence their nurture and their delight, and yet live dispersed through all the fanges and recesses of the region, leading

severally their mighty lives and performing the behests of Deity, but organized into companies, orders, and hierarchies. Milton is careful to explain that all that he says of Heaven is said symbolically, and in order to make conceivable by the human imagination what in its own nature is inconceivable; but, this being explained, he is bold enough in his use of terrestrial analogies. Round the immediate throne of Deity, indeed, there is kept a blazing mist of vagueness, which words are hardly permitted to pierce, though the Angels are represented as from time to time assembling within it, beholding the Divine Presence and hearing the Divine Voice. But Heaven at large, or portions of it, are figured as tracts of a celestial Earth, with plain, hill, and valley, wherein the myriads of the Sons of God expatiate, in their two orders of Seraphim and Cherubim, and in their descending ranks as Archangels or Chiefs, Princes of various degrees, and individual Powers and Intelligences. Certain differences, however, are implied as distinguishing these Celestials from the subsequent race of Mankind. As they are of infinitely greater prowess, immortal, and of more purely spiritual nature, so their ways even of physical existence and action transcend all that is within human experience. Their forms are dilatable or contractible at pleasure; they move with incredible swiftness; and, as they are not subject to any law of gravitation, their motion, though ordinarily represented as horizontal over the Heavenly ground, may as well be vertical or in any other direction, and their aggregations need not, like those of men, be in squares, oblongs, or other plane figures, but may be in cubes, or other rectangular or oblique solids, or in spherical masses. These and various other particulars are to be kept in mind concerning Heaven and its pristine inhabitants. As respects the other half or hemisphere of the primeval Infinity, though it too is inconceivable in its nature, and has to be described by words which are at best symbolical, less needs be said. For it is CHAOS, or the Uninhabited—a huge, limitless ocean, abyss, or quagmire, of universal darkness and lifelessness, wherein are jumbled in blustering confusion the elements of all matter, or rather the crude embryos of all the elements, ere as yet they are distinguishable. There is no light there, nor properly Earth, Water, Air, or Fire, but only a vast pulp or welter of unformed matter, in which all these lie tempestuously intermixed. Though the presence of Deity is there potentially too, it is

still, as it were, actually retracted thence, as from a realm unorganized and left to Night and Anarchy; nor do any of the Angels wing down into its repulsive obscurities. The crystal floor or wall of Heaven divides them from it; underneath which, and unvisited of light, save what may glimmer through upon its nearer strata, it howls and rages and stagnates eternally.

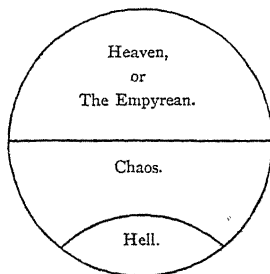
Such is and has been the constitution of the Universal Infinitude from ages immemorial in the Angelic reckoning. But lo! at last a day in the annals of Heaven when the grand monotony of existence hitherto is disturbed and broken. On a day—"such a day as Heaven's great year brings forth" (v. 582, 583)—all the Empyrean host of Angels, called by imperial summons from all the ends of Heaven, assemble innumerable before the throne of the Almighty; beside whom, imbosomed in bliss, sat the Divine Son. They had come to hear this divine decree:—

"Hear, all ye Angels, Progeny of Light,
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
Hear my decree which unrevoked shall stand!
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand. Your Head I him appoint;
And by myself have sworn to him shall bow
All knees in Heaven, and shall confess him Lord."

With joy and obedience is this decree received throughout the hierarchies, save in one quarter. One of the first of the Archangels in Heaven, if not the very first—the coequal of Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael, if not their superior—is the Archangel known afterwards (for his first name in Heaven is lost) as Satan, or Lucifer. In him the effect of the decree is rage, envy, pride, the resolution to rebel. He conspires with his next subordinate, known afterwards as Beelzebub; and there is formed by them that faction in Heaven which includes at length one third of the entire Heavenly host. Then ensue the wars in Heaven—Michael and the loyal Angels warring against Satan and the rebel Angels, so that for two days the Empyrean is in uproar. But on the third day the Messiah himself rides forth in his chariot of power, and armed with ten thousand thunders. Right on he drives, in his sole might, through the rebel ranks, till they are trampled and huddled, in one indiscriminate flock, incapable of resistance, before him and his fires. But his purpose is not utterly

to destroy them,—only to expel them from Heaven. Underneath their feet, accordingly, the crystal wall or floor of Heaven opens wide, rolling inwards, and disclosing a spacious gap into the dark Abyss or Chaos. Horrorstruck they start back; but worse urges them behind. Headlong they fling themselves down, eternal wrath burning after them, and driving them still down, down, through Chaos, to the place prepared for them.

The place prepared for them! Yes, for now there is a modification in the map of Universal Space to suit the changed conditions of the Universe. At the bottom of what has hitherto been Chaos there is now marked out a kind of Antarctic region, distinct from the body of Chaos proper. This is HELL—a vast region of fire, sulphurous lake, plain,



and mountain, and of all forms of fiery and icy torment. It is into this nethermost and dungeon-like portion of space, separated from Heaven by a huge belt of intervening Chaos, that the Fallen Angels are thrust. For nine days and nights they have been falling through Chaos, or rather being driven down through Chaos by the Messiah's pursuing thunders, before they reach this new home (vi. 871). When they do reach it, the roof closes over them and shuts them in. Meanwhile the Messiah has returned in triumph into highest Heaven, and there is rejoicing over the expulsion of the damned.

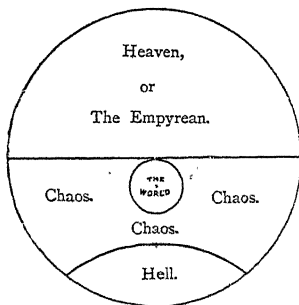
For the moment, therefore, there are three divisions of Universal Space—HEAVEN, CHAOS, and HELL. Almost immediately, however, there is a fourth. Not only have the expelled Angels been nine days and nights in falling through

Chaos to reach Hell; but, after they have reached Hell and it has closed over them, they lie for another period of nine days and nights (I. 50—53) stupefied and bewildered in the fiery gulf. It is during this second nine days that there takes place a great event, which farther modifies the map of Infinity. Long had there been talk in Heaven of a new race of beings to be created at some time by the Almighty, inferior in some respects to the Angels, but in the history of whom and of God's dealings with them there was to be a display of the divine power and love which even the Angels might contemplate with wonder. The time for the creation of this new race of beings has now arrived. Scarcely have the Rebel Angels been enclosed in Hell, and Chaos has recovered from the turmoil of the descent of such a rout through its depths, when the Paternal Deity, addressing the Son, tells him that, in order to repair the loss caused to Heaven, the predetermined creation of Man and of the World of Man shall now take effect. It is for the Son to execute the will of the Father. Straightway he goes forth on his creating errand. The everlasting gates of Heaven open wide to let him pass forth; and, clothed with majesty, and accompanied with thousands of Seraphim and Cherubim, anxious to behold the great work to be done, he does pass forth—far into that very Chaos through which the Rebel Angels have so recently fallen, and which now intervenes between Heaven and Hell. At length he stays his servid wheels, and, taking the golden compasses in his hands, centres one point of them where he stands and turns the other through the obscure profundity around (VII. 224—231). Thus are marked out, or cut out, through the body of Chaos, the limits of the new Universe of Man—that Starry Universe which to us seems measureless and the same as Infinity itself, but which is really only a beautiful azure sphere or drop, insulated in Chaos, and hung at its topmost point or zenith from the Empyrean. But, though the limits of the new experimental Creation are thus at once marked out, the completion of the Creation is a work of Six Days (VII. 242, 550). On the last of these, to crown the work, the happy Earth received its first human pair—the appointed lords of the entire new Creation. And so, resting from his labours, and beholding all that he had made, that it was good, the Messiah returned to his Father, reascending through the golden gates, which were now just over the zenith of the

new World, and were its point of suspension from the Empyrean Heaven; and the Seventh Day or Sabbath was spent in songs of praise by all the Heavenly hosts over the finished work, and in contemplation of it as it hung beneath them,

“another Heaven,
From Heaven-gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline.”

And now, accordingly, this was the diagram of the Universal Infinitude :—



There are the three regions of HEAVEN, CHAOS, and HELL as before; but there is also now a fourth region, hung drop-like into Chaos by an attachment to Heaven at the north pole or zenith. This is the NEW WORLD, or the STARRY UNIVERSE—all that Universe of orbs and galaxies which man's vision can reach by utmost power of telescope, and which even to his imagination is illimitable. And yet as to the proportions of this World to the total map Milton dares to be exact. The distance from its nadir or lowest point to the upper boss of Hell is exactly equal to its own radius; or, in other words, the distance of Hell-gate from Heaven-gate is exactly three semidiameters of the Human or Starry Universe (i. 73, 74).

Meanwhile, just as this final and stupendous modification of the map of Infinitude has been accomplished, Satan and his rebel adherents in Hell begin to recover from their stupor

—Satan the first, and the others at his call. There ensue Satan's first speech to them, their first surveys of their new domain, their building of their palace of Pandemonium, and their deliberations there in full council as to their future policy. Between Moloch's advice for a renewal of open war with Heaven, and Belial's and Mammon's counsels, which recommend acquiescence in their new circumstances and a patient effort to make the best of them, Beelzebub insinuates the proposal which is really Satan's, and which is ultimately carried. It is that there should be an excursion from Hell back through Chaos, to ascertain whether that new Universe, with a new race of beings in it, of which there had been so much talk in Heaven, and which there was reason to think might come into existence about this time, *had* come into existence. If it had, might not means be found to vitiate this new Universe and the favourite race that was to possess it, and to drag them down to the level of Hell itself? Would not such a ruining of the Almighty's new experiment at its outset be a revenge that would touch Him deeply? Would it not be easier than open war? And on the stepping-stone of such a success might they not raise themselves to further victory, or at least to an improvement of their present condition, and an extent of empire that should include more than Hell?

Satan's counsel having been adopted, it is Satan himself that adventures the perilous expedition up through Chaos in quest of the new Universe. He is detained for a while at Hell-gate by the ghastly shapes of Sin and Death who are there to guard it; but, the gates being at length opened to him, never to shut again, he emerges into the hideous Chaos overhead. His journey up through it is arduous. Climbing, swimming, wading, flying, through the boggy consistency—now falling plumb-down thousands of fathoms, again carried upwards by a gust or explosion—he reaches at length, about midway in his journey, the central throne and pavilion where Chaos personified and Night have their government. There he receives definite intelligence that the new World he is in search of has actually been created. Thus encouraged, and directed on his way, again he springs upward, “like a pyramid of fire,” through what of Chaos remains; and, after much farther flying, tacking, and steering, he at last reaches the upper confines of Chaos, where its substance seems thinner, so that he can wing about more easily, and where a

glimmering dawn of the light from above begins also to appear. For a while in this calmer space he weighs his wings to behold at leisure (II. 1046) the sight that is breaking upon him. And what a sight!

“Far off the Empyrean Heaven extended wide
In crescent, undetermined square or round,
With opal towers and battlements adorned
Of living sapphire, once his native seat,
And, fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent World, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.”

Care must be taken not to misinterpret this passage. Even Addison misinterpreted it. He speaks of Satan's distant discovery “of the Earth that hung close by the Moon” as one of the most “wonderfully beautiful and poetical” passages of the poem. But it is more wonderfully beautiful and poetical than Addison thought. For, as even a correct reading of the passage by itself would have shown, the “pendent World” which Satan here sees is not the Earth at all, but the entire Starry Universe, or Mundane Sphere, hung drop-like by a golden touch from the Empyrean above it. In proportion to this Empyrean, at the distance whence Satan gazes, even the Starry Universe pendent from it is but as a star of smallest magnitude seen on the edge of the full or crescent moon.

At length (III. 418—422) Satan alights on the opaque outside, or convex shell, of the new Universe. As he had approached it, what seemed at first but as a star had taken the dimensions of a globe; and, when he had alighted, and begun to walk on it, this globe had become, as it seemed, a boundless continent of firm land, exposed, dark and starless, to the stormy Chaos blustering round like an inclement sky. Only on the upper convex of the shell, in its angles towards the zenith, some reflection of light was gained from the wall of Heaven. Apparently it was on this upper convex of the outside of the New World, and not at its nadir, or the point nearest Hell, that Satan first alighted and walked (compare II. 1034—1053, III. 418—430, X. 312—349). At all events, he had to reach the zenith before he could begin the real business of his errand. For only at this point—only at the point of attachment or suspension of the new Universe to the Empyrean—was there an opening into the interior of the Universe. All the outer shell, save at that point, was hard,

compact, and not even transpicuous to the light within, as the spherical glass round a lamp is, but totally opaque, or only glistering faintly on its upper side with the reflected light of Heaven. Accordingly—after wandering on this dark outside of the Universe long enough to allow Milton that extraordinary digression (III. 440—497) in which he finds one of the most magnificently grotesque uses for the outside of the Universe that it could have entered into the imagination of any poet to conceive—the Fiend is attracted in the right direction to the opening at the zenith. What attracts him thither is a gleam of light from the mysterious structure or staircase (III. 501 *et seq.*) which there serves the Angels in their descents from Heaven's gate into the Human Universe, and again in their ascents from the Universe to Heaven's gate. Sometimes these stairs are drawn up to Heaven and invisible; but at the moment when Satan reached the spot they were let down, so that, standing on the lower stair, and gazing down through the opening right underneath, he could suddenly behold the whole interior of the Starry Universe at once. He can behold it in all directions—both in the direction of latitude, or depth from the pole where he stands to the opposite pole or nadir; and also longitudinally,

“ from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond the horizon.”

At this point, and before following the Fiend in his flight down into the interior of our Astronomical Universe, it is necessary to describe the system or constitution of that interior as it is conceived by Milton and assumed throughout the poem. Let us attend, therefore, more particularly now to that small central circle of our last diagram, hanging drop-like from the Empyrean, which we have as yet described no farther than by saying that, small as it is, it represents our vast Starry Universe in Milton's total scheme of Infinitude. Although a great part of the action of the poem takes place in the Empyrean, in Chaos, and in Hell, much of it also takes place within the bounds of this Starry Universe; so that, if there is any peculiarity in Milton's conception of the interior arrangements of this Universe, that peculiarity must be understood before many parts of the poem are intelligible. Such a peculiarity there is; and a distinct exposition of it is

nearly all that is farther desirable in this Introduction to the Poem.

Milton's Astronomy, or, at least, the astronomical system which he thought proper to employ in his *Paradise Lost*, is not our present Copernican system—which, in his time, was not generally or popularly accepted. It is the older Astronomical System, now usually called "the Ptolemaic," because it had been set forth in its main features by the astronomer Ptolemy of Alexandria, who lived in the second century.

According to this "Ptolemaic system," the Earth was the fixed centre of the Mundane Universe, and the apparent motions of the other celestial bodies were caused by the real revolutions of successive Heavens, or Spheres of Space, enclosing the central Earth at different distances. First, and nearest to the Earth, were the Spheres or Orbs of the Seven Planets then known, in this order—the Moon (treated as a planet), Mercury, Venus, the Sun (treated as a planet—the "glorious planet Sol," Shakespeare calls it, *Troil. and Cress.* Act I. Scene 3), Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. Beyond these, as an Eighth Sphere or Orb, was the Firmament or Heaven of all the fixed stars. These eight Spheres or Heavens had sufficed till Aristotle's time, and beyond it, for all the purposes of astronomical explanation. The outermost or Eighth Sphere was supposed to wheel diurnally, or in twenty-four hours, from East to West, carrying in it all the fixed stars, and carrying with it also all the seven interior Heavens or Spheres—which Spheres, however, had also separate and slower motions of their own, giving rise to those apparent motions of the Moon (months), Mercury, Venus, the Sun (years), Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, which could not be accounted for by the revolution of the Starry Sphere alone. But, later observations having discovered irregularities in the phenomena of the heavens which the supposed motions of even the Eight Spheres could not account for, two extra Spheres had been added. To account for the very slow change called "the precession of the equinoxes," the discovery of which was prepared by Hipparchus in the second century B.C., it had been necessary to imagine a Ninth Sphere, called "the Crystalline Sphere," beyond that of the Fixed Stars; and, finally, for farther reasons, it had been necessary to suppose all enclosed in a Tenth Sphere, called "the Primum Mobile," or "first moved." These two outer-

most spheres, or at least the Tenth Sphere, had been added in the Middle Ages; and, indeed, the Ptolemaic system, so completed up to the final number of Ten Spheres, may be called rather the "Alphonsine System," as having been adopted and taught by the famous King and astronomer, Alphonso X. of Castille (1252—1284). It need only be added that the Spheres were not necessarily supposed to be actual spheres of solid matter. It was enough if they were conceived as spheres of invisible or transpicuous space. Perhaps only the outermost Sphere, or Primum Mobile, enclosing the whole Universe from absolute Infinity or Nothingness, had to be thought of as in any sense a material or impenetrable shell.

The utter strangeness of this Ptolemaic system to our present habits of thought causes us to forget how long it lasted. Although it was in 1543 that Copernicus had propounded the other system, and although the views of Copernicus struggled gradually into the belief of subsequent astronomers, and had further demonstration given them by Galileo (1610—1616), the Ptolemaic or Alphonsine system, with its ten Spheres enclosing the stationary Earth at different distances, and wheeling round it in a complex combination of their separate motions, retained its prevalence in the popular mind of Europe, and even in the scientific world, till the end of the seventeenth century. Hence all the literature of England, and of other countries, down to that date, is latently cast in the imaginative mould of that system, and is full of its phraseology and of suggestions from it. When Shakespeare speaks of the "stars starting from their spheres," he means from the Ptolemaic Spheres; and, similarly, the word "sphere" in our old poetry has generally this meaning. Indeed, it retains this meaning in some of our still current expressions, as "This is not my sphere," "You are out of your sphere," &c. A full examination of our old literature in the light of the principle of criticism here suggested—*i.e.* with the recollection that it was according to the Ptolemaic conception of the Universe, and not according to the Copernican, that our old poets thought of things and expressed their thoughts—might lead to curious results. We are concerned at present, however, with Milton only.

In Milton's case we are presented with the interesting phenomenon of a mind apparently uncertain to the last which of the two systems, the Ptolemaic or the Copernican, was

the true one, or perhaps beginning to be persuaded of the higher probability of the Copernican, but yet retaining the Ptolemaic for poetical purposes. For Milton's life (1608—1674) coincides with the period of the struggle between the two systems. In his boyhood and youth he had, doubtless, inherited the general or Ptolemaic belief—that in which Shakespeare died. Here, for example, is what everybody was reading during Milton's youth in that favourite book, Sylvester's Translation of Du Bartas:—

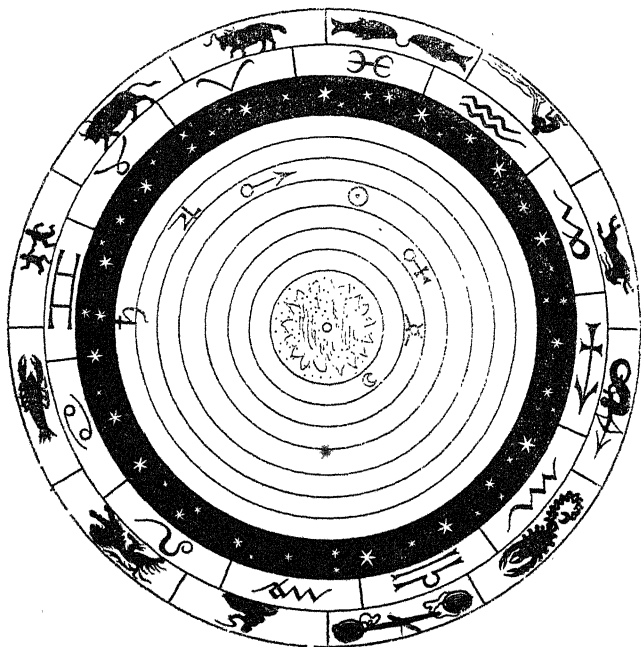
“As the ague-sick upon his shivering pallet
 Delays his health oft to delight his palate,
 When wilfully his tasteless taste delights
 In things unsavoury to sound appetites,
 Even so some brain-sicks live there now-a-days
 That lose themselves still in contrary ways—
 Preposterous wits that cannot row at ease
 On the smooth channel of our common seas;
 And such are those, in my conceit at least,
 Those clerks that think—think how absurd a jest!—
 That neither heavens nor stars do turn at all
 Nor dance about this great round Earthly Ball,
 But the Earth itself, this massy globe of ours,
 Turns round about once every twice-twelve hours.”

Du Bartas had been a French Protestant, and his English translator, Sylvester, was a Puritan. It was not, therefore, only to the Roman Inquisition or to Roman Catholics that Galileo must have seemed a “brain-sick” and “a preposterous wit” when he advocated the Copernican theory. In 1638 Milton had himself conversed with Galileo, then old and blind, near Florence. “There it was,” he wrote in 1644 (*Areopag.*) “that I found and visited the famous Galileo, ‘grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in ‘Astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican ‘licensors thought.’ And yet, despite this passage, and other passages showing how strongly the character and history of Galileo had fascinated him, it may be doubted whether Milton even then felt himself entitled to reject the system which Galileo had impugned. His friends and literary associates, the *Smectymnuans*, at all events, in their answer to Bishop Hall’s “Humble Remonstrance” (1641) had cited the Copernican doctrine as an unquestionable instance of a supreme absurdity. “There is no more truth in this assertion,” they say of one of Bishop Hall’s statements, “than ‘if he had said, with Anaxagoras, ‘Snow is black,’ or with

"Copernicus, 'the Earth moves, and the Heavens stand 'still.'" There cannot be a more distinct proof than this incidental passage affords, of the utter repulsiveness of the Copernican theory to even the educated English intellect as late as the middle of the seventeenth century. Milton was probably even then, if we may judge from the above-quoted reference to Galileo, in advance of his contemporaries on this question; and in the interval between that time and the completion of his *Paradise Lost* his Copernicanism may have become decided. There are, at any rate, two passages in *Paradise Lost* where he shows his perfect acquaintance with the Copernican theory, and with the arguments in its behalf. The one (IV. 592—597) is an incidental passage; in the other and much longer passage (VIII. 15—178) he makes the question a subject of express conversation between Raphael and Adam. In this last passage Adam is represented as arriving by intuition at the Copernican theory, or at least as perceiving its superior simplicity over the Ptolemaic; and, though the drift of the Angel's reply is that the question is an abstruse one, and that it is of no great consequence for man's real duty in the world which system is the true one, yet the balance of the Angel's remarks is also Copernican. There is no doubt that these two passages were inserted by Milton to relieve his own mind on the subject, and by way of caution to the reader that the scheme of the physical Universe adopted in the construction of the poem is not to be taken as more than a hypothesis for the imagination.

That scheme is, undoubtedly, the Ptolemaic or Alphonsine. Accordingly the little central circle, hung drop-like from the Empyrean in our last diagram—and there representing the dimensions of the total Creation of the six days, or, in other words, of our Starry Universe—may be exhibited now on a magnified scale, by simply reproducing one of the diagrams of the Heavens which were given in all the old books of Astronomy. The following is a copy (a little neater than the original, but otherwise exact) from a woodcut which we find in an edition, in 1610, of the *Sphæra* of the celebrated middle-age astronomer, Joannes a Sacrobosco, or John Holywood. This treatise, originally written in the thirteenth century, and amended or added to by subsequent writers, was the favourite manual of astronomy throughout Europe down to Milton's time. He himself used it as a text-book, as we learn from his nephew Phillips. The cut, the reader ought

to understand, represents the interior of the Mundane System in equatorial section as looked *down* into from the pole of the ecliptic. It is, in short, a view *down* from the opening at the pole in the preceding cut.



This, literally this, so far as mere diagram can represent it, is the World or Mundane Universe, as Milton keeps it in his mind's eye throughout the poem. It is an enormous azure round of space scooped or carved out of Chaos, and communicating aloft with the Empyrean, but consisting within itself

of ten Orbs or hollow Spheres in succession, wheeling one within the other, down to the stationary nest of our small Earth at the centre, with the elements of water, air, and fire, that are immediately around it. It is according to this scheme that Milton virtually describes the process of creation in the first, the second, and the fourth of the six days of Genesis (VII. 232—275 and 339—386)—the only deviation being that the word “Firmament” is not there applied specifically to the eighth or Starry Sphere, but is used for the whole continuous depth of all the heavens as far as the Primum Mobile. As if to prevent any mistake, however, there is one passage in which the Ten Spheres are actually enumerated. It is that (III. 481—483) where the attempted ascent of ambitious souls from Earth to the Empyrean by their own effort is described. In order to reach the opening into the Empyrean at the World’s zenith, what are the successive stages of their flight?

“ They pass the Planets Seven, and pass the Fixed,
And that Crystalline Sphere whose balance weighs
The trepidation talked, and that First Moved.”

Here we have the Alphonsine heavens in their order, and with their exact names. But all through the poem the language assumes the same astronomical system. Where the words Orb and Sphere occur, for example, they almost invariably—not *quite* invariably—mean Orb or Sphere in the Ptolemaic sense. Yet, to make all safe, Milton, as we have seen, inserts two passages at least in which the Copernican theory of the heavens is distinctly suggested as a possible or probable alternative; and, moreover, even while using the language of the other theory, he so arranges that it need not be supposed he does so for any other reason than *poetical* preference.

In one respect the diagram must fail to convey Milton’s complete notion of the World or Mundane Universe at that moment where he supposes the Fiend first gazing down into it from the glorious opening at the zenith, and then plunging precipitate through its azure depths (III. 561—565) in quest of that particular spot in it where Man had his abode. That small Earth which is so conspicuous in the diagram, as being at the centre, either was not visible even to angelic eyes from such an amazing distance as the opening at the zenith of the Primum Mobile, or was not yet marked. The luminary that attracts Satan first, from its all-surpassing splendour, is the Sun. Though the tenant only of the fourth of the

Spheres, this luminary so far surpasses all others in majesty that it seems like the King not only of the seven planetary Orbs, but of all the ten. It seems the very God of the whole new Universe—shooting its radiance even through the beds of the stars, as far as the *Primum Mobile* itself (III. 571—587). It is thither, accordingly, that Satan bends his flight; it is on this of all the bodies in the new Universe that he first alights; and it is only after the Angel Uriel, whom he there encounters, and who does not recognise him in his disguise, has pointed out to him the Earth shining at a distance in the sunlight (III. 722—724) that he knows the exact scene of his further labours. Thus informed, he wings off again from the Sun's body, and, wheeling his steep flight towards the Earth, alights at length on the top of *Niphates*, near Eden.

There is no need to follow the action of the poem farther in this Introduction. All that takes place after the arrival of Satan on the Earth—all that portion of the story that is enacted within the bounds of Eden or of Paradise—the reader can without difficulty make out for himself; or any such incidental elucidation as may be requisite may be left for the Notes. It is necessary only to take account here of certain final modifications in Milton's imaginary physical structure of the Universe, which take place after the Tempter has succeeded in his enterprise and Man has fallen:—In the first place there is then established—what did not exist before—a permanent communication between Hell and the new Universe. When Satan had come up through Chaos from Hell-gate, he had done so with toil and difficulty, as one exploring his way: but no sooner had he succeeded in his mission than Sin and Death, whom he had left at Hell-gate, felt themselves instinctively aware of his success, and of the necessity there would thenceforward be for a distinct road between Hell and the new World, by which all the Infernals might go and come. Accordingly (X. 382—324) they construct such a road—a wonderful causey or bridge from Hell-gate, right through or over Chaos, to that exact part of the outside of the new Universe where Satan had first alighted,—*i.e.* not to its nadir, but to some point near its zenith, where there is the break or orifice in the *Primum Mobile* towards the Empyrean. And what is the consequence of this vast alteration in the physical structure of the Universe? The consequence is that the Infernal host are no longer confined to Hell, but

possess also the new Universe, like an additional island or pleasure-domain, up in Chaos, and on the very confines of their former home, the Empyrean. Preferring this conquest to their proper empire in Hell, they are thenceforward perhaps more frequently in our World than in Hell, winging through its various Spheres, but chiefly inhabiting the Air round our central Earth. But this causey from Hell to the World, constructed by Sin and Death, is not the only modification of the physical Universe consequent on the Fall. The interior of the Human World as it hangs from the Empyrean receives some alterations for the worse by the decree of the Almighty Himself. The elements immediately round the Earth become harsher and more malignant; the planetary and starry Spheres are so influenced that thenceforward planets and stars look inward upon the central Earth with aspects of malevolence; nay, perhaps it was now first that, either by a heaving askance of the Earth from its former position, or by a change in the Sun's path, the ecliptic became oblique to the equator (x. 651—691). All this is apart from changes in the actual body of the Earth, including the obliteration of the site of the desecrated Paradise, and the outbreak of virulence among all things animate.

From the foregoing sketch, it will be seen that, while the poem is properly enough, as the name *Paradise Lost* indicates, the tragical story of the temptation and fall of the human race in its first parents, yet this story is included in a more comprehensive epic, of which the rebel Archangel is the hero, and the theatre of which is nothing less than Universal Infinitude. While the consummation, as regards Man, is the loss of innocence and Eden, and the liability to Death, the consummation, as regards Satan, is more in the nature of a triumph. He has succeeded in *his* enterprise. He has vitiated the new World at its beginning, and he has added it as a conquest to the Hell which had been assigned to him and his for their only proper realm. True, in the very hour of his triumph a curse has been pronounced upon him; he and his host experience a farther abasement of their being by transmutation into the image of the Serpent; and he and they are left with the expectation of a time when their supposed conquest will be snatched from them, and they will be driven in ignominy back to whence they came. Still, for the present, and until that "greater Man" arise who is to restore the

human race, and be the final and universal victor, they are left in successful possession. Whatever the sequel is to be (and it is foreshadowed in vision in the two last books) the Epic has here reached its natural close. Its purpose was to furnish the imagination with such a story of transcendent construction as should connect the mysteries of the inconceivable and immeasurable universe anterior to Time and to Man with the traditions and experience of our particular planet. This is accomplished by fastening the imagination on one great being, supposed to belong to the thronging multitudes of the angelic race that peopled the Empyrean before our World was created; by following this being in his actions as a rebel in Heaven and then as an exile into Hell; and by leaving him at last so far in possession of the new Universe of Man that thenceforward his part as an Archangel is well-nigh forgotten, and he is content with his new and degraded function as the Devil of mere terrestrial regions. Thenceforward he and his are to dwell more in these terrestrial regions, and particularly in the air, than in Hell—mingling themselves devilishly in human affairs, and even, by a splendid stroke of diabolic policy, enjoying the worship of men while securing their ruin, by passing themselves off as gods and demigods of all kinds of mongrel mythologies. That this is the main course and purport of the Epic will be perceived all the more clearly if the reader will note how much of the action, though it all bears ultimately on the fate of Earth, takes place away from the Earth altogether, and at a rate different from that of earthly causation—in the Empyrean, in Hell, in Chaos, or among the orbs and starry interspaces of the entire Cosmos. The portions of the poem which are occupied with descriptions of Eden and Paradise and the relation of events there are attractive from their peculiar beauty, but they amount to but a fragment of the whole.

One result which ought to follow from a right understanding of the scheme of the Poem, as it has been here exhibited, is a truer idea of the place which Milton's Epic holds among the great poems of the world, and also of its relation to his total mind and life. What is that in any man which is highest, deepest, and most essential in him—which governs all, reveals all, gives the key to all that he thinks or is? What but his way of thinking or feeling, whatever it may be, respecting the relation or non-relation of the whole visible or

physical world to that which is boundless, invisible, unfeatured, metaphysical? What he thinks or feels on this subject is essentially his philosophy; if he abstains from thinking on it at all, then that very abstinence is equally his philosophy. And what greater character can there be in a poem, or in any other work of art, than that it truly conveys the author's highest mind or mood on this subject—his theory, if he has one, or his antipathy to any theory, should that be the case? It may be doubted whether the world ever has taken a poem to its larger heart, or placed it in the list of the poems spoken of as great, except from a perception, more or less conscious, that it possessed, in a notable degree, this characteristic—that it was the expression, in some form or other, under whatever nominal theme, and with whatever intermixture of matter, of the intimate personal philosophy of a great living mind. To suppose, at all events, that Milton could have put forth any poem of large extent uninformed by his deepest and most serious philosophy of life and of the world, is to know nothing whatever about him. The ingenious construction of a fiction that should anyhow entertain the world, and which the author might behold floating away, detached from himself, as a beautifully-blown bubble—this was not *his* notion of poesy. Into whatever he wrote he was sure to put as much of *himself* as possible; and into that work which he intended to be his greatest it would have been safe to predict that he would studiously put the very most of himself. It would have been safe to predict that he would make it not only a phantasy or tale of majestic proportions, with which the human race might regale its leisure, but also a bequest of his own thoughts and speculations on the greatest subjects interesting to man—a kind of testament to posterity that it was thus and thus that he, Milton, veteran and blind, had learnt to think on such subjects, and dared advise the world for ever to think also. True, from the nature of the case, a poet must express himself on such subjects not so much in direct propositions addressed to the reason as in figurative conceptions, phantasmagories, or allegories, imagined individually and connectedly in accordance with his intellectual intention. In as far, therefore, as *Paradise Lost* is an expression of Milton's habitual mode of thought respecting Man and History in relation to an eternal and unknown Infinity, it is so by way of what the Germans call *Vorstellung* (popular image or repre-

sentation) and not by way of *Begriff* (pure or philosophic notion). Whether on such subjects it is possible to address the human mind at all except through visual or other sensuous images, and whether the most abstract language of philosophers consists of anything else than such images reduced to dust and made colourless, needs not here be inquired. Whatever might have been Milton's abstract theory on any such subject, it was certainly in the nature of his genius to express it in a *Vorstellung*. He had faith in this method as that by which the collective soul of man had been impressed and ruled in all ages, and would be impressed and ruled to the end of time. He more than once inserts in the poem passages cautioning the reader that his descriptions and narratives of supra-mundane scenes and events are not to be taken literally, but only symbolically. Thus, when the Archangel Raphael, yielding to Adam's request, begins, after a pause, his narration of the events that had taken place in the Empyrean Heaven before the creation of Man and his Universe, he is made (v. 563—576) to preface the narration with these words:—

“High matter thou enjoin'st me, O prime of Men—
 Sad task and hard; for how shall I relate
 To human sense the invisible exploits
 Of warring Spirits? how, without remorse,
 The ruin of so many, glorious once,
 And perfect, while they stood? how last unfold
 The secrets of another world, perhaps
 Not lawful to reveal? Yet for thy good
 This is dispensed; and what surmounts the reach
 Of human sense I shall delineate so,
 By likening spiritual to corporal forms,
 As may express them best—though what if Earth
 Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein
 Each to other like more than on Earth is thought?”

Let *Paradise Lost*, then, be called a *Vorstellung*. But what a *Vorstellung* it is! That World of Man, the world of all our stars and starry transparencies, hung but drop-like after all from the Empyrean; ‘the great Empyrean itself, “undetermined square or round,” so that, though we do diagram it for form's sake, it is beyond all power of diagram; Hell, far beneath but still measurably far, with its outcast infernal Powers tending disastrously upwards or tugging all downwards; finally, between the Empyrean and Hell, that blustering blackness of an unimaginable Chaos, roaring around the Mundane Sphere, and assailing everlastingly its outer-

most bosses, but unable to break through, or to disturb the serenity of the golden poise that steadies it from the zenith—what phantasmagory more truly all-significant than this has the imagination of poet ever conceived? What expanse of space, comparable to this for vastness, has any other poet presumed to occupy with a coherent story? The physical universe of Dante's great poem would go into a nutshell as compared with that to which the imagination must stretch itself out in *Paradise Lost*. In this respect—in respect of the extent of physical immensity through which the poem ranges, and which it orbs forth with soul-dilating clearness and divides with never-to-be-obliterated accuracy before the eye—no possible poem can ever overpass it? And then the story itself! What story mightier, or more full of meaning, can there ever be than that of the Archangel rebelling in Heaven, degraded from Heaven into Hell, reascending from Hell to the Human Universe, winging through the starry spaces of that Universe, and at last possessing himself of our central Earth, and impregnating its incipient history with the spirit of Evil? Vastness of scene and power of story together, little wonder that the poem should have so impressed the world. Little wonder that it should now be Milton's Satan, and Milton's narrative of the Creation in its various transcendental connexions, that are in possession of the British imagination, rather than the strict Biblical accounts from which Milton so scrupulously derived the hints to which he gave such marvellous expansion!

But will the power of the poem be permanent? Great conception as it is, was it not a conception framed too much in congruity with special beliefs and modes of thinking? Milton's own age to retain its efficiency for ever? If the matters it symbolized are matters which the human imagination, and the reason of man in its most exalted mood, must ever strive to symbolize in some form or other, may not the very definiteness, the blazing visual exactness, of Milton's symbolization jar on modern modes of thought? Do we not desire, in our days also, to be left to our own liberty of symbolizing in these matters, and may it not be well to prefer, in the main, symbolisms the least fixed, the least sensuous, the most fluent and cloud-like, the most tremulous to every touch of new idea or new feeling? To this objection—an objection, however, which would apply to all great Poetry and Art whatever, and would affect the paintings of Michael Angelo,

for example, as much as the *Paradise Lost* of Milton—something must be conceded. Changes in human ideas since the poem was written *have* thrown the poem, or parts of it, farther out of keeping with the demands of the modern imagination than it can have been with the requirements of Milton's contemporaries. Not to speak of the direct traces in it of a peculiar theology in the form of speeches and arguments (in which kind, however, there is less that need really be obsolete than some theological critics have asserted) the Ptolemaism of Milton's astronomical scheme would alone put the poem somewhat in conflict with the educated modern conceptions of physical Nature. No longer now is the Mundane Universe thought of as a definite succession of Orbs round the globe of Earth. No longer now can the fancy of man be stayed at any distance, however immense, by an imaginary Primum Mobile or outermost shell, beyond which all is Chaos. The Primum Mobile has been for ever burst; and into the Chaos supposed to be beyond it the imagination has voyaged out and still out, finding no Chaos, and no sign of shore or boundary, but only the same ocean of transpicuous space, with firmaments for its scattered islands, and such islands still rising to view on every farthest horizon. Thus accustomed to the idea of Nature as boundless, the mind, in one of its moods, may *refuse* to conceive it as bounded, and may regard the attempt to do so as a treason against pure truth. All this must be conceded, though the effects of the concession will not stop at *Paradise Lost*. But there are other moods of the mind—moral and spiritual moods—which poesy is bound to serve; and, just as Milton, in the interest of these, knowingly and almost avowedly repudiated the obligation of consistency with physical science as known to himself, and set up a great symbolic phantasy, so to this day the phantasy which he did set up has, for those anyway like-minded to him, lost none of its sublime significance. For all such is not that physical Universe, which we have learnt not to bound, still, in its inconceivable totality, but as a drop hung from the Empyrean; is not darkness around it; is not Hell beneath it? And what though all are not such? Is it not the highest function of a book to perpetuate like-mindedness to its author after he is gone, and may not *Paradise Lost* be doing this? Nay, and what though the relevancy of the poem to the present soul of the world should have been more impaired by the lapse of

time and the change of ideas than we have admitted it to be, and much of the interest of it, as of all the other great poems of the world, should now be *historical*? Even so what interest it possesses! What a portrait, what a study, of a great English mind of the seventeenth century it brings before us! "I wonder not so much at the poem itself, though worthy of all wonder," says Bentley in the preface to his Edition of the poem, "as that the author could so abstract his thoughts from his own troubles as to be able to make it—that, confined in a narrow and to him a dark chamber, surrounded with cares and fears, he could expatiate at large through the compass of the whole Universe, and through all Heaven beyond it, and could survey all periods of time from before the creation to the consummation of all things. This theory, no doubt, was a great solace to him in his affliction, but it shows in him a greater strength of spirit, that made him capable of such a solace. And it would almost seem to me to be peculiar to him, had not experience by others taught me that there is that power in the human mind, supported with innocence and *conscientia virtus*, that can make it shake off all outward uneasiness and involve itself secure and pleased in its own integrity and entertainment." It is refreshing to be able to quote from the great scholar and critic words showing so deep an appreciation by him of the real significance of the poem which, as an edition, he mangled. Whatever the *Paradise Lost* is, it is, as Bentley here points out, a monument of almost unexampled magnanimity.

PARADISE LOST:

A POEM IN TWELVE BOOKS.

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

COMMENDATORY VERSES,

PREFIXED TO THE SECOND EDITION.

IN *PARADISUM AMISSAM* SUMMI POETÆ JOHANNIS MILTONI.

QUI legis *Amissam Paradisum*, grandia magni
Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, et cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, et fines, continet iste liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetralia Mundi,
Scribitur et toto quicquid in Orbe latet;
Terræque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum,
Sulphureumque Erebi flammivomumque specus;
Quæque colunt terras, pontumque, et Tartara cæca,
Quæque colunt summi lucida regna poli;
Et quodcunque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam;
Et sine fine Chaos, et sine fine Deus;
Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,
In Christo erga homines conciliatus amor.
Hæc qui speraret quis crederet esse futurum?
Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britannia legit.
O quantos in bella duces, quæ protulit arma!
Quæ canit, et quantâ prælia dira tubâ!
Cœlestes acies, atque in certamine Cœlum!
Et quæ cœlestes pugna deceret agros!
Quantus in ætheriis tollit se Lucifer armis,
Atque ipso graditur vix Michael minor!
Quantis et quam funestis concurratur iris,
Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit!
Dum vulsos montes ceu tela reciproca torquent,
Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt,
Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,
Et metuit pugnæ non superesse suæ.

At simul in cœlis Messiæ insignia fulgent,
 Et currus animes, armaque digna Deo,
 Horrendumque rotæ strident, et sæva rotarum
 Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,
 Et flammæ vibrant, et vera tonitrua rauco
 Admistis flammis insonuere polo,
 Excidit attonitis mens omnis, et impetus omnis,
 Et cassis dextris irrita tela cadunt;
 Ad pœnas fugiunt, et, ceu foret Orcus asylum,
 Infernis certant condere se tenebris.
 Cedite, Romani Scriptores; cedite, Graii;
 Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus:
 Hæc quicunque leget tantum cecinisse putabit
 Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

S. B., M.D.

ON PARADISE LOST.

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
 In slender book his vast design unfold—
 Messiah crowned, God's reconciled decree,
 Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,
 Heaven, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All—the argument
 Held me a while misdoubting his intent,
 That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)
 The sacred truths to fable and old song
 (So Samson groped the temple's posts in spite),
 The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight.
 Yet, as I read, soon growing less severe,
 I liked his project, the success did fear—
 Through that wide field how he his way should find
 O'er which lame Faith leads Understanding blind;
 Lest he perplexed the things he would explain,
 And what was easy he should render vain.
 Or, if a work so infinite he spanned,
 Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
 (Such as disquiet always what is well,
 And by ill-imitating would excel,)
 Might hence presume the whole Creation's day
 To change in scenes, and show it in a play.

Pardon me, mighty Poet ; nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinced, and none will dare
Within thy labours to pretend a share.
Thou hast not missed one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper dost omit ;
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft.

The majesty which through thy work doth reign
Draws the devout, deterring the profane.
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us seize ;
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease,
And above human flight dost soar aloft
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.
The bird named from the Paradise you sing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.

Where could'st thou words of such a compass find ?
Whence furnish such a vast expense of mind ?
Just Heaven, thee like Tiresias to requite,
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.

Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rime, of thy own sense secure ;
While the Town-Bayes writes all the while and spells,
And, like a pack-horse, tires without his bells.
Their fancies like our bushy points appear ;
The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.
I too, transported by the mode, offend,
And, while I meant to *praise* thee, must *commend*.
Thy verse, created, like thy theme sublime,
In number, weight, and measure, needs not rime.

A. M.

THE VERSE.

THE measure is English heroic verse without rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin—rime being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame metre; graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause therefore some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rime both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings—a fault avoided by the learned ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of riming.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

This First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject—Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed : then touches the prime cause of his fall—the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent ; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of Heaven, and his seat in Hell. Whence he summons to his aid the legions of Angels, who were with him when he fell, and who, by his command, are now in Hell. He then describes the state of Hell, and the manner in which he, Satan, is now in Hell, and the manner in which he is now in Hell.

and dignity, lay by him : they conter of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise : their numbers ; array of battle ; their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech ; comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven ; but tells them, lastly, of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy, or report, in Heaven—for that Angels were long before this visible creation was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the Deep : the infernal Peers there sit in council.

OF MAN'S first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the World, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that, on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos : or, if Sion hill

Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st ; Thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread, 20
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant : what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support ;
That, to the highth of this great argument,
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first—for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell—say first what cause
Moved our grand Parents, in that happy state,
Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off 30
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the World besides.
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt ?

The infernal Serpent ; he it was whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equalled the Most High, 40
If he opposed, and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in Heaven and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamant chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

Nine times the space that measures day and night 50
 To mortal men, he, with his horrid crew,
 Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
 Confounded, though immortal. But his doom
 Reserved him to more wrath ; for now the thought
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
 Torments him : round he throws his baleful eyes,
 That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
 Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
 At once, as far as Angel's ken, he views
 The dismal situation waste and wild. 60
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
 As one great furnace flamed ; yet from those flames
 No light ; but rather darkness visible
 Served only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
 That comes to all, but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
 Such place Eternal Justice had prepared 70
 For those rebellious ; here their prison ordained
 In utter darkness, and their portion set,
 As far removed from God and light of Heaven
 As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
 Oh how unlike the place from whence they fell !
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns ; and, weltering by his side,
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Long after known in Palestine, and named 80
 BEELZEBUB. To whom the Arch-Enemy,
 And thence in Heaven called SATAN, with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence, thus began :—
 “ If thou beest he—but Oh how fallen ! how changed
 From him !—who, in the happy realms of light.
 Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
 Myriads, though bright—if he whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope

And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
 Joined with me once, now misery hath joined 90
 In equal ruin ; into what pit thou seest
 From what highth fallen : so much the stronger proved
 He with his thunder : and till then who knew
 The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
 Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
 Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
 Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind,
 And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
 That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
 And to the fierce contention brought along 100
 Innumerable force of Spirits armed,
 That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power opposed
 In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
 All is not lost—the unconquerable will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield
 And what is else not to be overcome.
 That glory never shall his wrath or might 110
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power
 Who, from the terror of this arm, so late
 Doubted his empire—that were low indeed ;
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath
 This downfall ; since, by fate, the strength of Gods,
 And this empyreal substance, cannot fail ;
 Since, through experience of this great event,
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
 We may with more successful hope resolve 120
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,
 Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
 Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
 Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven.”
 So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain,
 Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair ;
 And him thus answered soon his bold compeer :—

"O Prince, O Chief of many thronèd Powers
 That led the embattled Seraphim to war
 Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds 130
 Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual King,
 And put to proof his high supremacy,
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate !
 Too well I see and rue the dire event
 That, with sad overthrow and foul defeat,
 Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,
 As far as Gods and Heavenly Essences
 Can perish : for the mind and spirit remains
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns, 140
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
 Here swallowed up in endless misery.
 But what if He our Conqueror (whom I now
 Of force believe almighty, since no less
 Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours)
 Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
 Or do him mightier service as his thralls
 By right of war, whate'er his business be, 150
 Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
 Or do his errands in the gloomy Deep?
 What can it then avail though yet we feel
 Strength undiminished, or eternal being
 To undergo eternal punishment?"

Whereto with speedy words the Arch-Fiend
 replied :—

"Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
 Doing or suffering : but of this be sure—
 To do aught good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160
 As being the contrary to His high will
 Whom we resist. If then his providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil ;

Which oft-times may succeed so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see ! the angry Victor hath recalled
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170
Back to the gates of Heaven : the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery surge that from the precipice
Of Heaven received us falling ; and the thunder,
Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild, 180
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful ? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves ;
There rest, if any rest can harbour there ;
And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope, 190
If not what resolution from despair."

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed ; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast 200
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean-stream.
Him, haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,

Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
 With fixèd anchor in his scaly rind,
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night
 Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays.
 So stretched out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay,
 Chained on the burning lake; nor ever thence 210
 Had risen, or heaved his head, but that the will
 And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
 Left him at large to his own dark designs,
 That with reiterated crimes he might
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
 Evil to others, and enraged might see
 How all his malice served but to bring forth
 Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shewn
 On Man by him seduced, but on himself
 Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured. 220
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
 His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
 Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and, rolled
 In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale.
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
 That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
 He lights—if it were land that ever burned
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire,
 And such appeared in hue as when the force 230
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
 Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
 And fuelled entrails, thence conceiving fire,
 Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
 And leave a singèd bottom all involved
 With stench and smoke. Such resting for
 Of unblest feet. Him followed his next
 Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian flood
 As gods, and by their own recovered strength
 Not by the sufferance of superna
 "Is this the region, this the
 Said then the lost Archangel,

That we must change for Heaven?—this mournful gloom
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since He
 Who now is sovran can dispose and bid
 What shall be right: farthest from Him is best,
 Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme
 Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
 Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail, 250
 Infernal World! and thou, profoundest Hell,
 Receive thy new possessor—one who brings
 A mind not to be changed by place or time.
 The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
 What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less than he
 Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
 We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence: 260
 Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,
 To reign is worth ambition; though in Hell:
 Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 The associates and co-partners of our loss,
 Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy mansion, or once more
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet
 Regained in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?" 270

So Satan spake; and him Beëlzebub
 Thus answered:—"Leader of those armies bright
 Which, but the Omnipotent, none could have foiled!
 If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
 Of hope in fears and dangers—heard so oft
 In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
 Of battle, when it raged, in all assaults
 Their surest signal—they will soon resume
 New courage and revive, though now they lie
 Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire, 280
 As we crewhile, astounded and amazed;
 No wonder, fallen such a pernicious highth!"

He scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend
 Was moving toward the shore ; his ponderous shield,
 Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
 Behind him cast. The broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
 At evening, from the top of Fesolè,
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands, 290
 Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
 His spear—to equal which the tallest pine
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
 Of some great ammiral, were but a wand—
 He walked with, to support uneasy steps
 Over the burning marle, not like those steps
 On Heaven's azure ; and the torrid clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
 Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
 Of that inflamèd sea he stood, and called 300
 His legions—Angel Forms, who lay entranced
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
 In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
 High over-arched embower ; or scattered sedge
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
 Hath vexed the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
 Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
 While with perfidious hatred they pursued
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
 From the safe shore their floating carcasses 310
 And broken chariot-wheels. So thick bestrown,
 Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
 Under amazement of their hideous change.
 He called so loud that all the hollow deep
 Of Hell resounded :—"Princes, Potentates,
 Warriors, the Flower of Heaven—once yours ; now
 lost,
 If such astonishment as this can seize
 Eternal Spirits ! Or have ye chosen this place
 After the toil of battle to repose
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find 320

To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven ?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds
 Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
 With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
 His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern
 The advantage, and, descending, tread us down
 Thus drooping, or with linkèd thunderbolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?—

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen !” 330

They heard, and were ~~abashed~~, and up they sprung
 Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch,
 On duty sleeping found by whom they dread,
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.

Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel ;
 Yet to their General's voice they soon obeyed
 Innumerable. As when the potent rod

Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
 Waved round the coast, up-called a pitchy cloud 340

Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
 Like Night, and darkened all the land of Nile ;

So numberless were those bad Angels seen
 Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires ;
 Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear

Of their great Sultan waving to direct
 Their course, in even balance down they light
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain : 350

A multitude like which the populous North
 Poured never from her frozen loins to pass
 Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
 Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.

Forthwith, from every squadron and each band,
 The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
 Their great Commander—godlike Shapes, and Forms
 Excelling human ; princely Dignities ;

And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones, 360
 Though of their names in Heavenly records now
 Be no memorial, blotted out and rased
 By their rebellion from the Books of Life.
 Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
 Got them new names, till, wandering o'er the earth,
 Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
 By falsities and lies the greatest part
 Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
 God their Creator, and the invisible
 Glory of Him that made them to transform 370
 Oft to the image of a brute, adorned
 With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
 And devils to adore for deities :
 Then were they known to men by various names,
 And various idols through the Heathen World.

Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
 Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,
 At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
 While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof. 380

The chief were those who, from the pit of Hell
 Roaming to seek their prey on Earth, durst fix
 Their seats, long after, next the seat of God,
 Their altars by His altar, gods adored
 Among the nations round, and durst abide
 Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
 Between the Cherubim ; yea, often placed
 Within His sanctuary itself their shrines,
 Abominations ; and with cursed things
 His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned, 390
 And with their darkness durst affront His light.
 First, *Moloch*, horrid king, besmeared with blood
 Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears ;
 Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
 Their children's cries unheard that passed through fire
 To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
 Worshiped in Rabba and her watery plain,
 In Argob and in Basan, to the stream

Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna called, the type of Hell.
Next *Chemos*, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroar to Nebo and the wild
Of southmost Abarim ; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines, 410
And Elealè to the Asphaltic Pool :
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate,
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.
With these came they who, from the bordering flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts 420
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of *Baalim* and *Ashitaroth*—those male,
These feminine. For Spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both ; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure,
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh ; but, in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aery purposes, 430
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their Living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods ; for which their heads, as low
Bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop

Came *Astoreth*, whom the Phœnicians called
 Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns ;
 To whose bright image nightly by the moon 440
 Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs ;
 In Sion also not unsung, where stood
 Her temple on the offensive mountain, built
 By that uxorious king whose heart, though large,
 Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
 To idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,
 Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
 The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
 In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
 While smooth Adonis from his native rock 450
 Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded : the love-tale
 Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
 Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
 His eye surveyed the dark idolatries
 Of alienated Judah. Next came one
 Who mourned in earnest, when the captive ark
 Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopt off,
 In his own temple, on the grunsel-edge, 460
 Where he fell flat and shamed his worshippers :
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
 And downward fish ; yet had his temple high
 Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
 Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
 And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
 Him followed *Rimmon*, whose delightful seat
 Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
 Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
 He also against the house of God was bold : 470
 A leper once he lost, and gained a king—
 Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
 God's altar to disparage and displace
 For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
 His odious offerings, and adore the gods
 Whom he had vanquished. After these appeared

A crew who, under names of old renown—
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train—
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
 Fanatic Egypt and her priests to seek 480
 Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms
 Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape
 The infection, when their borrowed gold composed
 The calf in Oreb ; and the rebel king
 Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
 Likening his Maker to the grazèd ox—
 Jehovah, who, in one night, when he passed
 From Egypt marching, equalled with one stroke
 Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last ; than whom a Spirit more lewd 490
 Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
 Vice for itself. To him no temple stood
 Or altar smoked ; yet who more oft than he
 In temples and at altars, when the priest
 Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled
 With lust and violence the house of God ?
 In courts and palaces he also reigns,
 And in luxurious cities, where the noise
 Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
 And injury and outrage ; and, when night 500
 Darkens the streets ; then wander forth the sons
 Of *Belial*, flown with insolence and wine.
 Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
 In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
 Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape.

These were the prime in order and in might :
 The rest were long to tell ; though far renowned
 The Ionian gods—of Javan's issue held
 Gods, yet confessed later than Heaven and Earth,
 Their boasted parents ;—*Titan*, Heaven's first-born, 510
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seized
 By younger *Saturn* : he from mightier Jove,
 His own and Rhea's son, like measure found ;
 So *Jove* usurping reigned. These, first in Crete
 And Ida known, thence on the snowy top

Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
 Their highest heaven ; or on the Delphian cliff,
 Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
 Of Doric land ; or who with Saturn old
 Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields, 520
 And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost Isles.

All these and more came flocking ; but with looks
 Downcast and damp ; yet such wherein appeared
 Obscure some glimpse of joy to have found their Chief
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
 In loss itself ; which on his countenance cast
 Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted pride
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
 Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears : 530
 Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound
 Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
 His mighty standard. That proud honour claimed
 Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall :
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
 The imperial ensign ; which, full high advanced,
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
 With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
 Seraphic arms and trophies ; all the while
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds : 540
 At which the universal host up-sent
 A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
 With orient colours waving : with them rose
 A forest huge of spears ; and thronging helms
 Appeared, and serried shields in thick array
 Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood 550
 Of flutes and soft recorders—such as raised
 To highth of noblest temper heroes old
 Arming to battle, and instead of rage
 Deliberate valour breathed, firm, and unmoved

With dread of death to flight or foul retreat ;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force with fixèd thought, 560
Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charmed
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil. And now
Advanced in view they stand—a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old, with ordered spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
Had to impose. He through the armèd files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views—their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods ; 570
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and, hardening in his strength,
Glories : for never, since created Man,
Met such embodied force as, named with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warred on by cranes—though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mixed with auxiliar gods ; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son, 580
Begirt with British and Armoric knights ;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread Commander. He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent, 590
Stood like a tower. His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess

Of glory obscured : as when the sun new-risen
 Looks through the horizontal misty air
 Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the moon,
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
 Above them all the Archangel : but his face 600
 Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
 Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
 (Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
 For ever now to have their lot in pain—
 Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced
 Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung 610
 For his revolt—yet faithful how they stood,
 Their glory withered ; as, when heaven's fire
 Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,
 With singèd top their stately growth, though bare,
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
 To speak ; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
 From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
 With all his peers : Attention held them mute.
 Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
 Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth : at last 620
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way :—
 “ O myriads of immortal Spirits ! O Powers
 Matchless, but with the Almighty !—and that strife
 Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
 As this place testifies, and this dire change,
 hateful to utter. But what power of mind,
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
 Of knowledge past or present, could have feared
 How such united force of gods, how such
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse ? 630
 For who can yet believe, though after loss,
 That all these puissant legions, whose exile

Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to re-ascend,
 Self-raised, and re-possess their native seat ?
 For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,
 If counsels different, or danger shunned
 By me, have lost our hopes. 'But he who reigns
 Monarch in Heaven till then as one secure
 Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
 Consent or custom, and his regal state 640
 Put forth at full, but still his strength concealed—
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
 So as not either to provoke, or dread
 New war provoked : our better part remains
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
 What force effected not ; that he no less
 At length from us may find, Who overcomes
 By force hath overcome but half his foe.
 Space may produce new Worlds ; whereof so rife 650
 There went a fame in Heaven that He ere long
 Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation whom his choice regard
 Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven.
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
 Our first eruption—thither, or elsewhere ;
 For this infernal pit shall never hold
 Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor the Abyss
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
 Full counsel must mature. Peace is despaired ; 660
 For who can think submission ? War, then, war
 Open or understood, must be resolved."

He spake ; and, to confirm his words, out-flew
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
 Of mighty Cherubim ; the sudden blaze
 Far round illumined Hell. Highly they raged
 Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
 Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top 670
 Belched fire and rolling smoke ; the rest entire

Shone with a glossy scurf—undoubted sign
 That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
 The work of sulphur. Thither, winged with speed,
 A numerous brigad hastened : as when bands
 Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe armed,
 Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
 Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on—
 Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
 From Heaven ; for even in Heaven his looks and
 thoughts 680

Were always downward bent, admiring more
 The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
 Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
 In vision beatific. By him first
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
 Ransacked the Centre, and with impious hands
 Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
 For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
 Opened into the hill a spacious wound,
 And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire 690
 That riches grow in Hell ; that soil may best
 Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
 Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell
 Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
 Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
 And strength, and art, are easily outdone
 By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
 What in an age they, with incessant toil
 And hands innumerable, scarce perform.
 Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared, 700
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire
 Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
 With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
 Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion-dross.
 A third as soon had formed within the ground
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells
 By strange conveyance filled each hollow nook ;
 As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet—
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven:
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fixed her stately highth; and straight the doors,
Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the archèd roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring entered; and the work some praise,
And some the architect. His hand was known
In Heaven by many a towered structure high,
Where sceptred Angels held their residence,
And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the Orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unadored
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men called him Mulciber; and how he fell
From Heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day, and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
On Lemnos, the *Ægean* isle. Thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught availed him now

710

720

730

740

To have built in Heaven high towers ; nor did he
scape

By all his engines, but was headlong sent, 750
With his industrious crew, to build in Hell.

Meanwhile the wingèd Haralds, by command
Of sovran power, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers. Their summons callèd
From every band, and squared regiment
By place or choice the worthiest : they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came 760
Attended. All access was thronged ; the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a covered field, where champions bold
Wont ride in armed, and at the Soldan's chair
Defied the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance),
Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in the air,
Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring-time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive 770
In clusters ; they among fresh dewes and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothèd plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubbed with balm, expatiate, and confer
Their state-affairs : so thick the aery crowd
Swarmed and were straitened ; till, the signal given,
Behold a wonder ! They but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless—like that pygmean race 780
Beyond the Indian mount ; or faery elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the Moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the Earth
Wheels her pale course : they, on their mirth and dance

Intent, with jocund music charm his ear ;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large, 790
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat,
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan—to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior, to themselves, about this time to be created. Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan, their chief, undertakes alone the voyage; is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell-gates; finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them; by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven. With what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new World which he sought.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven; and, by success untaught,
His proud imaginations thus displayed:— 10
“Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heaven!—
For, since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppressed and fallen
I give not Heaven for lost: from this descent
Celestial Virtues rising will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate!—

Me though just right, and the fixed laws of Heaven,
Did first create your leader—next, free choice,
With what besides in council or in fight 20
Hath been achieved of merit—yet this loss,
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
Established in a safe, unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior ; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is, then, no good 30
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction : for none sure will claim in Hell
Precedence ; none whose portion is so small
Of present pain that with ambitious mind
Will covet more ! With this advantage, then,
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us ; and by what best way, 40
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate. Who can advise may speak."

He ceased ; and next him Moloch, sceptred king,
Stood up—the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair.
His trust was with the Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Cared not to be at all ; with that care lost
Went all his fear : of God, or Hell, or worse,
He recked not, and these words thereafter spake :— 50

"My sentence is for open war. Of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not : them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need ; not now.
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest—
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend—sit lingering here,

Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of His tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No! let us rather choose, 60
Armed with Hell-flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the Torturer; when, to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine, he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and, for lightning, see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels, and his throne itself
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps 70
The way seems difficult, and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe!
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat; descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the Deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight 80
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy, then;
The event is feared! Should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction, if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroyed! What can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned
In this abhorrèd deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge 90
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus,
We should be quite abolished, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the highth enraged,

Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential—happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being!—
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.”

He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On the other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane.
A fairer person lost not Heaven; he seemed 110
For dignity composed, and high exploit.
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low—
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful. Yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began:—

“I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urged 120
Main reason to persuade immediate war
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The towers of Heaven are filled
With armed watch, that render all access 130
Impregnable: oft on the bordering Deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of Night,
Scorning surprise. Or, could we break our way

By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
With blackest insurrection to confound
Heaven's purest light, yet our great Enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolled, and the ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair : we must exasperate
The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage ;
And that must end us ; that must be our cure—
To be no more. Sad cure ! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated Night,
Devoid of sense and motion ? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever ? How he can
Is doubtful ; that he never will is sure.
Will He, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger whom his anger saves
To punish endless ? ' Wherefore cease we, then ?'
Say they who counsel war ; ' we are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe ;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse ?' Is this, then, worst—
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms ?
What when we fled amain, pursued and strook
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The Deep to shelter us ? This Hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake ? That sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames ; or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again

His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled, 180
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains,
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespite, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
War, therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With Him, or who deceive His mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from Heaven's highth
All these our motions vain sees and derides, 191
Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we, then, live thus vile—the race of Heaven
Thus trampled, thus expelled, to suffer here
Chains and these torments? Better these than worse,
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust 200
That so ordains. This was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh when those who at the spear are bold
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink, and fear
What yet they know must follow—to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror. This is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit 210
His anger, and perhaps, thus far removed,
Not mind us not offending, satisfied

With what is punished ; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour ; or, inured, not feel ;
Or, changed at length, and to the place conformed
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat ; and, void of pain,
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light ; 220
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting—since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe.”

Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
Counselled ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,
Not peace ; and after him thus Mammon spake :—

" Either to disenthroned the King of Heaven
 We war, if war be best, or to regain 230
 Our own right lost. Him to unthroned we then
 May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
 To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife.
 The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
 The latter ; for what place can be for us
 Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's Lord Supreme
 We overpower ? Suppose he should relent,
 And publish grace to all, on promise made
 Of new subjection ; with what eyes could we
 Stand in his presence humble, and receive 240
 Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
 With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
 Forced Halleluiahs, while he lordly sits
 Our envied sovran, and his altar breathes
 Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
 Our servile offerings ? This must be our task
 In Heaven, this our delight. How wearisome
 Eternity so spent in worship paid
 To whom we hate ! Let us not then pursue,
 By force impossible, by leave obtained 250
 Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state

Of splendid vassalage ; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create, and in what place soe'er 260
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread ? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne, from whence deep thunders roar,
Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell !
As He our darkness, cannot we His light
Imitate when we please ? This desert soil 270
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold ;
Nor want we skill or art from whence to raise
Magnificence ; and what can Heaven show more ?
Our torments also may, in length of time,
Become our elements, these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper ; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may 280
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."
He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled
The assembly as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatched, whose bark by chance,
Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest. Such applause was heard 290

As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
 Advising peace : for such another field
 They dreaded worse than Hell ; so much the fear
 Of thunder and the sword of Michaël
 Wrought still within them ; and no less desire
 To found this nether empire, which might rise,
 By policy and long process of time,
 In emulation opposite to Heaven.

Which when Beëlzebub perceived—than whom,
 Satan except, none higher sat—with grave 300
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
 A pillar of state. Deep on his front engraven
 Deliberation sat, and public care ;
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
 Majestic, though in ruin. Sage he stood,
 With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies ; his look
 Drew audience and attention still as night
 Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake :—

“ Thrones and Imperial Powers, Offspring of Heaven,
 Ethereal Virtues ! or these titles now 311
 Must we renounce, and, changing style, be called
 Princes of Hell ? for so the popular vote
 Inclines—here to continue, and build up here
 A growing empire ; doubtless ! while we dream,
 And know not that the King of Heaven hath doomed
 This place our dungeon—not our safe retreat
 Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
 From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
 Banded against his throne, but to remain 320
 In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
 Under the inevitable curb, reserved
 His captive multitude. For He, be sure,
 In height or depth, still first and last will reign
 Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part
 By our revolt, but over Hell extend
 His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
 Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven.
 What sit we then projecting peace and war ?

War hath determined us and foiled with loss 330
Irreparable ; terms of peace yet none
Voutsafed or sought ; for what peace will be given
To us enslaved, but custody severe,
And stripes and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted ? and what peace can we return,
But, to our power, hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice 340
In doing what we most in suffering feel ?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise ? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
Err not)—another World, the happy seat
Of some new race, called Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favoured more 350
Of Him who rules above ; so was His will
Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath
That shook Heaven's whole circumference confirmed.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould
Or substance, how endued, and what their power
And where their weakness : how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be shut,
And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed, 360
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it : here, perhaps,
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset—either with Hell-fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we are driven,
The puny habitants ; or, if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God

May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
 Abolish his own works. This would surpass 370
 Common revenge, and interrupt His joy
 In our confusion, and our joy upraise
 In His disturbance; when his darling sons,
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
 Their frail original, and faded bliss—
 Faded so soon! Advise if this be worth
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
 Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub
 Pleaded his devilish counsel—first devised
 By Satan, and in part proposed: for whence, 380
 But from the author of all ill, could spring
 So deep a malice, to confound the race
 Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite
 The great Creator? But their spite still serves
 His glory to augment. The bold design
 Pleas'd highly those Infernal States, and joy
 Sparkled in all their eyes: with full assent
 They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews:—
 "Well have ye judged, well ended long debate, 390
 Synod of Gods, and, like to what ye are,
 Great things resolved, which from the lowest deep
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
 Nearer our ancient seat—perhaps in view
 Of those bright confines, whence, with neighbouring
 And opportune excursion, we may chance [arms,
 Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild zone
 Dwell, not unvisited of Heaven's fair light,
 Secure, and at the brightening orient beam
 Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air, 400
 To heal the scar of these corrosivè fires,
 Shall breathe her balm. But, first, whom shall we send
 In search of this new World? whom shall we find
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet
 The dark, unbottomed, infinite Abyss,
 And through the palpable obscure find out
 His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight,

Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast Abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy Isle? What strength, what art, can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe 411
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection: and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies."

This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appeared
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt. But all sat mute, 420
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In other's countenance read his own dismay,
Astonished. None among the choice and prime
Of those Heaven-warring champions could be found
So hardy as to proffer or accept,
Alone, the dreadful voyage; till, at last,
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake:—

"O Progeny of Heaven! Empyrean Thrones! 430
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismayed. Long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to Light.
Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,
Barred over us, prohibit all egress.
These passed, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next,
Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being 440
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.
If thence he scape, into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial sovranity, adorned

With splendour, armed with power, if aught proposed
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume 450
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more as he above the rest
High honoured sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,
Terror of Heaven, though fallen; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm 460
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all. This enterprise
None shall partake with me." Thus saying, rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent lest, from his resolution raised,
Others among the chief might offer now,
Certain to be refused, what erst they feared, 470
And, so refused, might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more the adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose.
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone, and as a God
Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven.
Nor failed they to express how much they praised 480
That for the general safety he despised
His own: for neither do the Spirits damned
Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnished o'er with zeal.

Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief :
As, when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element 490
Scowls o'er the darkened landskip snow or shower,
If chance the radiant sun, with farewell sweet,
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men ! Devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds ; men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace, and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife 500
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy :
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait !

The Stygian council thus dissolved ; and forth
In order came the grand Infernal Peers :
Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seemed
Alone the antagonist of Heaven, nor less
Than Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp supreme, 510
And god-like imitated state : him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim enclosed
With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpet's regal sound the great result :
Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,
By harald's voice explained ; the hollow Abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
With deafening shout returned them loud acclaim. 520
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat
raised

By false presumptuous hope, the rangèd Powers
Disband ; and, wandering, each his several way

Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
 Leads him perplexed, where he may likeliest find
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
 The irksome hours, till his great Chief return.
 Part on the plain, 'or in the air sublime,
 Upon the wing or in swift race contend,
 As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields ; 530
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form :
 As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
 Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
 To battle in the clouds ; before each van
 Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,
 Till thickest legions close ; with feats of arms
 From either end of heaven the welkin burns.
 Others, with vast Typhœan rage, more fell,
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air 540
 In whirlwind ; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar :—
 As when Alcides, from Œchalia crowned
 With conquest, felt the envenomed robe, and tore
 Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
 And Lichas from the top of Œta threw
 Into the Euboic sea. Others, more mild,
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing
 With notes angelical to many a harp
 Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall
 By doom of battle, and complain that Fate 550
 Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or Chance.
 Their song was partial; but the harmony
 (What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
 Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
 (For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense)
 Others apart sat on a hill retired,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
 Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate—
 Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute— 560
 And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
 Of good and evil much they argued then,

Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame :
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy !—
Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm the obdurèd breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Another part, in squadrons and gross bands, 570
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams—
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate ;
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep ;
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream ; fierce Phlegeton, 580
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks
Forthwith his former state and being forgets—
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590
Of ancient pile ; all else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk : the parching air
Burns froze, and cold performs the effect of fire.
Thither, by harpy-footed Furies haled,
At certain revolutions all the damned
Are brought ; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice 600
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine,

Immovable, infixed, and frozen round
 Periods of time,—thence hurried back to fire.
 They ferry over this Lethean sound
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
 All in one moment, and so near the brink;
 But Fate withstands, and, to oppose the attempt, 610
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
 The ford, and of itself the water flies
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled
 The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
 In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands,
 With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,
 Viewed first their lamentable lot, and found
 No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale
 They passed, and many a region dolorous,
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, 620
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of
 death—

A universe of death, which God by curse
 Created evil, for evil only good;
 Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse
 Than fables yet have feigned or fear conceived,
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.
 Meanwhile the Adversary of God and Man,
 Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design, 630
 Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of Hell
 Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left;
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
 Up to the fiery concave towering high.
 As when far off at sea a fleet descried
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring

Their spicy drugs ; they on the trading flood, 640
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
Ply stemming nightly toward the pole : so seemed
Far off the flying Fiend. At last appear
Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice threefold the gates ; three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock,
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable Shape.
The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair, 650
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast—a serpent armed
With mortal sting. About her middle round
A cry of Hell-hounds never-ceasing barked
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal ; yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there ; yet there still barked and howled
Within unseen. Far less abhorred than these
Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts 660
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore ;
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, called
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other Shape—
If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb ;
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
For each seemed either—black it stood as Night, 670
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart : what seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides ; Hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted Fiend what this might be admired—
Admired, not feared (God and his Son except,

Created thing naught valued he nor shunned),
And with disdainful look thus first began :— 680

“ Whence and what art thou, execrable Shape,
That dar’st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave asked of thee.
Retire ; or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heaven.”

To whom the Goblin, full of wrath, replied :—
“ Art thou that Traitor-Angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in Heaven and faith, till then 690
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heaven’s sons,
Conjured against the Highest—for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemned
To waste eternal days in woe and pain ?
And reckon’st thou thyself with Spirits of Heaven,
Hell-doomed, and breath’st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord ? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive ; and to thy speed add wings, 700
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.”

So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge 710
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levelled his deadly aim ; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend ; and such a frown
Each cast at the other as when two black clouds,
With heaven’s artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian,—then stand front to front
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow

To join their dark encounter in mid-air.
 So frowned the mighty combatants that Hell
 Grew darker at their frown ; so matched they stood ;
 For never but once more was either like 721
 To meet so great a foe. And now great deeds
 Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,
 Had not the snaky Sorceress, that sat
 Fast by Hell-gate and kept the fatal key,
 Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.

“ O father, what intends thy hand,” she cried,
 “ Against thy only son ? What fury, O son,
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
 Against thy father’s head ? And know’st for whom ?
 For Him who sits above, and laughs the while 731
 At thee, ordained his drudge to execute
 Whate’er his wrath, which He calls justice, bids—
 His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both !”

She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest
 Forbore : then these to her Satan returned :—

“ So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
 Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,
 Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
 What it intends, till first I know of thee 740
 What thing thou art, thus double-formed, and why,
 In this infernal vale first met, thou call’st
 Me father, and that phantasm call’st my son.
 I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
 Sight more detestable than him and thee.”

To whom thus the Portress of Hell-gate replied :—
 “ Hast thou forgot me, then ; and do I seem
 Now in thine eye so foul ?—once deemed so fair
 In Heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight
 Of all the Seraphim with thee combined 750
 In bold conspiracy against Heaven’s King,
 All on a sudden miserable pain
 Surprised thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
 Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide,
 Likest to thee in shape, and countenance bright

Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess armed,
Out of thy head I sprung. Amazement seized
All the host of Heaven ; back they recoiled afraid
At first, and called me *Sin*, and for a sign 760
Portentous held me ; but, familiar grown,
I pleased, and with attractive graces won
The most averse—thee chiefly, who, full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,
Becam'st enamoured ; and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret that my womb conceived
A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,
And fields were fought in Heaven : wherein remained
(For what could else ?) to our Almighty Foe
Clear victory ; to our part loss and rout 770
Through all the Empyrean. Down they fell,
Driven headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
Into this Deep ; and in the general fall
I also : at which time this powerful key
Into my hands was given, with charge to keep
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
Alone ; but long I sat not, till my womb,
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. 780
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,
Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transformed : but he my inbred enemy
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,
Made to destroy. I fled, and cried out *Death !*
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed
From all her caves, and back resounded *Death !*
I fled ; but he pursued (though more, it seems, 790
Inflamed with lust than rage), and, swifter far,
Me overtook, his mother, all dismayed,
And, in embraces forcible and foul
Engendering with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry

Surround me, as thou saw'st—hourly conceived
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
 To me : for, when they list, into the womb
 That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw
 My bowels, their repast ; then, bursting forth 800
 Afresh, with conscious terrors vex me round,
 That rest or intermission none I find.

Before mine eyes in opposition sits
 Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,
 And me, his parent, would full soon devour
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involved, and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
 Whenever that shall be : so Fate pronounced.
 But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun 810
 His deadly arrow ; neither vainly hope
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
 Though tempered heavenly ; for that mortal dint,
 Save He who reigns above, none can resist."

She finished ; and the subtle Fiend his lore
 Soon learned, now milder, and thus answered smooth :—

" Dear daughter—since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
 Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and joys
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
 Befallen us unforeseen, unthought-of—know, 821
 I come no enemy, but to set free
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain
 Both him and thee, and all the Heavenly host
 Of Spirits that, in our just pretences armed,
 Fell with us from on high. From them I go
 This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
 The unfounded Deep, and through the void immense
 To search, with wandering quest, a place foretold 830
 Should be—and, by concurring signs, ere now
 Created vast and round—a place of bliss
 In the purlieu of Heaven ; and therein placed
 A race of upstart creatures, to supply

Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed,
 Lest Heaven, surcharged with potent multitude,
 Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or aught
 Than this more secret, now designed, I haste
 To know ; and, this once known, shall soon return,
 And bring ye to the place where thou and Death 840
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
 Wing silently the buxom air, embalmed
 With odours. There ye shall be fed and filled
 Immeasurably ; all things shall be your prey."

He ceased ; for both seemed highly pleased, and Death
 Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
 His famine should be filled, and blessed his maw
 Destined to that good hour. No less rejoiced
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire :—

"The key of this infernal Pit, by due 850
 And by command of Heaven's all-powerful King,
 I keep, by Him forbidden to unlock
 These adamantine gates ; against all force
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
 Fearless to be o'ermatched by living might.
 But what owe I to His commands above,
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
 Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
 To sit in hateful office here confined,
 Inhabitant of Heaven and heavenly-born— 860
 Here in perpetual agony and pain,
 With terrors and with clamours compassed round
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed ?
 Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
 My being gav'st me ; whom should I obey
 But thee ? whom follow ? Thou wilt bring me soon
 To that new world of light and bliss, among
 The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end." 870

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took ;
 And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,

Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew,
Which, but herself, not all the Stygian Powers
Could once have moved ; then in the key-hole turns
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound, 880
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She opened ; but to shut
Excelled her power : the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a bannered host,
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through
With horse and chariots ranked in loose array ;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace-mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890
The secrets of the hoary Deep—a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension ; where length, breadth, and highth,
And time, and place, are lost ; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms : they around the flag 900
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumbered as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere
He rules a moment : Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns : next him, high arbiter,
Chance governs all. Into this wild Abyss, 910
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,

But all these in their pregnant causes mixed
Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds—
Into this wild Abyss the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and looked a while,
Pondering his voyage ; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less pealed 920
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) than when Bellona storms
With all her battering engines, bent to rase
Some capital city ; or less than if this frame
Of heaven were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The steadfast Earth. At last his sail-broad vans :
He spreads for flight, and, in the surging smoke
Uplifted, spurns the ground ; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides 930
Audacious ; but, that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity. All unawares,
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb-down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not, by ill chance,
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft. That fury stayed—
Quenched in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land—nigh foundered, on he fares, 940
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying ; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a gryphon through the wilderness
With wingèd course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimasgian, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloined
The guarded gold ; so eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies. 950
At length a universal hubbub wild

Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,
 Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
 With loudest vehemence. Thither he plies
 Undaunted, to meet there whatever Power
 Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
 Bordering on light ; when straight behold the throne
 Of *Chaos*, and his dark pavilion spread 960
 Wide on the wasteful Deep ! With him enthroned
 Sat sable-vested *Night*, eldest of things,
 The consort of his reign ; and by them stood
 Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
 Of Demogorgon ; Rumour next, and Chance,
 And Tumult, and Confusion, all embroiled,
 And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

To whom Satan, turning boldly, thus :—"Ye Powers
 And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,
 Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy 970
 With purpose to explore or to disturb
 The secrets of your realm ; but, by constraint
 Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
 Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
 Alone and without guide, half lost, I seek,
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
 Confine with Heaven ; or, if some other place,
 From your dominion won, the Ethereal King
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive
 I travel this profound. Direct my course : 980
 Directed, no mean recompense it brings
 To your behoof, if I that region lost,
 All usurpation thence expelled, reduce
 To her original darkness and your sway
 (Which is my present journey), and once more
 Erect the standard there of ancient Night.
 Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge !"

Thus Satan ; and him thus the Anarch old,
 With faltering speech and visage incomposed,
 Answered :—"I know thee, stranger, who thou art— 990

That mighty leading Angel, who of late
 Made head against Heaven's King, though overthrown.
 I saw and heard ; for such a numerous host
 Fled not in silence through the frighted Deep,
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
 Confusion worse confounded ; and Heaven-gates
 Poured out by millions her victorious bands,
 Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
 Keep residence ; if all I can will serve
 That little which is left so to defend, 1000
 Encroached on still through our intestine broils
 Weakening the sceptre of old Night : first, Hell,
 Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath ;
 Now lately Heaven and Earth, another world
 Hung o'er my realm, linked in a golden chain
 To that side Heaven from whence your legions fell !
 If that way be your walk, you have not far ;
 So much the nearer danger. Go, and speed ;
 Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain."

He ceased ; and Satan staid not to reply, 1010
 But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,
 With fresh alacrity and force renewed
 Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
 Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round
 Environed, wins his way ; harder beset
 And more endangered than when Argo passed
 Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks,
 Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned
 Charybdis, and by the other Whirlpool steered. 1020
 So he with difficulty and labour hard
 Moved on. With difficulty and labour he ;
 But, he once passed, soon after, when Man fell,
 Strange alteration ! Sin and Death amain,
 Following his track (such was the will of Heaven
 Paved after him a broad and beaten way
 Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling gulf
 Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,
 From Hell continued, reaching the utmost Orb

Of this frail World ; by which the Spirits perverse 1030
With easy intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by special grace.

But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn. Here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,
As from her outmost works, a broken foe,
With tumult less and with less hostile din ; 1040
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn ;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide
In circuit, undetermined square or round,
With opal towers and battlements adorned
Of living sapphire, once his native seat, 1050
And, fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent World, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurst, and in a cursed hour, he hies.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

God, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this World, then newly created; shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free, and able enough to have withstood his Tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man: but God again declares that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of Divine Justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him. They obey, and, hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this World's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place since called the Limbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither: thence comes to the gate of Heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it. His passage thence to the orb of the Sun: he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel, and, pretending a zealous desire to behold the new Creation, and Man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed: Alights first on Mount Niphates.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born!
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproachèd light
Dwelt from eternity—dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun
Before the Heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest

The rising World of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless Infinite !
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian Pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,
Through utter and through middle Darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the Heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend, 20
Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp ; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath, 30
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget
Those other two equalled with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old :
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year 40
Seasons return ; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
But cloud instead and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,

And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. 50
So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate ; there plant eyes ; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure Empyrean where He sits
High throned above all highth, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view :
About him all the Sanctities of Heaven 60
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received
Beatitude past utterance ; on his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son. On Earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the Happy Garden placed,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrivalled love,
In blissful solitude. He then surveyed
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there 70
Coasting the wall of Heaven on this side Night,
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop, with wearied wings and willing feet,
On the bare outside of this World, that seemed
Firm land imbosomed without firmament,
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.

Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,
Thus to His only Son foreseeing spake :—
“ Only-begotten Son, seest thou what rage 80
Transports our Adversary ? whom no bounds
Prescribed, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains
Heaped on him there, nor yet the main Abyss
Wide interrupt, can hold ; so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now,
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way
Not far off Heaven, in the precincts of light,

Directly towards the new-created World,
 And Man there placed, with purpose to assay 90
 If him by force he can destroy, or, worse,
 By some false guile pervert : And shall pervert ;
 For Man will hearken to his glozing lies,
 And easily transgress the sole command,
 Sole pledge of his obedience : so will fall
 He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault ?
 Whose but his own ? Ingrate, he had of me
 All he could have ; I made him just and right,
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
 Such I created all the Ethereal Powers 100
 And Spirits, both them who stood and them who
 failed ;
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
 Not free, what proof could they have given sincere
 Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,
 Where only what they needs must do appeared,
 Not what they would ? What praise could they re-
 ceive,
 What pleasure I, from such obedience paid,
 When Will and Reason (Reason also is Choice),
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoiled,
 Made passive both, had served Necessity, 110
 Not Me ? They, therefore, as to right belonged
 So were created, nor can justly accuse
 Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
 As if Predestination overruled
 Their will, disposed by absolute decree
 Or high foreknowledge. They themselves decreed
 Their own revolt, not I. If I foreknew,
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
 Which had no less proved certain unforeknown. 120
 So without least impulse or shadow of fate,
 Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
 They trespass, authors to themselves in all,
 Both what they judge and what they choose ; for so
 I formed them free, and free they must remain
 Till they enthrall themselves : I else must change

Their nature, and revoke the high decree
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordained
 Their freedom ; "they themselves ordained their fall.
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
 Self-tempted, self-depraved ; Man falls, deceived 130
 By the other first : Man, therefore, shall find grace ;
 The other, none. In mercy and justice both,
 Through Heaven and Earth, so shall my glory excel
 But mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine."

Thus while God spake ambrosial fragrance filled
 All Heaven, and in the blessed Spirits elect
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffused.
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
 Most glorious ; in him all his Father shone
 Substantially expressed ; and in his face 140
 Divine compassion visibly appeared,
 Love without end, and without measure grace ;
 Which uttering, thus He to his Father spake :—

"O Father, gracious was that word which closed
 Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace ;
 For which both Heaven and Earth shall high extol
 Thy praises, with the innumerable sound
 Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
 Encompassed shall resound thee ever blest.
 For, should Man finally be lost—should Man, 150
 Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son,
 Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joined
 With his own folly——! That be from thee far,
 That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
 Of all things made, and judgest only right !
 Or shall the Adversary thus obtain
 His end, and frustrate thine ? shall he fulfil
 His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught
 Or proud return, though to his heavier doom
 Yet with revenge accomplished, and to Hell 160
 Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
 By him corrupted ? Or wilt thou thyself
 Abolish thy creation, and unmake,
 For him, what for thy glory thou hast made ?—

So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be questioned and blasphemed without defence."

To whom the great Creator thus replied :—
" O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might, 170
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed.
Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will;
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely voutsafed. Once more I will renew
His lapsèd powers, though forfeit, and enthralled
By sin to foul exorbitant desires :
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe—
By me upheld, that he may know how frail 180
His fallen condition is, and to me owe
All his deliverance, and to none but me.
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,
Elect above the rest ; so is my will :
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warned
Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
The incensèd Deity, while offered grace
Invites ; for I will clear their senses dark
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavoured with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
And I will place within them as a guide
My umpire Conscience ; whom if they will hear,
Light after light well used they shall attain,
And to the end persisting safe arrive.
This my long sufferance, and my day of grace,
They who neglect and scorn shall never taste ;
But hard be hardened, blind be blinded more, 200
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall ;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.—
But yet all is not done. Man disobeying,

Disloyal, breaks his fealty, and sins
 Against the high supremacy of Heaven,
 Affecting Godhead, and, so losing all,
 To expiate his treason hath naught left
 But, to destruction sacred and devote,
 He with his whole posterity must die ;—
 Die he or Justice must ; unless for him 210
 Some other, able, and as willing, pay
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
 Say, Heavenly Powers, where shall we find such love ?
 Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem
 Man's mortal crime, and just, the unjust to save ?
 Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear ?”

He asked, but all the Heavenly Quire stood mute,
 And silence was in Heaven : on Man's behalf
 Patron or intercessor none appeared—
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw 220
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
 And now without redemption all mankind
 Must have been lost, adjudged to Death and Hell
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
 In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
 His dearest mediation thus renewed :—

“ Father, thy word is passed, Man shall find grace ;
 And shall Grace not find means, that finds her way,
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all 230
 Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought ?
 Happy for Man, so coming ! He her aid
 Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost—
 Atonement for himself, or offering meet,
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring.
 Behold *me*, then : me for him, life for life,
 I offer ; on me let thine anger fall ;
 Account me Man : I for his sake will leave
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die 240
 Well pleased ; on me let Death wreak all his rage.
 Under his gloomy power I shall not long

Lie vanquished. Thou hast given me to possess
 Life in myself for ever ; by thee I live ;
 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due,
 All that of me can die, yet, that debt paid,
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
 For ever with corruption there to dwell ;
 But I shall rise victorious, and subdue 250
 My vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil.
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
 Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarmed ;
 I through the ample air in triumph high
 Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and show
 The powers of Darkness bound. Thou, at the sight
 Pleased, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
 While, by thee raised, I ruin all my foes—
 Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave ;
 Then, with the multitude of my redeemed, 260
 Shall enter Heaven, long absent, and return,
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assured
 And reconciliation : wrath shall be no more
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.”

His words here ended ; but his meek aspect
 Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love
 To mortal men, above which only shone
 Filial obedience : as a sacrifice
 Glad to be offered, he attends the will 270
 Of his great Father. Admiration seized
 All Heaven, what this might mean, and whither tend,
 Wondering ; but soon the Almighty thus replied :—
 “ O thou in Heaven and Earth the only peace
 Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou
 My sole complacence ! well thou know'st how dear
 To me are all my works ; nor Man the least,
 Though last created, that for him I spare
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
 By losing thee a while, the whole race lost ! 280
 Thou, therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,

Their nature also to thy nature join ;
 And be thyself Man among men on Earth,
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
 By wondrous birth ; be thou in Adam's room
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
 As in him perish all men, so in thee,
 As from a second root, shall be restored
 As many as are restored ; without thee, none.
 His crime makes guilty all his sons ; thy merit, 290
 Imputed, shall absolve them who renounce
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
 Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
 Shall satisfy for Man, be judged and die,
 And dying rise, and, rising, with him raise
 His brethren, ransomed with his own dear life.
 So Heavenly love shall outdo Hellish hate,
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
 So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate 300
 So easily destroyed, and still destroys
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
 Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
 Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
 Because thou hast, though throned in highest bliss
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found
 By merit more than birthright Son of God,—
 Found worthiest to be so by being good, 310
 Far more than great or high ; because in thee
 Love hath abounded more than glory abounds ;
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
 With thee thy manhood also to this throne :
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
 Anointed universal King. All power
 I give thee ; reign for ever, and assume
 Thy merits ; under thee, as Head Supreme,
 Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions, I reduce : 320

All knees to thee shall bow of them that bide
 In Heaven, or Earth, or, under Earth, in Hell.
 When thou, attended gloriously from Heaven,
 Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
 The summoning Archangels to proclaim
 Thy dread tribunal, forthwith from all winds
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead
 Of all past ages, to the general doom
 Shall hasten ; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
 Then, all thy Saints assembled, thou shalt judge 330
 Bad men and Angels ; they arraigned shall sink
 Beneath thy sentence ; Hell, her numbers full,
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile
 The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring
 New Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
 And, after all their tribulations long,
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
 With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.
 Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by ;
 For regal sceptre then no more shall need ; 340
 God shall be all in all. But, all ye Gods,
 Adore him who, to compass all this, dies ;
 Adore the Son, and honour him as me."

No sooner had the Almighty ceased but—all
 The multitude of Angels, with a shout
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
 As from blest voices, uttering joy—Heaven rung
 With jubilee, and loud hosannas filled
 The eternal regions. Lowly reverent
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
 With solemn adoration down they cast 351
 Their crowns, inwove with amarant and gold,—
 Immortal amarant, a flower which once
 In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life,
 Began to bloom, but, soon for Man's offence
 To Heaven removed where first it grew, there grows
 And flowers aloft, shading the Fount of Life,
 And where the River of Bliss through midst of Heaven
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream !

With these, that never fade, the Spirits elect 360
Bind their resplendent locks, inwreathed with beams.
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.

Then, crowned again, their golden harps they took—
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung ; and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high :
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join 370
Melodious part ; such concord is in Heaven.

Thee, Father, first they sung, Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King ; thee, Author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st
Throned inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear, 380
Yet dazzle Heaven, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee next they sang, of all creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud
Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold : on thee
Impressed the effulgence of his glory abides ;
Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.
He Heaven of Heavens, and all the Powers therein, 390
By thee created ; and by thee threw down
The aspiring Dominations. Thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarrayed.
Back from pursuit, thy Powers with loud acclaim
Thee only extolled, Son of thy Father's might,

To execute fierce vengeance on his foes.
Not so on Man : him, through their malice fallen, 400
Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity incline.
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail Man
So strictly, but much more to pity inclined,
He, to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy and justice in thy face discerned,
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
Second to thee, offered himself to die
For Man's offence. O unexampled love ! 410
Love nowhere to be found less than Divine !
Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men ! Thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin !

Thus they in Heaven, above the Starry Sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Meanwhile, upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round World, whose first convex divides 420
The luminous inferior Orbs, enclosed
From Chaos and the inroad of Darkness old,
Satan alighted walks. A globe far off
It seemed ; now seems a boundless continent,
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
Starless exposed, and ever-threatening storms
Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky,
Save on that side which from the wall of Heaven,
Though distant far, some small reflection gains
Of glimmering air less vexed with tempest loud.
Here walked the Fiend at large in spacious field. 430
As when a vulture, on Imaus bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanning kids
On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams,
But in his way lights on the barren plains

Of Sericana, where Chinese drive
 With sails and wind their cany waggons light,
 So, on this windy sea of land, the Fiend 440
 Walked up and down alone, bent on his prey
 Alone, for other creature in this place,
 Living or lifeless, to be found was none ;—
 None yet ; but store hereafter from the Earth
 Up hither like aerial vapours flew
 Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
 With vanity had filled the works of men—
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
 Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
 Or happiness in this or the other life. 450
 All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
 Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
 Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds ;
 All the unaccomplished works of Nature's hand,
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixed,
 Dissolved on Earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
 Till final dissolution, wander here—
 Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have dreamed :
 Those argent fields more likely habitants, 460
 Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold,
 Betwixt the angelical and human kind.
 Hither, of ill-joined sons and daughters born,
 First from the ancient world those Giants came,
 With many a vain exploit, though then renowned :
 The builders next of Babel on the plain
 Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
 New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build :
 Others came single ; he who, to be deemed
 A god, leaped fondly into Ætna flames, 470
 Empedocles ; and he who, to enjoy
 Plato's Elysium, leaped into the sea,
 Cleombrotus ; and many more, too long,
 Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,
 White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.
 Here pilgrims roam, that strayed so far to seek

In Golgotha him dead who lives in Heaven ;
And they who, to be sure of Paradise
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised. 480
They pass the planets seven, and pass the fixed,
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
The trepidation talked, and that first moved ;
And now Saint Peter at Heaven's wicket seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of Heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when, lo !
A violent cross wind from either coast
Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry,
Into the devious air. Then might ye see
Cows, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost 490
And fluttered into rags ; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds : all these, upwhirled aloft,
Fly o'er the backside of the World far off
Into a Limbo large and broad, since called
The Paradise of Fools ; to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled and untrod.

All this dark globe the Fiend found as he passed ;
And long he wandered, till at last a gleam
Of dawning light turned thitherward in haste 500
His travelled steps. Far distant he descries,
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heaven, a structure high ;
At top whereof, but far more rich, appeared
The work as of a kingly palace-gate,
With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Embellished ; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on Earth
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw 510
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cried, *This is the gate of Heaven.*

Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
 There always, but drawn up to Heaven sometimes
 Viewless ; and underneath a bright sea flowed
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
 Who after came from Earth sailing arrived 520
 Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake
 Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
 The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
 The Fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss :
 Direct against which opened from beneath,
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
 A passage down to the Earth—a passage wide ;
 Wider by far than that of after-times
 Over Mount Sion, and, though that were large, 530
 Over the Promised Land to God so dear,
 By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
 On high behests his Angels to and fro
 Passed frequent, and his eye with choice regard
 From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,
 To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land
 Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore.
 So wide the opening seemed, where bounds were set
 To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
 Satan from hence, now on the lower stair, 540
 That scaled by steps of gold to Heaven-gate,
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
 Of all this World at once. As when a scout,
 Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
 All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
 Which to his eye discovers unaware
 The goodly prospect of some foreign land
 First seen, or some renowned metropolis
 With glistening spires and pinnacles adorned, 550
 Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams ;
 Such wonder seized, though after Heaven seen,
 The Spirit malign, but much more envy seized,
 At sight of all this World beheld so fair.

Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of Night's extended shade) from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond the horizon ; then from pole to pole 560
He views in breadth,—and, without longer pause,
Down right into the World's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone
Stars distant, but nigh-hand seemed other worlds.
Or other worlds they seemed, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian Gardens famed of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales ;
Thrice happy isles ! But who dwelt happy there 570
He staid not to inquire : above them all
The golden Sun, in splendour likest Heaven,
Allured his eye. Thither his course he bends,
Through the calm firmament (but up or down,
By centre or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or longitude) where the great luminary,
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far. They, as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute 580
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lamp
Turn swift their various motions, or are turned
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The Universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible virtue even to the Deep ;
So wondrously was set his station bright.
There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the Sun's lucent orb
Through his glazed optic tube yet never saw. 590
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compared with aught on Earth, metal or stone—
Not all parts like, but all alike informed

With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire.
 If metal, part seemed gold, part silver clear;
 If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
 Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
 In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides,
 Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen—
 That stone, or like to that, which here below 600
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought ;
 In vain, though by their powerful art they bind
 Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound
 In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
 Drained through a limbec to his native form.
 What wonder then if fields and regions here
 Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
 Potable gold, when, with one virtuous touch,
 The arch-chemic Sun, so far from us remote,
 Produces, with terrestrial humour mixed, 610
 Here in the dark so many precious things
 Of colour glorious and effect so rare ?
 Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
 Undazzled. Far and wide his eye commands ;
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
 But all sunshine, as when his beams at noon
 Culminate from the equator, as they now
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
 Shadow from body opaque can fall ; and the air,
 Nowhere so clear, sharpened his visual ray 620
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon
 Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,
 The same whom John saw also in the Sun.
 His back was turned, but not his brightness hid ;
 Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
 Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
 Illustrious on his shoulders fledged with wings
 Lay waving round : on some great charge employed
 He seemed, or fixed in cogitation deep.
 Glad was the Spirit impure, as now in hope 630
 To find who might direct his wandering flight
 To Paradise, the happy seat of Man,

His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay :
And now a stripling Cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffused ; so well he feigned.
Under a coronet his flowing hair 640
In curls on either cheek played ; wings he wore
Of many a coloured plume sprinkled with gold,
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard ; the Angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turned,
Admonished by his ear, and straight was known
The Archangel Uriel—one of the seven
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes 650
That run through all the Heavens, or down to the Earth
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land. Him Satan thus accosts :—
“ Uriel ! for thou of those seven Spirits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest Heaven to bring,
Where all his Sons thy embassy attend,
And here art likeliest by supreme decree
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye 660
To visit oft this new Creation round—
Unspeakable desire to see and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordained,
Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim
Alone thus wandering. Brightest Seraph, tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath Man
His fixèd seat—or fixèd seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell— 670
That I may find him, and with secret gaze

Or open admiration him behold
 On whom the great Creator hath bestowed
 Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces poured ;
 That both in him and all things, as is meet,
 The Universal Maker we may praise ;
 Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes
 To deepest Hell, and, to repair that loss,
 Created this new happy race of Men
 To serve him better : Wise are all his ways !” 680

So spake the false dissembler unperceived ;
 For neither man nor angel can discern
 Hypocrisy—the only evil that walks
 Invisible, except to God alone,
 By his permissive will, through Heaven and Earth ;
 And oft, though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
 At Wisdom’s gate, and to Simplicity
 Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill
 Where no ill seems : which now for once beguiled
 Uriel, though Regent of the Sun, and held 690
 The sharpest-sighted Spirit of all in Heaven ;
 Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,
 In his uprightness, answer thus returned :—

“ Fair Angel, thy desire, which tends to know
 The works of God, thereby to glorify
 The great Work-master, leads to no excess
 That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
 The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
 From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps, 700
 Contented with report, hear only in Heaven :
 For wonderful indeed are all his works,
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
 Had in remembrance always with delight !
 But what created mind can comprehend
 Their number, or the wisdom infinite
 That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep ?
 I saw when, at his word, the formless mass,
 This World’s material mould, came to a heap :
 Confusion heard his voice, and wild Uproar 710

Stood ruled, stood vast Infinitude confined ;
Till, at his second bidding, Darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements—Earth, Flood, Air, Fire ;
And this ethereal quintessence of Heaven
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That rolled orbicular, and turned to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move :
Each had his place appointed, each his course ; 720
The rest in circuit walls this Universe.
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines :
That place is Earth, the seat of Man ; that light
His day, which else, as the other hemisphere,
Night would invade ; but there the neighbouring Moon
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid
Timely interposes, and, her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid-heaven,
With borrowed light her countenance triform 730
Hence fills and empties, to enlighten the Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot to which I point is Paradise,
Adam's abode ; those lofty shades his bower.
Thy way thou canst not miss ; me mine requires.”
Thus said, he turned ; and Satan, bowing low,
As to superior Spirits is wont in Heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped success, 740
Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,
Nor staid till on Niphates' top he lights.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions—fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil; journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described; overleaps the bounds; sits, in the shape of a cornorant, on the Tree of Life, as highest in the Garden, to look about him. The Garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse; it hence gathers that the Tree of Knowledge was forbidden them to eat of under penalty of death, and thereon intends to found his temptation by seducing them to transgress; then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel, descending on a sunbeam, warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil Spirit had escaped the Deep, and passed at noon by his Sphere, in the shape of a good Angel, down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel, drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the rounds of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil Spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping: there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers; prepares resistance; but, hindered by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

FOR that warning voice, which he who saw
The Apocalypse heard cry in Heaven aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be revenged on men,
Woe to the inhabitants on Earth! that now,
While time was, our first parents had been warned
The coming of their secret foe; and scaped,
Haply so scaped, his mortal snare! For now
Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,

The tempter, ere the accuser, of mankind, 10
 To ~~wreak~~ on innocent frail Man his loss
 Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell.
 Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold
 Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
 Begins his dire attempt ; which, nigh the birth
 Now rolling, boils in his tumultuous breast,
 And like a devilish engine back recoils
 Upon himself. Horror and doubt distract
 His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
 The hell within him ; for within him Hell 20
 He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
 One step, no more than from himself, can fly
 By change of place. Now conscience wakes despair
 That slumbered ; wakes the bitter memory
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be
 Worse ; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue !
 Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view
 Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad ;
 Sometimes towards Heaven and the full-blazing Sun,
 Which now sat high in his meridian tower : 30
 Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began :—

“ O thou that, with surpassing glory crowned,
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
 Of this new World—at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminished heads—to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down, 40
 Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King !
 Ah, wherefore ? He deserved no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.
 What could be less than to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
 How due ? Yet all his good proved ill in me,

And wrought but malice. Lifted up so high,
 I sdained subjection, and thought one step higher 50
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burdensome, still paying, still to owe ;
 Forgetful what from him I still received ;
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharged—what burden then ?
 Oh, had his powerful destiny ordained
 Me some inferior Angel, I had stood
 Then happy ; no unbounded hope had raised 60
 Ambition. Yet why not ? Some other Power
 As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
 Drawn to his part. But other Powers as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without to all temptations armed !
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand ?
 Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what, to accuse,
 But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all ?
 Be then his love accursed, since, love or hate,
 To me alike it deals eternal woe. 70
 Nay, cursed be thou ; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath and infinite despair ?
 Which way I fly is Hell ; myself am Hell ;
 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
 O, then, at last relent ! Is there no place 80
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?
 None left but by submission ; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduced
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
 The Omnipotent. Ay me ! they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,

Under what torments inwardly I groan.
While they adore me on the throne of Hell,
With diadem and sceptre high advanced, 90
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery : such joy ambition finds !
But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state ; how soon
Would highth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feigned submission swore ! Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void
(For never can true reconciliation grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep) ;
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse 100
And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear
Short intermission, bought with double smart.
This knows my Punisher ; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging, peace.
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us, outcast, exiled, his new delight,
Mankind, created, and for him this World !
So farewell hope, and, with hope, farewell fear,
Farewell remorse ! All good to me is lost ;
Evil, be thou my Good : by thee at least 110
Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;
As Man ere long, and this new World, shall know."

Thus while he spake, each passion dimmed his face,
Thrice changed with pale—ire, envy, and despair ;
Which marred his borrowed visage, and betrayed
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld :
For Heavenly minds from such distempers foul
Are ever clear. Whercof he soon aware
Each perturbation smoothed with outward calm, 120
Artificer of fraud ; and was the first
That practised falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couched with revenge :
Yet not enough had practised to deceive
Uriel, once warned ; whose eye pursued him down
The way he went, and on the Assyrian mount

Saw him disfigured, more than could befall
 Spirit of happy sort : his gestures fierce
 He marked and mad demeanour, then alone,
 As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen.

130

So on he fares, and to the border comes
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
 As with a rural mound, the champain head
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
 Access denied ; and overhead up-grew
 Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
 A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend,
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
 The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung ;
 Which to our general sire gave prospect large
 Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
 And higher than that wall a circling row
 Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
 Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
 Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed ;
 On which the sun more glad impressed his beams 150
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
 When God hath showered the earth : so lovely seemed
 That landskip. And of pure now purer air
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
 All sadness but despair. Now gentle gales,
 Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy spoils. * As, when to them who sail
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past 160
 Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
 Sabean odours from the spicy shore
 Of Araby the Blest, with such delay
 Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
 Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles ;

So entertained those odorous sweets the Fiend
Who came their bane, though with them better pleased
Than Asmodæus with the fishy fume
That^d drove him, though enamoured, from the spouse
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent 170
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journeyed on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none; so thick entwined,
As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplexed
All path of man or beast that passed that way.
One gate there only was, and that looked east
On the other side. Which when the Arch-Felon saw,
Due entrance he disdained, and, in contempt, 180
At one slight bound high overleaped all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve,
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold;
Or as a thief, bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barred and bolted fast, fear no assault, 190
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles;
So clomb this first grand Thief into God's fold:
So since into his Church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regained, but sat devising death
To them who lived; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only used
For prospect what, well used, had been the pledge 200
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.

Beneath him, with new wonder, now he views,
 To all delight of human sense exposed,
 In narrow room Nature's whole wealth; yea, more!—
 A Heaven on Earth: for blissful Paradise
 Of God the garden was, by him in the east
 Of Eden planted. Eden stretched her line 210
 From Auran eastward to the royal towers
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
 Or where the sons of Eden long before
 Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil
 His far more pleasant garden God ordained.
 Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
 And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold; and next to life, 220
 Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by—
 Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.
 Southward through Eden went a river large,
 Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
 Passed underneath ingulfed; for God had thrown
 That mountain, as his garden-mould, high raised
 Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Watered the garden; thence united fell 230
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
 Which from his darksome passage now appears,
 And now, divided into four main streams,
 Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
 And country whereof here needs no account;
 But rather to tell how, if Art could tell
 How, from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
 With mazy error under pendent shades
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240
 Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
 In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
 Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,

Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrowned the noontide bowers. Thus was this
place,

A happy rural seat of various view :
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm ;
Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable—Hesperian fables true, 250
If true, here only—and of delicious taste.

Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock ; or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant ; meanwhile murmuring waters fall 260
Down the slope hills dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.

The birds their quire apply ; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal Spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis 270
Was gathered—which cost Ceres all that pain

To seek her through the world—nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne, by Orontes and the inspired
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive ; nor that Nyseian isle,
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
Hid Amalthea, and her florid son,
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye ;
Nor, where Abassin kings their issue guard, 280
Mount Amara (though this by some supposed

True Paradise under the Ethiop line
 By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,
 A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
 From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
 Of living creatures, new to sight and strange.
 Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
 God-like erect, with native honour clad
 In naked majesty, seemed lords of all, 290
 And worthy seemed ; for in their looks divine
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure—
 Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,
 Whence true authority in men : though both
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed ;
 For contemplation he and valour formed,
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace ;
 He for God only, she for God in him.
 His fair large front and eye sublime declared 300
 Absolute rule ; and hyacinthine locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad :
 She, as a veil down to the slender waist,
 Her unadornèd golden tresses wore
 Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved
 As the vine curls her tendrils—which implied
 Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
 And by her yielded, by him best received
 Yielded, with coy submission, modest pride, 310
 And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.
 Nor those mysterious parts were then concealed ;
 Then was not guilty shame. Dishonest shame
 Of Nature's works, honour dishonourable,
 Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
 With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
 And banished from man's life his happiest life,
 Simplicity and spotless innocence !
 So passed they naked on, nor shunned the sight
 Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill : 320

So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
 That ever since in love's embraces met—
 Adam the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons ; the fairest of her daughters Eve.
 Under a tuft of shade that on a green
 Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain-side,
 They sat them down ; and, after no more toil
 Of their sweet gardening labour than sufficed
 To recommend cool Zephyr, and make ease
 More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite 330
 More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell—
 Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
 Yielded them, sidelong as they sat recline
 On the soft downy bank damasked with flowers.
 The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
 Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream ;
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 *Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as be seems
 Fair couple linked in happy nuptial league,
 Alone as they. About them frisking played 340
 All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den.
 Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw
 Dandled the kid ; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
 Gambolled before them ; the unwieldy elephant,
 To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed
 His lithe proboscis ; close the serpent sly,
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheeded. Others on the grass 350
 Couched, and, now filled with pasture, gazing sat,
 Or bedward ruminating ; for the sun,
 Declined, was hastening now with prone career
 To the Ocean Isles, and in the ascending scale
 Of Heaven the stars that usher evening rose :
 When Satan, still in gaze as first he stood,
 Scarce thus at length failed speech recovered sad :—
 “ O Hell ! what do mine eyes with grief behold ?
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanced

Creatures of other mould—Earth-born perhaps, 360
 Not Spirits, yet to Heavenly Spirits bright
 Little inferior—whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder, and could love ; so lively shines
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace
 The hand that formed them on their shape hath
 poured.

Ah ! gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
 Your change approaches, when all these delights
 Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe—
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy :
 Happy, but for so happy ill secured 370
 Long to continue, and this high seat, your Heaven,
 Ill fenced for Heaven to keep out such a foe
 As now is entered ; yet no purposed foe
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
 Though I unpitied. League with you I seek,
 And mutual amity, so strait, so close,
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me,
 Henceforth. My dwelling, haply, may not please,
 Like this fair Paradisc, your sense ; yet such
 Accept your Maker's work ; he gave it me, 380
 Which I as freely give. Hell shall unfold,
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,
 And send forth all her kings ; there will be room,
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive
 Your numerous offspring ; if no better place,
 Thank him who puts me, loath, to this revenge
 On you, who wrong me not, for him who wronged.
 And, should I at your harmless innocence
 Melt, as I do, yet public reason just—
 Honour and empire with revenge enlarged 390
 By conquering this new World—compels me now
 To do what else, though damned, I should abhor.”

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
 The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
 Down he alights among the sportful herd
 Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,

Now other, as their shape served best his end
Nearer to view his prey, and, unespied,
To mark what of their state he more might learn 400
By word or action marked. About them round
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare ;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Straight crouches close ; then, rising, changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
Whence rushing he might surest seize them both
Griped in each paw : when Adam, first of men,
To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,
Turned him all ear to hear new utterance flow :— 410

“ Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all, needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample World,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite ;
That raised us from the dust, and placed us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof he hath need ; he who requires
From us no other service than to keep 420
This one, this easy charge—of all the trees
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only Tree
Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life ;
So near grows Death to Life, whate’er Death is—
Some dreadful thing no doubt ; for well thou know’st
God hath pronounced it Death to taste that tree :
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signs of power and rule
Conferred upon us, and dominion given 430
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, Air, and Sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights ;
But let us ever praise him, and extol

His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers ;
Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet."

To whom thus Eve replied :—" O thou for whom 440
And from whom I was formed flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head ! what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to him, indeed, all praises owe,
And daily thanks—I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst nowhere find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed, 450
Under a shade, on flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain ; then stood unmoved,
Pure as the expanse of Heaven. I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite 460
A shape within the watery gleam appeared,
Bending to look on me. I started back,
It started back ; but pleased I soon returned,
Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love. There I had fixed
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warned me : ' What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself ;
With thee it came and goes : but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays 470
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces—he
Whose image thou art ; him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine ; to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called
Mother of human race.' What could I do,

But follow straight, invisibly thus led ?
Till I espied thee, fair, indeed, and tall,
Under a platane ; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image. Back I turned ; 480
Thou, following, cried'st aloud, ' Return, fair Eve ;
Whom fliest thou ? Whom thou fliest, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone ; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear :
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half.' With that thy gentle hand
Seized mine : I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excelled by manly grace 490
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."

So spake our general mother, and, with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unproved,
And meek surrender, half-embracing leaned
On our first father ; half her swelling breast
Naked met his, under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid. He, in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles when he impregns the clouds 500
That shed May flowers, and pressed her matron lip
With kisses pure. Aside the Devil turned
For envy ; yet with jealous leer malign
Eyed them askance, and to himself thus plained :—
" Sight hateful, sight tormenting ! Thus these two,
Imparadised in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss ; while I to Hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least, 510
Still unfulfilled, with pain of longing pines !
Yet let me not forget what I have gained
From their own mouths. All is not theirs, it seems ;
One fatal tree there stands, of Knowledge called,

Forbidden them to taste. Knowledge forbidden ?
Suspicious, reasonless ! Why should their Lord
Envy them that ? Can it be sin to know ?
Can it be death ? And do they only stand
By ignorance ? Is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith ? 520
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin ! Hence I will excite their minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with gods. Aspiring to be such,
They taste and die : what likelier can ensue ?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unspied ;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet 530
Some wandering Spirit of Heaven, by fountain-side,
Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw
What further would be learned. Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair ; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures ; for long woes are to succeed ! ”

So saying, his proud step he scornful turned,
But with sly circumspection, and began
Through wood, through waste, o’er hill, o’er dale, his
 roam.

Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where Heaven
With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting Sun 540
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of Paradise
Levelled his evening rays. It was a rock
Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent
Accessible from Earth, one entrance high ;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night ; 550
About him exercised heroic games
The unarmed youth of Heaven ; but nigh at hand

Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
 Hung high, with diamond flaming and with gold.
 Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
 On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star
 In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired
 Impress the air, and shows the mariner
 From what point of his compass to beware
 Impetuous winds. He thus began in haste :— 560

“Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
 Charge and strict watch that to this happy place
 No evil thing approach or enter in.
 This day at highth of noon came to my sphere
 A Spirit, zealous, as he seemed, to know
 More of the Almighty’s works, and chiefly Man,
 God’s latest image. I described his way
 Bent all on speed, and marked his aery gait,
 But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
 Where he first lighted, soon discerned his looks 570
 Alien from Heaven, with passions foul obscured.
 Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade
 Lost sight of him. One of the banished crew,
 I fear, hath ventured from the Deep, to raise
 New troubles ; him thy care must be to find.”

To whom the winged Warrior thus returned :—
 “Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
 Amid the Sun’s bright circle where thou sitt’st,
 See far and wide. In at this gate none pass
 The vigilance here placed, but such as come 580
 Well known from Heaven ; and since meridian hour
 No creature thence. If Spirit of other sort,
 So minded, have overleaped these earthy bounds
 On purpose, hard thou know’st it to exclude
 Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.
 But, if within the circuit of these walks,
 In whatsoever shape, he lurk of whom
 Thou tell’st, by morrow dawning I shall know.”

So promised he ; and Uriel to his charge
 Returned on that bright beam, whose point now raised
 Bore him slope downward to the Sun, now fallen 591

Beneath the Azores ; whether the Prime Orb,
 Incredible how swift, had thither rolled
 Diurnal, or this less volúbil Earth,
 By shorter flight to the east, had left him there
 Arraying with reflected purple and gold
 The clouds that on his western throne attend.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
 Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird, 600
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale.
 She all night long her amorous descant sung : ,
 Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires ; Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw ;
 When Adam thus to Eve :—" Fair consort, the hour
 Of night, and all things now retired to rest, 611
 Mind us of like repose ; since God hath set
 Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
 Successive, and the timely dew of sleep,
 Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines
 Our eye-lids. Other creatures all day long
 Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest ;
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,
 And the regard of Heaven on all his ways ; 620
 While other animals unactive range,
 And of their doings God takes no account. "
 To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
 With first approach of light, we must be risen,
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform
 Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
 That mock our scant manuring, and require
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums, 630

That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease.
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned :—

"My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey. So God ordains :
God is thy law, thou mine : to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
With thee conversing, I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change ; all please alike. 640
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming-on
Of grateful Evening mild ; then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train :
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends 650
With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising Sun
On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
Nor grateful Evening mild ; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these ? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes ?"

To whom our general ancestor replied :—

"Daughter of God and Man, accomplished Eve, 660
Those have their course to finish round the Earth
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise ;
Lest total Darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things ; which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,

Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
 On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the Sun's more potent ray.
 These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
 Shine not in vain. Nor think, though men were none,
 That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise.
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the Earth
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep :
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
 Both day and night. How often, from the steep 680
 Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,
 Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
 Singing their great Creator ! Oft in bands
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
 In full harmonic number joined, their songs
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven."

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed
 On to their blissful bower. It was a place 690
 Chosen by the sovran Planter, when he framed
 All things to Man's delightful use. The roof
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
 Fenced up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flower,
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
 Reared high their flourished heads between, and
 wrought

Mosaic ; under foot the violet, 700
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
 Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone
 Of costliest emblem. Other creature here,
 Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none ;
 Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bower
 More sacred and sequestered, though but feigned,
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph

Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
Espoused Eve decked first her nuptial bed, 710
And heavenly choirs the hymenæan sung,
What day the genial Angel to our sire
Brought her, in naked beauty more adorned,
More lovely, than Pandora, whom the gods
Endowed with all their gifts ; and, O ! too like
In sad event, when, to the unwiser son '
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnared
Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arrived, both stood, 720
Both turned, and under open sky adored
The God that made both Sky, Air, Earth, and Heaven,
Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent globe,
And starry Pole :—"Thou also madest the Night,
Maker Omnipotent ; and thou the Day,
Which we, in our appointed work employed,
Have finished, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordained by thee ; and this delicious place,
For us too large, where thy abundance wants 730
Partakers, and uncrept falls to the ground.
But thou hast promised from us two a race
To fill the Earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."

This said unanimous, and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure,
Which God likes best, into their inmost bower
Handed they went ; and, eased the putting-off
These troublesome disguises which we wear, 740
Straight side by side were laid ; nor turned, I ween,
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refused :
Whatever hypocrites austere talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares

Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
 Our Maker bids increase ; who bids abstain
 But our destroyer, foe to God and Man ?
 Hail, wedded Love, mysterious law, true source 750
 Of human offspring, sole propriety
 In Paradise of all things common else !

By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
 Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee,
 Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
 Relations dear, and all the charities
 Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
 Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame,
 Or think thee unbecfitting holiest place,
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets, 760
 Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,
 Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used.
 Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
 Reigns here and revels ; not in the bought smile
 Of harlots—loveless, joyless, unendeared,
 Casual fruition ; nor in court amours,
 Mixed dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
 Or serenate, which the starved lover sings
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770
 These, lulled by nightingales, embracing slept,
 And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
 Showered roses, which the morn repaired. Sleep on,
 Blest pair ! and, O ! yet happiest, if ye seek
 No happier state, and know to know no more !

Now had Night measured with her shadowy cone
 Half-way up-hill this vast sublunar vault,
 And from their ivory port the Cherubim
 Forth issuing, at the accustomed hour, stood armed
 To their night-watches in warlike parade ; 780
 When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake :—

“ Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
 With strictest watch ; these other wheel the north :
 Our circuit meets full west.” As flame they part,
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.

From these, two strong and subtle Spirits he called
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge:—

“ Ithuriel and Zephon, with winged speed
Search through this Garden ; leave unsearched no nook ;
But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge, 790
Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.
This evening from the Sun’s decline arrived
Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?), escaped
The bars of Hell, on errand bad, no doubt :
Such, where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.”

So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon ; these to the bower direct
In search of whom they sought. Him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve, 800
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams ;
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
The animal spirits, that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
At least distempered, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits engendering pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear 810
Touched lightly ; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness. Up he starts,
Discovered and surprised. As, when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
Against a rumoured war, the smutty grain,
With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air ;
So started up, in his own shape, the Fiend.
Back slept those two fair Angels, half amazed 820
So sudden to behold the grisly King ;
Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon :—

“ Which of those rebel Spirits adjudged to Hell
Com’st thou, escaped thy prison ? and, transformed,

Why satt'st thou like an enemy in wait,
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep ?"
 " Know ye not, then," said Satan, filled with scorn,
 " Know ye not me ? Ye knew me once no mate
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar !
 Not to know me argues yourselves unknown, 830
 The lowest of your throng ; or, if ye know,
 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
 Your message, like to end as much in vain ?"

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn :—
 " Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,
 Or undiminished brightness, to be known
 As when thou stood'st in Heaven upright and pure.
 That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
 Departed from thee ; and thou resemblest now
 Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul. 840
 But come ; for thou, be sure, shalt give account
 To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
 This place inviolable, and these from harm."

So spake the Cherub ; and his grave rebuke,
 Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
 Invincible. Abashed the Devil stood,
 And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
 Virtue in her shape how lovely—saw, and pined
 His loss ; but chiefly to find here observed
 His lustre visibly impaired ; yet seemed 850
 Undaunted. " If I must contend," said he,
 " Best with the best—the sender, not the sent ;
 Or all at once : more glory will be won,
 Or less be lost." " Thy fear," said Zephon bold,
 " Will save us trial what the least can do .
 Single against thee wicked, and thence weak."

The Fiend replied not, overcome with rage ;
 But, like a proud steed reined, went haughty on,
 Champing his iron curb. To strive or fly
 He held it vain ; awe from above had quelled 860
 His heart, not else dismayed. Now drew they nigh
 The western point, where those half-rounding guards
 Just met, and, closing, stood in squadron joined,

Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,
Gabriel, from the front thus called aloud :—

“O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade ;
And with them comes a third, of regal port,
But faded splendour wan, who by his gait 870
And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell—
Not likely to part hence without contest.
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.”

He scarce had ended, when those two approached,
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How busied, in what form and posture couched.
To whom, with stern regard, thus Gabriel spake :—
“Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed
To thy transgressions, and disturbed the charge 880
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place ;
Employed, it seems, to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss ?”

To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow :—
“Gabriel, thou hadst in Heaven the esteem of wise ;
And such I held thee ; but this question asked
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain ?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
Though thither doomed ? Thou wouldst thyself, no
doubt, 890

And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight ; which in this place I sought :
To thee no reason, who know'st only good,
But evil hast not tried. And wilt object
His will who bound us ? Let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance. Thus much what was asked :
The rest is true ; they found me where they say ; 900
But that implies not violence or harm.”

Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel moved,
 Disdainfully half smiling, thus replied :—
 “ O loss of one in Heaven to judge of wise,
 Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,
 And now returns him from his prison scaped,
 Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
 Or not who ask what boldness brought him hither
 Unlicensed from his bounds in Hell prescribed !
 So wise he judges it to fly from pain 910
 However, and to scape his punishment !
 So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,
 Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
 Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
 Which taught thee yet no better than no pain
 Can equal anger infinite provoked.
 But wherefore thou alone ? Wherefore with thee
 Came not all Hell broke loose ? Is pain to them
 Less pain, less to be fled ? or thou than they
 Less hardy to endure ? Courageous chief, 920
 The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alleged
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.”

To which the Fient thus answered, frowning stern :—
 “ Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,
 Insulting Angel ! well thou know'st I stood
 Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
 The blasting volleyed thunder made all speed
 And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
 But still thy words at random, as before, 930
 Argue thy inexperience what behoves,
 From hard assays and ill successes past,
 A faithful leader—not to hazard all
 Through ways of danger by himself untried.
 I, therefore, I alone, first undertook
 To wing the desolate Abyss, and spy
 This new-created World, whereof in Hell
 Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
 Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
 To settle here on Earth, or in mid Air ; 940

Though for possession put to try once more
 What thou and thy gay legions dare against ;
 Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
 High up in Heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,
 And practised distances to cringe, not fight."

To whom the Warrior-Angel soon replied :—
 "To say and straight unsay, pretending first
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
 Argues no leader, but a liar traced,
 Satan ; and couldst thou 'faithful' add ? O name,
 O sacred name of faithfulness profaned ! 951
 Faithful to whom ? to thy rebellious crew ?
 Army of fiends, fit body to fit head !
 Was this your discipline and faith engaged,
 Your military obedience, to dissolve
 Allegiance to the acknowledged Power Supreme ?
 And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou
 Once fawned, and cringed, and servilely adored
 Heaven's awful Monarch ? wherefore, but in hope 960
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign ?
 But mark what I aceed thee now : Avaunt !
 Fly thither whence thou didst. If from this hour
 Within these hallowed limits thou appear,
 Back to the Infernal Pit I drag thee chained,
 And seal thee so as henceforth not to scorn
 The facile gates of Hell too slightly barred."

So threatened he ; but Satan to no threats
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage, replied :—

"Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains, 970
 Proud liminary Cherub ! but ere then
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
 From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's King
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
 Used to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
 In progress through the road of Heaven star-paved."

While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright
 Turned fiery red, sharpening in moonèd horns
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round

With ported spears, as thick as when a field 980
 Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
 Her bearded grove of ears which way the wind
 Sways them ; the careful ploughman doubting stands
 Lest on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves
 Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarmed,
 Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
 Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved :
 His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
 Sat Horror plumed ; nor wanted in his grasp
 What seemed both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds
 Might have ensued ; nor only Paradise, 991
 In this commotion, but the starry cope
 Of Heaven perhaps, or all the Elements
 At least, had gone to wrack, disturbed and torn
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon
 The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
 Hung forth in Heaven his golden scales, yet seen
 Betwixt Astræa and the Scorpion sign,
 Wherein all things created first he weighed,
 The pendulous round Earth with balanced air 1000
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
 Battles and realms. In these he put two weights,
 The sequel each of parting and of fight :
 The latter quick up flew, and kicked the beam ;
 Which Gabriel spying thus bespake the Fiend :—
 “ Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine,
 Neither our own, but given ; what folly then
 To boast what arms can do ! since thine no more
 Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now
 To trample thee as mire. For proof look up, 1010
 And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
 Where thou art weighed, and shown how light, how weak
 If thou resist.” The Fiend looked up, and knew
 His mounted scale aloft : nor more ; but fled
 Murmuring ; and with him fled the shades of Night.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream ; he likes it not, yet comforts her : they come forth to their day labours : their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render Man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise : his appearance described ; his coming discerned by Adam afar off, sitting at the door of his bower ; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise, got together by Eve ; their discourse at table. Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy ; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof ; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the North, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel, a seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

NOW Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam waked, so custom'd ; for his sleep
Was aery light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough. So much the more
His wonder was to find unawaken'd Eve,
With tresses discomposed, and glowing check, 10
As through unquiet rest. He, on his side
Leaning half raised, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces ; then, with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whispered thus :—"Awake,
My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,

Heaven's last, best gift, my ever-new delight !
Awake ! the morning shines, and the fresh field 20
Calls us ; we lose the prime to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How Nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."

Such whispering waked her, but with startled eye
On Adam ; whom embracing, thus she spake :—

" O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection ! glad I see
Thy face, and morn returned ; for I this night 30
(Such night till this I never passed) have dreamed,
If dreamed, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design ;
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night. Methought
Close at mine ear one called me forth to walk
With gentle voice ; I thought it thine. It said,
' Why sleep'st thou, Eve ? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake 40
Tunes sweetest his love-laboured song ; now reigns
Full-orbed the moon, and, with more pleasing light,
Shadowy sets off the face of things—in vain,
If none regard. Heaven wakes with all his eyes ;
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire,
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze ?'
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not :
To find thee I directed then my walk ;
And on, methought, alone I passed through ways 50
That brought me on a sudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge. Fair it seemed,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day ;
And, as I wondering looked, beside it stood
One shaped and winged like one of those from Heaven
By us oft seen : his dewy locks distilled
Ambrosia. On that tree he also gazed ;

And, 'O fair plant,' said he, 'with fruit surcharged,
Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,
Nor God nor Man? Is knowledge so despised? 60
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offered good, why else set here?'
This said, he paused not, but with venturous arm
He plucked, he tasted. Me damp horror chilled
At such bold words vouched with a deed so bold;
But he thus, overjoyed: 'O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt,
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
For gods, yet able to make gods of men! 70
And why not gods of men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impaired, but honoured more?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve!
Partake thou also: happy though thou art,
Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be.
Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods
Thyself a goddess; not to Earth confined,
But sometimes in the Air, as we; sometimes
Ascend to Heaven, by merit thine, and see 80
What life the gods live there, and such live thou.'
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
Which he had plucked: the pleasant savoury smell
So quickened appetite that I, methought,
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The Earth outstretched immense, a prospect wide
And various. Wondering at my flight and change
To this high exaltation, suddenly 90
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
And fell asleep; but, O, how glad I waked
To find this but a dream!" Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam answered sad:—
"Best image of myself, and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep

Affects me equally ; nor can I like
 This uncouth dream,—of evil sprung, I fear ;
 Yet evil whence ? In thee can harbour none,
 Created pure. But know that in the soul 100
 Are many lesser faculties, that serve
 Reason as chief. Among these Fancy next
 Her office holds ; of all external things,
 Which the five watchful senses represent,
 She forms imaginations. aery shapes,
 Which Reason, joining or disjoining, frames
 All what we affirm or what deny. and call
 Our knowledge or opinion ; then retires
 Into her private cell when Nature rests.
 Oft, in her absence, mimic Fancy wakes 110
 To imitate her ; but, misjoining shapes,
 Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
 Some such resemblances, methinks, I find
 Of our last evening's talk in this thy dream,
 But with addition strange. Yet be not sad :
 Evil into the mind of God or Man
 May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
 No spot or blame behind ; which gives me hope
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream 120
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
 Be not disheartened, then, nor cloud those looks,
 That wont to be more cheerful and serene
 Than when fair Morning first smiles on the world ;
 And let us to our fresh employments rise
 Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers,
 That open now their choicest bosomed smells,
 Reserved from night, and kept for thee in store.”
 So cheered he his fair spouse ; and she was cheered,
 But silently a gentle tear let fall 130
 From either eye, and wiped them with her hair :
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,
 Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fell,
 Kissed as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
 And pious awe, that feared to have offended.

So all was cleared, and to the field they haste.
But first, from under shady arborous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the Sun—who, scarce uprisen,
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean-brim, 140
Shot parallel to the Earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landskip all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains—
Lowly they bowed, adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style ; for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced, or sung
Unmeditated ; such prompt eloquence
Flowed from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
More tuneable than needed lute or harp 151
To add more sweetness : And they thus began :—
“ These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty ! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair : Thyself how wondrous then !
Unspeaking ! who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye Sons of Light, 160
Angels—for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing—ye in Heaven ;
On Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of Stars, last in the train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the Dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime. 170
Thou Sun, of this great World both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fliest,
 With the fixed Stars, fixed in their orb that flies ;
 And ye five other wandering Fires, that move
 In mystic dance, not without song, resound
 His praise who out of Darkness called up Light.
 Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth 180
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye Mists and Exhalations, that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the World's great Author rise ;
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers, 190
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
 With every Plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices, all ye living Souls. Ye Birds,
 That, singing, up to Heaven-gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk 200
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail, universal Lord ! Be bounteous still
 To give us only good ; and, if the night
 Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

So prayed they innocent, and to their thoughts
 Firm peace recovered soon, and wonted calm. 210
 On to their morning's rural work they haste,
 Among sweet dews and flowers, where any row
 Of fruit-trees, over-woody, reached too far

Their pampered boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces : or they led the vine
To wed her elm ; she, spoused, about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employed beheld
With pity Heaven's high King, and to him called 220
Raphael, the sociable Spirit, that deigned
To travel with Tobias, and secured

His marriage with the seven-times-wedded maid.

"Raphael," said he, "thou hear'st what stir on Earth
Satan, from Hell scaped through the darksome Gulf,
Hath raised in Paradise, and how disturbed
This night the human pair ; how he designs
In them at once to ruin all mankind.

Go, therefore ; half this day, as friend with friend,
Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade 230
Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retired
To respite his day-labour with repast

Or with repose ; and such discourse bring on
As may advise him of his happy state—
Happiness in his power left free to will,
Left to his own free will, his will though free
Yet mutable. Whence warn him to beware
He swerve not, too secure : tell him withal
His danger, and from whom ; what enemy,
Late fallen himself from Heaven, is plotting now 240
The fall of others from like state of bliss.

By violence ? no, for that shall be withstood ;
But by deceit and lies. This let him know,
Lest, wilfully transgressing, he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonished, unforewarned."

So spake the Eternal Father, and fulfilled
All justice. Nor delayed the wingèd Saint
After his charge received ; but from among
Thousand celestial Ardours, where he stood
Veiled with his gorgeous wings, upspringing light, 250
Flew through the midst of Heaven. The angelic quires,
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way

Through all the empyreal road, till, at the gate
 Of Heaven arrived, the gate self-opened wide,
 On golden hinges turning, as by work
 Divine the sovran Architect had framed.
 From hence—no cloud or, to obstruct his sight,
 Star interposed, however small—he sees,
 Not unconform to other shining globes,
 Earth, and the Garden of God, with cedars crowned 260
 Above all hills ; as when by night the glass
 Of Galileo, less assured, observes
 Imagined lands and regions in the Moon ;
 Or pilot from amidst the Cyclades
 Delos or Samos first appearing kens,
 A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
 Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing
 Now on the polar winds ; then with quick fan
 Winnows the buxom air, till, within soar 270
 Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems
 A phoenix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,
 When, to enshrine his relics in the Sun's
 Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
 At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns,
 A Seraph winged. Six wings he wore, to shade
 His lineaments divine : the pair that clad
 Each shoulder broad came mantling o'er his breast
 With regal ornament ; the middle pair 280
 Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
 And colours dipt in heaven ; the third his feet
 Shadowed from either heel with feathered mail,
 Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
 And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance filled
 The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands
 Of Angels under watch, and to his state
 And to his message high in honour rise ;
 For on some message high they guessed him
 bound. 290

Their glittering tents he passed, and now is come
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh.
And flowering odours, cassia, nard, and balm,
A wilderness of sweets ; for Nature here
Wantoned as in her prime, and played at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.
Him, through the spicy forest onward come,
Adam discerned, as in the door he sat
Of his cool bower, while now the mounted Sun 300
Shot down direct his fervid rays, to warm
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs ;
And Eve, within, due at her hour, prepared
For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,
Berry or grape : to whom thus Adam called :—

“ Haste hither, Eve, and, worth thy sight, behold
Eastward among those trees what glorious Shape
Comes this way moving ; seems another morn 310
Risen on mid-noon. Some great behest from Heaven
To us perhaps he brings, and will voutsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And what thy stores contain bring forth, and pour
Abundance fit to honour and receive
Our heavenly stranger ; well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestowed, where Nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and by disburdening grows
More fruitful ; which instructs us not to spare.” 320

To whom thus Eve:—“Adam, Earth's hallowed
mould,
Of God inspired, small store will serve where store,
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk ;
Save what, by frugal storing, firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes.
But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice.
To entertain our Angel-guest as he,

Beholding, shall confess that here on Earth
God hath dispensed his bounties as in Heaven." 330

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order so contrived as not to mix
Tastes, not well joined, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindest change :
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India East or West, or middle shore
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where 340
Alcinöus reigned, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rined, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand. For drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels pressed
She tempers dulcet creams—nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure ; then strews the ground
With rose and odours from the shrub unfumed.

Meanwhile our primitive great Sire, to meet 350
His godlike guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections ; in himself was all his state,
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long
Of horses led and grooms besmeared with gold
Dazzles the crowd and sets them all agape.
Nearer his presence, Adam, though not awed,
Yet with submissive approach and reverence meek,
As to a superior nature, bowing low, 360
Thus said :—" Native of Heaven (for other place
None can than Heaven such glorious Shape contain),
Since, by descending from the Thrones above,
Those happy places thou hast deigned a while
To want, and honour these, voutsafe with us,
Two only, who yet by sovran gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower

To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears
 To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
 Be over, and the sun more cool decline.” 370

Whom thus the angelic Virtue answered mild :—
 “Adam, I therefore came ; nor art thou such
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
 As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heaven,
 To visit thee. Lead on, then, where thy bower
 O’ershades ; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,
 I have at will.” So to the sylvan lodge
 They came, that like Pomona’s arbour smiled,
 With flowerets decked and fragrant smells. But Eve,
 Undecked, save with herself, more lovely fair 380
 Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feigned
 Of three that in Mount Ida naked strove,
 Stood to entertain her guest from Heaven ; no veil
 She needed, virtue-proof ; no thought infirm
 Altered her cheek. On whom the Angel “Hail !”
 Bestowed—the holy salutation used
 Long after to blest Mary, second Eve :—

“Hail ! Mother of mankind, whose fruitful womb
 Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons
 Than with these various fruits the trees of God 390
 Have heaped this table !” Raised of grassy turf
 Their table was, and mossy seats had round,
 And on her ample square, from side to side,
 All Autumn piled, though Spring and Autumn here
 Danced hand-in-hand. A while discourse they hold—
 No fear lest dinner cool—when thus began
 Our Author :—“Heavenly Stranger, please to taste
 These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom
 All perfect good, unmeasured-out, descends,
 To us for food and for delight hath caused 400
 The Earth to yield : unsavoury food, perhaps,
 To Spiritual Natures ; only this I know,
 That one Celestial Father gives to all.”

To whom the Angel :—“Therefore, what he gives
 (Whose praise be ever sung) to Man, in part
 Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found

No ingrateful food : and food alike those pure
 Intelligential substances require
 As doth your Rational ; and both contain
 Within them every lower faculty 410
 Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
 Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
 And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
 For know, whatever was created needs
 To be sustained and fed. Of Elements
 The grosser feeds the purer : Earth the Sea ;
 Earth and the Sea feed Air ; the Air those Fires
 Ethereal, and, as lowest, first the Moon ;
 Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurged
 Vapours not yet into her substance turned. 420
 Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale
 From her moist continent to higher Orbs.
 The Sun, that light imparts to all, receives
 From all his alimental recompense
 In humid exhalations, and at even
 Sups with the Ocean. Though in Heaven the trees
 Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
 Yield nectar—though from off the boughs each morn
 We brush mellifluous dews and find the ground
 Covered with pearly grain—yet God hath here 430
 Varied his bounty so with new delights
 As may compare with Heaven ; and to taste
 Think not I shall be nice.” So down they sat,
 And to their viands fell ; nor seemingly
 The Angel, nor in mist—the common gloss
 Of theologians—but with keen dispatch
 Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
 To transubstantiate : what redounds transpires
 Through Spirits with ease ; nor wonder, if by fire
 Of sooty coal the empiric alchemist 440
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
 Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,
 As from the mine. Meanwhile at table Eve
 Ministered naked, and their flowing cups
 With pleasant liquors crowned. O innocence

Deserving Paradise! If ever, then,
Then had the Sons of God excuse to have been
Enamoured at that sight. But in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reigned, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injured lover's hell. 450

Thus when with meats and drinks they had sufficed,
Not burdened nature, sudden mind arose
In Adam not to let the occasion pass,
Given him by this great conference, to know
Of things above his world, and of their being
Who dwell in Heaven, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms,
Divine effulgence, whose high power so far
Exceeded human; and his wary speech
Thus to the empyreal minister he framed:— 460

“Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to Man;
Under whose lowly roof thou hast voutsafed
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At Heaven's high feasts to have fed: yet what com-

To whom the wingèd Hierarch replied:— [pare!”

“O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return, 470
If not depraved from good, created all
Such to perfection; one first matter all,
Endued with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and, in things that live, of life;
But more refined, more spiritous and pure,
As nearer to him placed or nearer tending
Each in their several active spheres assigned,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportioned to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More aery, last the bright consummate flower 481
Spirits odorous breathes: flowers and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,

To intellectual ; give both life and sense,
 Fancy and understanding ; whence the Soul
 Reason receives, and Reason is her being,
 Discursive, or Intuitive : Discourse
 Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,
 Differing but in degree, of kind the same. 490
 Wonder not, then, what God for you saw good
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
 To proper substance. Time may come when Men
 With Angels may participate, and find
 No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare ;
 And from these corporal nutriments, perhaps,
 Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
 Improved by tract of time, and wing'd ascend
 Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
 Here or in heavenly paradises dwell, 500
 If ye be found obedient, and retain
 Unalterably firm his love entire
 Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy
 Your fill, what happiness this happy state
 Can comprehend, incapable of more."

To whom the Patriarch of Mankind replied :—
 "O favourable Spirit, propitious guest,
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
 Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set
 From centre to circumference, whereon, 510
 In contemplation of created things,
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
 What meant that caution joined, *If ye be found*
Obedient ? Can we want obedience, then,
 To him, or possibly his love desert,
 Who formed us from the dust, and placed us here
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
 Human desires can seek or apprehend ?"

To whom the Angel :—"Son of Heaven and Earth,
 Attend ! That thou art happy, owe to God ; 520
 That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
 That is, to thy obedience ; therein stand.
 This was that caution given thee ; be advised.

God made thee perfect, not immutable ;
And good he made thee ; but to persevere
He left it in thy power—ordained thy will
By nature free, not over-ruled by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity.
Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated. Such with him 530
Finds no acceptance, nor can find ; for how
Can hearts not free be tried whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose ?
Myself, and all the Angelic Host, that stand
In sight of God enthroned, our happy state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds.
On other surety none : freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not ; in this we stand or fall. 540
And some are fallen, to disobedience fallen,
And so from Heaven to deepest Hell. O fall
From what high state of bliss into what woe ! ”

To whom our great Progenitor :—“ Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
Divine instructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring hills
Aërial music send. Nor knew I not
To be, both will and deed, created free.
Yet that we never shall forget to love 550
Our Maker, and obey him whose command
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assured me, and still assure ; though what thou tell’st
Hath passed in Heaven some doubt within me move,
But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
The full relation, which must needs be strange,
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard.
And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun
Hath finished half his journey, and scarce begins
His other half in the great zone of heaven.” 560

Thus Adam made request ; and Raphael,
After short pause assenting, thus began :—

"High matter thou enjoin'st me, O prime of Men—
 Sad task and hard ; for how shall I relate
 To human sense the invisible exploits
 Of warring Spirits? how, without remorse,
 The ruin of so many, glorious once
 And perfect while they stood? how, last, unfold
 The secrets of another world, perhaps
 Not lawful to reveal? Yet for thy good 570
 This is dispensed ; and what surmounts the reach
 Of human sense I shall delineate so,
 By likening spiritual to corporal forms,
 As may express them best—though what if Earth
 Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein
 Each to other like more than on Earth is thought !

"As yet this World was not, and Chaos wild [rests
 Reign'd where these heavens now roll, where Earth now
 Upon her centre poised, when on a day
 (For Time, though in Eternity, applied 580
 To motion, measures all things durable
 By present, past, and future), on such day
 As Heaven's great year brings forth, the empyreal host
 Of Angels, by imperial summons called,
 Innumerable before the Almighty's throne
 Forthwith from all the ends of Heaven appeared
 Under their hierarchs in orders bright.
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced,
 Standards and gonfalons, 'twixt van and rear
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve 590
 Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees ;
 Or in their glittering tissues bear emblaz'd
 Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
 Orb within orb, the Father Infinite,
 By whom in bliss embosomed sat the Son,
 Amidst, as from a flaming mount, whose top
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake :—

"Hear, all ye Angels. Progeny of Light, 600
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,

Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall stand !
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand. Your head I him appoint,
And by myself have sworn to him shall bow
All knees in Heaven, and shall confess him Lord.
Under his great vicegerent reign abide,
United as one individual soul, 610
For ever happy. Him who disobeys
Me disobeys, breaks union, and, that day,
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
Into utter darkness, deep engulfed, his place
Ordained without redemption, without end.'

" So spake the Omnipotent, and with his words
All seemed well pleased ; all seemed, but were not all.
That day, as other solemn days, they spent
In song and dance about the sacred hill—
Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere 620
Of planets and of fixed in all her wheels
Resembles nearest ; mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
Then most when most irregular they seem ;
And in their motions harmony divine
So smooths her charming tones that God's own ear
Listens delighted. Evening now approached
(For we have also our evening and our morn—
We ours for change delectable, not need),
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn 630
Desirous : all in circles as they stood,
Tables are set, and on a sudden piled
With Angels' food ; and rubied nectar flows
In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven.
On flowers reposed, and with fresh flowerets crowned,
They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy, secure
Of surfeit where full measure only bounds
Excess, before the all-bounteous King, who showered

With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy. 641
 Now when ambrosial Night, with clouds exhaled
 From that high mount of God whence light and shade
 Spring both, the face of brightest Heaven had changed
 To grateful twilight (for Night comes not there
 In darker veil), and roseate dews disposed
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,
 Wide over all the plain, and wider far
 Than all this globous Earth in plain outspread
 (Such are the courts of God), the Angelic throng, 650
 Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend
 By living streams among the trees of life—
 Pavilions numberless and sudden reared,
 Celestial tabernacles, where they slept,
 Fanned with cool winds; save those who, in their course,
 Melodious hymns about the sovran throne
 Alternate all night long. But not so waked
 Satan—so call him now; his former name
 Is heard no more in Heaven. He, of the first,
 If not the first Archangel, great in power, 660
 In favour, and pre-eminence, yet fraught
 With envy against the Son of God, that day
 Honoured by his great Father, and proclaimed
 Messiah, King Anointed, could not bear,
 Through pride, that sight, and thought himself impaired.
 Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,
 Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolved
 With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
 Unworshiped, unobeyed, the Throne supreme, 670
 Contemptuous, and, his next subordinate
 Awakening, thus to him in secret spake:—

“Sleep'st thou, companion dear? what sleep can
 Thy eyelids? and rememberest what decrec, [close
 Of yesterday, so late hath passed the lips
 Of Heaven's Almighty? Thou to me thy thoughts
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont, to impart;
 Both waking we were one; how, then, can now
 Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest imposed;

New laws from him who reigns new minds may raise
In us who serve—new counsels, to debate 681
What doubtful may ensue. More in this place
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
Of all those myriads which we lead the chief ;
Tell them that, by command, ere yet dim Night
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we possess
The quarters of the North, there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King, 690
The great Messiah, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the Hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.'

"So spake the false Archangel, and infused
Bad influence into the unwary breast
Of his associate. He together calls,
Or several one by one, the regent Powers,
Under him regent ; tells, as he was taught,
That, the Most High commanding, now ere Night,
Now ere dim Night had disencumbered Heaven, 700
The great hierarchal standard was to move ;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integrity. But all obeyed
The wonted signal, and superior voice
Of their great Potentate ; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heaven :
His countenance, as the morning-star that guides
The starry flock, allured them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's host. 710
Meanwhile, the Eternal Eye, whose sight discerns
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before him, saw without their light
Rebellion rising—saw in whom, how spread
Among the Sons of Morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high decree ;
And, smiling, to his only Son thus said :—

“ ‘ Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
 In full resplendence, Heir of all my might, 720
 Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
 Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
 We mean to hold what anciently we claim
 Of deity or empire : such a foe
 Is rising, who intends to erect his throne
 Equal to ours, throughout the spacious North ;
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
 In battle what our power is or our right.
 Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
 With speed what force is left, and all employ 730
 In our defence, lest unawares we lose
 This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.’

“ To whom the Son, with calm aspect and clear
 Lightening divine, ineffable, serene,
 Made answer :—‘ Mighty Father, thou thy foes
 Justly hast in derision, and secure
 Laugh’st at their vain designs and tumults vain—
 Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
 Illustrates, when they see all regal power
 Given me to quell their pride, and in event 740
 Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
 Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heaven.’

“ So spake the Son ; but Satan with his Powers
 Far was advanced on winged speed, an host
 Innumerable as the stars of night,
 Or stars of morning, dew-drops which the sun
 Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
 Regions they passed, the mighty regencies
 Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
 In their triple degrees—regions to which 750
 All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
 Than what this garden is to all the earth
 And all the sea, from one entire globose
 Stretched into longitude ; which having passed,
 At length into the limits of the North
 They came, and Satan to his royal seat
 High on a hill, far-blazing, as a mount

Raised on a mount, with pyramids and towers
From diamond quarries hewn and rocks of gold—
The palace of great Lucifer (so call 760
That structure, in the dialect of men
Interpreted) which, not long after, he,
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Messiah was declared in sight of Heaven,
The Mountain of the Congregation called ;
For thither he assembled all his train,
Pretending so commanded to consult
About the great reception of their King
Thither to come, and with calumnious art 770
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears:—
“Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,
If these magnific titles yet remain [Powers—
Not merely titular, since by decree
Another now hath to himself engrossed
All power, and us eclipsed under the name
Of King Anointed ; for whom all this haste
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This only to consult, how we may best,
With what may be devised of honours new, 780
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile !
Too much to one ! but double how endured—
To one and to his image now proclaimed ?
But what if better counsels might erect
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke !
Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend
The supple knee ? Ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves
Natives and Sons of Heaven possessed before 790
By none, and, if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free ; for orders and degrees
Far not with liberty, but well consist.
Who can in reason, then, or right, assume
Monarchy over such as live by right
His equals—if in power and splendour less,

In freedom equal ? or can introduce
 Law and edict on us, who without law
 Err not ? much less for this to be our Lord,
 And look for adoration, to the abuse
 Of those imperial titles which assert
 Our being ordained to govern, not to serve !' 800

" Thus far his bold discourse without control
 Had audience, when, among the Seraphim,
 Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal adored
 The Deity, and divine commands obeyed,
 Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe
 The current of his fury thus opposed :—

" " O argument blasphemous, false, and proud—
 Words which no ear ever to hear in Heaven 810
 Expected ; least of all from thee, ingrate,
 In place thyself so high above thy peers !
 Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
 The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn,
 That to his only Son, by right endued
 With regal sceptre, every soul in Heaven
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
 Confess him rightful King ? Unjust, thou say'st,
 Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
 And equal over equals to let reign, 820
 One over all with unsucceeded power !
 Shalt thou give law to God ? shalt thou dispute
 With Him the points of liberty, who made
 Thee what thou art, and formed the Powers of Heaven
 Such as he pleased, and circumscribed their being ?
 Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,
 And of our good and of our dignity
 How provident, he is—how far from thought
 To make us less ; bent rather to exalt
 Our happy state, under one head more near 830
 United. But—to grant it thee unjust
 That equal over equals monarch reign—
 Thyself, though great and glorious, dost thou count,
 Or all angelic nature joined in one,
 Equal to him, begotten Son, by whom,

As by his Word, the mighty Father made
 All things, even thee, and all the Spirits of Heaven
 By him created in their bright degrees,
 Crowned them with glory, and to their glory named
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers?—
 Essential Powers; nor by his reign obscured, 841
 But more illustrious made; since he, the head,
 One of our number thus reduced becomes;
 His laws our laws; all honour to him done
 Returns our own. Cease, then, this impious rage,
 And tempt not these; but hasten to appease
 The incensèd Father and the incensèd Son
 While pardon may be found, in time besought.'

"So spake the fervent Angel; but his zeal
 None seconded, as out of season judged, 850
 Or singular and rash. Whereat rejoiced
 The Apostate, and, more haughty, thus replied:—

"That we were formed, then, say'st thou? and the
 Of secondary hands, by task transferred [work
 From Father to his Son? Strange point and new!
 Doctrine which we would know whence learned! Who
 When this creation was? Remember'st thou [saw
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
 We know no time when we were not as now;
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-raised 860
 By our own quickening power when fatal course
 Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
 Of this our native Heaven, Ethereal Sons.
 Our puissance is our own; our own right hand
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
 Who is our equal. Then thou shalt behold
 Whether by supplication we intend
 Address, and to begirt the Almighty Throne
 Besecching or besieging. This report,
 These tidings, carry to the Anointed King; 870
 And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.'

"He said; and, as the sound of waters deep,
 Hoarse murmur echoed to his words applause
 Through the infinite host. Nor less for that

The flaming Seraph, fearless, though alone,
 Encompassed round with foes, thus answered bold : —
 “ ‘ O alienate from God, O Spirit accursed,
 Forsaken of all good ! I see thy fall
 Determined, and thy hapless crew involved
 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread 880
 Both of thy crime and punishment. Henceforth
 No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
 Of God’s Messiah. Those indulgent laws
 Will not be now voutsafed ; other decrees
 Against thee are gone forth without recall ;
 That golden sceptre which thou didst reject
 Is now an iron rod to bruise and break
 Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise ;
 Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
 These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath 890
 Impendent, raging into sudden flame,
 Distinguish not : for soon expect to feel
 His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
 Then who created thee lamenting learn
 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.’
 “ So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found :
 Among the faithless faithful only he ;
 Among innumerable false unmoved,
 Unshaken, unseduced, untterrified,
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ; 900
 Nor number nor example with him wrought
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
 Though single. From amidst them forth he passed,
 Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustained
 Superior, nor of violence feared aught ;
 And with retorted scorn his back he turned
 On those proud towers, to swift destruction doomed.”

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his Angels. The first fight described : Satan and his Powers retire under night. He calls a council ; invents devilish engines, which, in the second day's fight, put Michael and his Angels to some disorder ; but they at length, pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan. Yet, the tumult not so ending, God, on the third day, sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory. He, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of Heaven ; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the Deep. Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

“ALL night the dreadless Angel, unpursued,
Through Heaven's wide champaign held his
way, till Morn,
Waked by the circling Hours, with rosy hand
Unbarred the gates of Light. There is a cave
Within the Mount of God, fast by his throne,
Where Light and Darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns—which makes through
Heaven
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious Darkness enters, till her hour 10
To veil the heaven, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here. And now went forth the Morn
Such as in highest heaven, arrayed in gold
Empyrean ; from before her vanished Night,
Shot through with orient beams ; when all the plain
Covered with thick embattled squadrons bright,

Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.
War he perceived, war in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought 20
To have reported. Gladly then he mixed
Among those friendly Powers, who him received
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of so many myriads fallen yet one,
Returned not lost. On to the sacred hill
They led him, high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme ; from whence a voice,
From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard :—
“ ‘ Servant of God, well done ! Well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintained 30
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms,
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence ; for this was all thy care—
To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds
Judged thee perverse. The easier conquest now
Remains thee—aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than scorned thou didst depart ; and to subdue 40
By force who reason for their law refuse—
Right reason for their law, and for their King
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince,
And thou, in military prowess next,
Gabriel ; lead forth to battle these my sons
Invincible ; lead forth my armed Saints,
By thousands and by millions ranged for fight,
Equal in number to that godless crew
Rebellious. Them with fire and hostile arms 50
Fearless assault ; and, to the brow of Heaven
Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss
Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery chaos to receive their fall.’ ”

" So spake the Sovran Voice ; and clouds began
 To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
 In dusky wreaths reluctant flames, the sign
 Of wrath awaked ; nor with less dread the loud
 Ethereal trumpet from on high gan blow. 60
 At which command the Powers Militant
 That stood for Heaven, in mighty quadrate joined
 Of union irresistible, moved on
 In silence their bright legions to the sound
 Of instrumental harmony, that breathed
 Heroic ardour to adventurous deeds
 Under their godlike leaders, in the cause
 Of God and his Messiah. On they move,
 Indissolubly firm ; nor obvious hill,
 Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream, divides 70
 Their perfect ranks ; for high above the ground
 Their march was, and the passive air upbore
 Their nimble tread. As when the total kind
 Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
 Came summoned over Eden to receive
 Their names of thee ; so over many a tract
 Of Heaven they marched, and many a province wide,
 Tenfold the length of this terrene. At last,
 Far in the horizon, to the north, appeared
 From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretched 80
 In battailous aspect ; and, nearer view,
 Bristled with upright beams innumerable
 Of rigid spears, and helmets thronged, and shields
 Various, with boastful argument portrayed,
 The banded Powers of Satan hasting on
 With furious expedition : for they weened
 That self-same day, by fight or by surprise,
 To win the Mount of God, and on his throne
 To set the envier of his state, the proud
 Aspirer. But their thoughts proved fond and vain 90
 In the mid-way ; though strange to us it seemed
 At first that Angel should with Angel war,
 And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
 So oft in festivals of joy and love

Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,
 Hymning the Eternal Father. But the shout
 Of battle now began, and rushing sound
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
 High in the midst, exalted as a God,
 The Apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat, 100
 Idol of majesty divine, enclosed
 With flaming Cherubim and golden shields;
 Then lighted from his gorgeous throne—for now
 'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
 A dreadful interval, and front to front
 Presented stood, in terrible array
 Of hideous length. Before the cloudy van,
 On the rough edge of battle ere it joined,
 Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced,
 Came towering, armed in adamant and gold. 110
 Abdiel that sight endured not, where he stood
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores:—
 “O Heaven! that such resemblance of the Highest
 Should yet remain, where faith and realty
 Remain not! Wherefore should not strength and might
 There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
 Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?
 His puissance, trusting in the Almighty's aid,
 I mean to try, whose reason I have tried 120
 Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just
 That he who in debate of truth hath won
 Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
 Victor. Though brutish that contest and foul,
 When reason hath to deal with force, yet, so
 Most reason is that reason overcome.”
 “So pondering, and from his armed peers
 Forth-stepping opposite, half-way he met
 His daring foe, at this prevention more
 Incensed, and thus securely him defied:— 130
 “Proud, art thou met? Thy hope was to have reached
 The highth of thy aspiring unopposed—
 The throne of God unguarded, and his side

Abandoned at the terror of thy power
Or potent tongue. Fool ! not to think how vain
Against the Omnipotent to rise in arms ;
Who, out of smallest things, could without end
Have raised incessant armies to defeat
Thy folly ; or with solitary hand,
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow, 140
Unaided could have finished thee, and whelmed
Thy legions under darkness ! But thou seest
All are not of thy train ; there be who faith
Prefer, and pity to God, though then
To thee not visible when I alone
Seemed in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all : my Sect thou seest ; now learn too late
How few sometimes may know when thousands err.
“ Whom the grand Foe, with scornful eye askance,
Thus answered :—‘ Ill for thee, but in wished hour 150
Of my revenge, first sought for, thou return’st
From flight, seditious Angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provoked, since first that tongue,
Inspired with contradiction, durst oppose
A third part of the Gods, in synod met
Their deities to assert : who, while they feel
Vigour divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com’st
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160
From me some plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest. This pause between
(Unanswered lest thou boast) to let thee know —
At first I thought that Liberty and Heaven
To heavenly souls had been all one ; but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Ministering Spirits, trained up in feast and song :
Such hast thou armed, the minstrelsy of heaven—
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compared this day shall prove.’ 170
“ To whom, in brief, thus Abdiel stern replied :—
‘ Apostate ! still thou err’st, nor end wilt find

Of erring, from the path of truth remote.
 Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
 Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,
 Or Nature : God and Nature bid the same,
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude—
 To serve the unwise, or him who hath rebelled
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, 180
 Thyself not free, but to thyself enthralled ;
 Yet lewdly dar'st our ministering upbraid.
 Reign thou in Hell, thy kingdom ; let me serve
 In Heaven God ever blest, and his divine
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obeyed.
 Yet chains in Hell, not realms, expect : meanwhile,
 From me returned, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive.
 " So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell 190
 On the proud crest of Satan that no sight,
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,
 Such ruin intercept. Ten paces huge
 He back recoiled ; the tenth on bended knee
 His massy spear upstayed : as if, on earth,
 Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
 Sidelong had pushed a mountain from his seat,
 Half-sunk with all his pines. Amazement seized
 The rebel Thrones, but greater rage, to see
 Thus foiled their mightiest ; ours joy filled, and shout,
 Presage of victory, and fierce desire 201
 Of battle : whercat Michaël bid sound
 The Archangel trumpet. Through the vast of Heaven
 It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
 Hosannah to the Highest ; nor stood at gaze
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous joined
 The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
 And clamour such as heard in Heaven till now
 Has never ; arms on armour clashing brayed
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels 210
 Of brazen chariots raged ; dire was the noise

Of conflict ; overhead the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And, flying, vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rushed
Both battles main with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage. All Heaven
Resounded ; and, had Earth been then, all Earth
Had to her centre shook. What wonder, when
Millions of fierce encountering Angels fought 220
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions ? How much more of power
Army against army numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, their happy native seat ;
Had not the Eternal King Omnipotent
From his strong hold of Heaven high overruled
And limited their might, though numbered such
As each divided legion might have seemed 230
A numerous host, in strength each armed hand
A legion ! Led in fight, yet leader seemed
Each warrior single as in chief ; expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim war. No thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear ; each on himself relied
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame 240
Were done, but infinite ; for wide was spread
That war, and various : sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight ; then, soaring on main wing,
Tormented all the air ; all air seemed then
Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale
The battle hung ; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confused, at length
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and felled 250

Squadrons at once : with huge two-handed sway
 Brandished aloft, the horrid edge came down
 Wide-wasting. Such destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
 A vast circumference. At his approach
 The great Archangel from his warlike toil
 Surceased, and, glad, as hoping here to end
 Intestine war in Heaven, the Arch-foe subdued,
 Or captive dragged in chains, with hostile frown 260
 And visage all inflamed, first thus began :—

“ ‘Author of Evil, unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnamed in Heaven, now plenteous as thou seest
 These acts of hateful strife—hateful to all,
 Though heaviest, by just measure, on thyself
 And thy adherents—how hast thou disturbed
 Heaven’s blessed peace, and into Nature brought
 Misery, uncreated till the crime
 Of thy rebellion ! how hast thou instilled
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270
 And faithful, now proved false ! But think not here
 To trouble holy rest ; Heaven casts thee out
 From all her confines ; Heaven, the seat of bliss,
 Brooks not the works of violence and war.
 Hence, then, and Evil go with thee along,
 Thy offspring, to the place of Evil, Hell—
 Thou and thy wicked crew ! there mingle broils !
 Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
 Or some more sudden vengeance, winged from God,
 Precipitate thee with augmented pain.’ 280

“ So spake the Prince of Angels ; to whom thus
 The Adversary :—‘ Nor think thou with wind
 Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds
 Thou canst not. Hast thou turned the least of these
 To flight—or, if to fall, but that they rise
 Unvanquished—easier to transact with me
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
 To chase me hence ? Err not that so shall end
 The strife which thou call’st evil, but we style

The strife of glory ; which we mean to win, 290
Or turn this Heaven itself into the Hell
Thou fablest ; here, however, to dwell free,
If not to reign. Meanwhile, thy utmost force—
And join him named Almighty to thy aid—
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh.’
“ They ended parle, and both addressed for fight
Unspeakable ; for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Likened on Earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such highth 300
Of godlike power ? for likest gods they seemed,
Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.
Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles ; two broad suns their shields
Blazed opposite, while Expectation stood
In horror ; from each hand with speed retired,
Where erst was thickest fight, the Angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion : such as (to set forth 310
Great things by small) if, Nature’s concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
Together both, with next to almighty arm
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aimed
That might determine, and not need repeat
As not of power, at once ; nor odds appeared
In might or swift prevention. But the sword 320
Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was given him tempered so that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge : it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer ; nor stayed,
But, with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, shared
All his right side. Then Satan first knew pain,
And writhed him to and fro convolved ; so sore

The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Passed through him. But the ethereal substance closed,
Not long divisible ; and from the gash 331
A stream of nectarous humour issuing flowed
Sanguine, such as celestial Spirits may bleed,
And all his armour stained, erewhile so bright,
Forthwith, on all sides, to his aid was run
By Angels many and strong, who interposed
Defence, while others bore him on their shields
Back to his chariot where it stood retired
From off the files of war : there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame 340
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet soon he healed ; for Spirits, that live throughout
Vital in every part—not, as frail Man,
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins—
Cannot but by annihilating die ;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air :
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear, 350
All intellect, all sense ; and as they please
They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

“ Meanwhile, in other parts, like deeds deserved
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierced the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king, who him defied,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threatened, nor from the Holy One of Heaven
Refrained his tongue blasphemous, but anon, 360
Down cloven to the waist, with shattered arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and Raphaël his vaunting foe,
Though huge and in a rock of diamond armed,
Vanquished—Adramelech and Asmadai,
Two potent Thrones, that to be less than Gods
Disdained, but meaner thoughts learned in their flight,

Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and mail.
 Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
 The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow 370
 Ariel, and Arioch, and the violence
 Of Ramiel, scorched and blasted, overthrew.
 I might relate of thousands, and their names
 Eternize here on Earth ; but those elect
 Angels, contented with their fame in Heaven,
 Seek not the praise of men : the other sort,
 In might though wondrous and in acts of war,
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
 Cancelled from Heaven and sacred memory,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell ! 380
 For strength from truth divided, and from just,
 Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
 And ignominy, yet to glory aspires,
 Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame :
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom !

“ And now, their mightiest quelled, the battle
 With many an inroad gored ; deformed rout [swerved,
 Entered, and foul disorder ; all the ground
 With shivered armour strown, and on a heap
 * Chariot and charioteer lay overturned, 390
 And fiery foaming steeds ; what stood recoiled,
 O’er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host,
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surprised—
 Then first with fear surprised and sense of pain—
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour
 Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
 Far otherwise the inviolable Saints
 In cubic phalanx firm advanced entire,
 Invulnerable, impenetrably armed ; 400
 Such high advantages their innocence
 Gave them above their foes—not to have sinned,
 Not to have disobeyed ; in fight they stood
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pained
 By wound, though from their place by violence moved.

“ Now Night her course began, and, over Heaven

Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,
 And silence on the odious din of war.
 Under her cloudy covert both retired,
 Victor and vanquished. On the foughten field 410
 Michaël and his Angels, prevalent
 Encamping, placed in guard their watches round,
 Cherubic waving fires : on the other part,
 Satan with his rebellious disappeared,
 Far in the dark dislodged, and, void of rest,
 His potentates to council called by night,
 And in the midst thus undismayed began :—
 “ ‘ O now in danger tried, now known in arms
 Not to be overpowered, companions dear,
 Found worthy not of liberty alone— 420
 Too mean pretence—but, what we more affect,
 Honour, dominion, glory, and renown ;
 Who have sustained one day in doubtful fight
 (And, if one day, why not eternal days ?)
 What Heaven's Lord had powerfullest to send
 Against us from about his throne, and judged
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
 But proves not so : then fallible, it seems,
 Of future we may deem him, though till now
 Omniscient thought ! True is, less firmly armed, 430
 Some disadvantage we endured, and pain—
 Till now not known, but, known, as soon contemned ;
 Since now we find this our empyreal form
 Incapable of mortal injury,
 Imperishable, and, though pierced with wound,
 Soon closing, and by native vigour healed.
 Of evil, then, so small as easy think
 The remedy : perhaps more valid arms,
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
 May serve to better us and worse our foes, 440
 Or equal what between us made the odds,
 In nature none. If other hidden cause
 Left them superior, while we can preserve
 Unhurt our minds, and understanding sound,
 Due search and consultation will disclose.’

“He sat; and in the assembly next upstood
 Nisroch, of Principalities the prime.
 As one he stood escaped from cruel fight
 Sore toiled, his riven arms to havoc hewn,
 And, cloudy in aspect, thus answering spake :— 450

“‘Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
 Enjoyment of our right as Gods ! yet hard
 For Gods, and too unequal work, we find
 Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
 Against unpained, impassive ; from which evil
 Ruin must needs ensue. For what avails
 Valour or strength, though matchless, quelled with
 pain,

Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
 Of mightiest ? Sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine, 460
 But live content—which is the calmest life ;
 But pain is perfect misery, the worst
 Of evils, and, excessive, overturns
 All patience. He who, therefore, can invent
 With what more forcible we may offend
 Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
 Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
 No less than for deliverance what we owe.’

“Whereto, with look composed, Satan replied :—
 ‘Not uninvented that, which thou aright 470
 Believ’st so main to our success, I bring.
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface
 Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand—
 This continent of spacious Heaven, adorned
 With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems and gold—
 Whose eye so superficially surveys
 These things as not to mind from whence they grow
 Deep under ground : materials dark and crude,
 Of spiritous and fiery spume, till, touched
 With Heaven’s ray, and tempered, they shoot forth 480
 So beauteous, opening to the ambient light ?
 These in their dark nativity the Deep
 Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame ;

Which, into hollow engines long and round
 Thick-rammed, at the other bore with touch of fire
 Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
 From far, with thundering noise, among our foes
 Such implements of mischief as shall dash
 To pieces and o'erwhelm whatever stands
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarmed 490
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.

Nor long shall be our labour; yet ere dawn
 Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive;
 Abandon fear; to strength and counsel joined
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despaired.'

"He ended; and his words their drooping cheer
 Enlightened, and their languished hope revived.
 The invention all admired, and each how he
 To be the inventor missed; so easy it seemed
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have
 thought 501

Impossible! Yet, haply, of thy race,
 In future days, if malice should abound,
 Some one, intent on mischief, or inspired
 With devilish machination, might devise
 Like instrument to plague the sons of men
 For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
 Forthwith from council to the work they flew;
 None arguing stood; innumerable hands
 Were ready; in a moment up they turned
 Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath 510
 The originals of Nature in their crude
 Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam
 They found, they mingled, and, with subtle art
 Concocted and adusted, they reduced
 To blackest grain, and into store conveyed.
 Part hidden veins digged up (nor hath this Earth
 Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
 Whereof to found their engines and their balls
 Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520
 So all ere day-spring, under conscious Night,

Secret they finished, and in order set,
With silent circumspection, unespied.

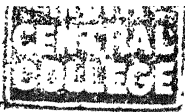
“Now, when fair Morn orient in Heaven appeared,
Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung. In arms they stood
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
Soon banded ; others from the dawning hills
Looked round, and scouts each coast light-armed
scour,

Each quarter, to descry the distant foe, 530
Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in halt. Him soon they met
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion : back with speediest sail
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came flying; and in mid air aloud thus cried :—

“Arm, Warriors, arm for fight ! The foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day ; fear not his flight ; so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see 540
Sad resolution and secure. Let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbed shield,
Borne even or high ; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,
But rattling storm of arrows barbed with fire.’

“So warned he them, aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment.
Instant, without disturb, they took alarm,
And onward move embattled : when, behold, 550
Not distant far, with heavy pace the foe
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube
Training his devillish enginry, impaled
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
A while ; but suddenly at head appeared
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud :—

“Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold,
That all may see who hate us how we seek



Peace and composure, and with open breast 560

Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse :
But that I doubt. However, witness Heaven !
Heaven, witness thou anon ! while we discharge
Freely our part. Ye, who appointed stand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

" So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended, when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retired ; 570

Which to our eyes discovered, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seemed,
Or hollowed bodies make of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain felled),
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gaped on us wide,
Portending hollow truce. At each, behind,
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire ; while we, suspense, 580
Collected stood within our thoughts amused.

Not long ! for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscured with smoke, all Heaven appeared,
From those deep-throated engines belched, whose roar
Embowelled with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chained thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes ; which, on the victor host 590
Levelled, with such impetuous fury smote,

That whom they hit none on their feet might stand,
Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, Angel on Archangel rolled,
The sooner for their arms. Unarmed, they might
Have easily, as Spirits, evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove ; but now
Foul dissipation followed, and forced rout ;

Nor served it to relax their serried files.
 What should they do? If on they rushed, repulse 600
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow
 Doubled, would render them yet more despised,
 And to their foes a laughter—for in view
 Stood ranked of Seraphim another row,
 In posture to displode their second tire
 Of thunder; back defeated to return
 They worse abhorred. Satan beheld their plight,
 And to his mates thus in derision called:—
 “O friends, why come not on these victors proud?
 Erewhile they fierce were coming; and, when we, 610
 To entertain them fair with open front
 And breast (what could we more?), propounded terms
 Of composition, straight they changed their minds,
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
 As they would dance. Yet for a dance they seemed
 Somewhat extravagant and wild; perhaps
 For joy of offered peace. But I suppose,
 If our proposals once again were heard,
 We should compel them to a quick result.”

“To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood:—
 ‘Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight, 621
 Of hard contents, and full of force urged home,
 Such as we might perceive amused them all,
 And stumbled many. Who receives them right
 Had need from head to foot well understand;
 Not understood, this gift they have besides—
 They show us when our foes walk not upright.’

“So they among themselves in pleasant vein
 Stood scoffing, highthened in their thoughts beyond
 All doubt of victory; Eternal Might 630
 To match with their inventions they presumed
 So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
 And all his host derided, while they stood
 A while in trouble. But they stood not long;
 Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
 Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.
 Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,

Which God hath in his mighty Angels placed !)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heaven 640
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)
Light as the lightning-glimpse they ran, they flew ;
From their foundations, loosening to and fro,
They plucked the seated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and, by the shaggy tops
Uplifting, bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be sure, and terror, seized the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turned,
Till on those cursed engines' triple row 650
They saw them whelmed, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep ;
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came shadowing, and oppressed whole legions armed.
Their armour helped their harm, crushed in and bruised,
Into their substance pent—which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such prison, though Spirits of purest light, 660
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
The rest, in imitation, to like arms
Betook them, and the neighbouring hills up tore ;
So hills amid the air encountered hills,
Hurled to and fro with jaculation dire,
That underground they fought in dismal shade :
Infernal noise ! war seemed a civil game
To this uproar ; horrid confusion heaped
Upon confusion rose. And now all Heaven
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread, 670
Had not the Almighty Father, where he sits
Shrined in his sanctuary of Heaven secure,,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advised,
That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
To honour his Anointed Son, avenged

Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferred. Whence to his Son,
The assessor of his throne, he thus began :—
““ Effulgence of my glory, Son beloved, 680
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by Deity I am,
And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence ! two days are passed,
Two days, as we compute the days of Heaven,
Since Michael and his Powers went forth to tame
These disobedient. Sore hath been their fight,
As likeliest was when two such foes met armed :
For to themselves I left them ; and thou know'st
Equal in their creation they were formed, 690
Save what sin hath impaired—which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom :
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found.
War wearied hath performed what war can do,
And to disordered rage let loose the reins,
With mountains, as with weapons, armed ; which
makes
Wild work in Heaven, and dangerous to the main.
Two days are, therefore, passed ; the third is thine :
For thee I have ordained it, and thus far 700
Have suffered, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, since none but thou
Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace
Immense I have transfused, that all may know
In Heaven and Hell thy power above compare,
And this perverse commotion governed thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things—to be Heir, and to be King
By sacred unction, thy deserved right.
Go, then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might ; 710
Ascend my chariot : guide the rapid wheels
That shake Heaven's basis ; bring forth all my war ;
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms,
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh ;

Pursue these Sons of Darkness, drive them out
 From all Heaven's bounds into the utter Deep ;
 There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
 God, and Messiah his anointed King.'

" He said, and on his Son with rays direct
 Shone full. He all his Father full expressed 720
 Ineffably into his face received ;

And thus the Filial Godhead answering spake :—

" " O Father, O Supreme of Heavenly Thrones,
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st
 To glorify thy Son ; I always thee,
 As is most just. This I my glory account,
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,
 That thou in me, well pleased, declar'st thy will
 Fulfilled, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
 Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume, 730
 And gladlier shall resign when in the end
 Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
 For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st.
 But whom thou hat'st I hate, and can put on
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
 Image of thee in all things : and shall soon,
 Armed with thy might, rid Heaven of these rebelled,
 To their prepared ill mansion driven down,
 To chains of darkness and the undying worm,
 That from thy just obedience could revolt, 740
 Whom to obey is happiness entire.

Then shall thy Saints, unmixed, and from the impure
 Far separate, circling thy holy Mount,
 Unfeigned halleluiahs to thee sing,
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.'

" So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
 From the right hand of Glory where he sat ;
 And the third sacred morn began to shine,
 Dawning through Heaven. Forth rushed with whirl-
 wind sound

The chariot of Paternal Deity, 750
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel ; undrawn,
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoyed

By four cherubic Shapes. Four faces each
Had wondrous ; as with stars, their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes ; with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between ;
Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber and colours of the showery arch.
He, in celestial panoply all armed 760
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended ; at his right hand Victory
Sat eagle-winged ; beside him hung his bow,
And quiver, with three-bolted thunder stored ;
And from about him fierce effusion rolled
Of smoke and bickering flame and sparkles dire.
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
He onward came ; far off his coming shone ;
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen. 770
He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
On the crystalline sky, in sapphire throned—
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
First seen. Them unexpected joy surprised
When the great ensign of Messiah blazed
Aloft, by Angels borne, his sign in Heaven ;
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduced
His army, circumfused on either wing,
Under their Head embodied all in one.
Before him Power Divine his way prepared ; 780
At his command the uprooted hills retired
Each to his place ; they heard his voice, and went
Obsequious ; Heaven his wonted face renewed,
And with fresh flowerets hill and valley smiled.
“ This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdured,
And to rebellious fight rallied their Powers,
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In Heavenly Spirits could such perverseness dwell ?
But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move the obdurate to relent ? 790
They, hardened more by what might most reclaim,

Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
 Took envy, and, aspiring to his highth,
 Stood re-embattled fierce, by force or fraud
 Weening to prosper, and at length prevail
 Against God and Messiah, or to fall
 In universal ruin last; and now
 To final battle drew, disdaining flight,
 Or faint retreat: when the great Son of God
 To all his host on either hand thus spake:— 800

“Stand still in bright array, ye Saints; here stand,
 Ye Angels armed; this day from battle rest.
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause;
 And, as ye have received, so have ye done,
 Invincibly. But of this cursed crew
 The punishment to other hand belongs;
 Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints.
 Number to this day's work is not ordained,
 Nor multitude; stand only and behold 810
 God's indignation on these godless poured
 By me. Not you, but me, they have despised,
 Yet envied; against me is all their rage,
 Because the Father, to whom in Heaven supreme
 Kingdom and power and glory appertains,
 Hath honoured me, according to his will.
 Therefore to me their doom he hath assigned,
 That they may have their wish, to try with me
 In battle which the stronger proves—they all,
 Or I alone against them; since by strength 820
 They measure all, of other excellence
 Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
 Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe.”

“So spake the Son, and into terror changed
 His countenance, too severe to be beheld,
 And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
 At once the Four spread out their starry wings
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
 Of his fierce chariot rolled, as with the sound
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host. 830

He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as Night. Under his burning wheels
The steadfast Empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arrived, in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infixed
Plagues. They, astonished, all resistance lost,
All courage ; down their idle weapons dropt ;
O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode 840
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
That wished the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visaged Four,
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels,
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes ;
One spirit in them ruled, and every eye
Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among the accursed, that withered all their strength,
And of their wonted vigour left them drained, 851
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but checked
His thunder in mid-volley ; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven.
The overthrown he raised, and, as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together thronged,
Drove them before him thunderstruck, pursued
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And crystal wall of Heaven ; which, opening wide, 860
Rolled inward, and a spacious gap disclosed
Into the wasteful Deep. The monstrous sight
Strook them with horror backward ; but far worse
Urged them behind : headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of Heaven : eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.
“ Hell heard the unsufferable noise ; Hell saw
Heaven ruining from Heaven, and would have fled
Affrighted ; but strict Fate had cast too deep

Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. 870
Nine days they fell ; confounded Chaos roared,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild Anarchy ; so huge a rout
Encumbered him with ruin. Hell at last,
Yawning, received them whole, and on them closed—
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburdened Heaven rejoiced, and soon repaired
Her mural breach, returning whence it rolled.
Sole victor, from the expulsion of his foes 880
Messiah his triumphal chariot turned.
To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanced ; and, as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthiest to reign. He celebrated rode,
Triumphant through mid Heaven, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father throned 890
On high ; who into glory him received,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

“ Thus, measuring things in Heaven by things on
Earth,

At thy request, and that thou may'st beware
By what is past, to thee I have revealed
What might have else to human race been hid—
The discord which befell, and war in Heaven
Among the Angelic Powers, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring who rebelled
With Satan : he who envies now thy state, 900
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that, with him
Bereaved of happiness, thou may'st partake
His punishment, eternal misery ;
Which would be all his solace and revenge,
As a despite done against the Most High,

Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But listen not to his temptations ; warn
Thy weaker ; let it profit thee to have heard, .
By terrible example, the reward
Of disobedience. Firm they might have stood, 910
Yet fell. Remember, and fear to transgress."

THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this World was first created :—that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another World, and other creatures to dwell therein ; sends his Son with glory, and attendance of Angels, to perform the work of creation in six days : the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into Heaven

DESCEND from Heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art called, whose voice divine
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasean wing !
The meaning, not the name, I call : for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st ; but, heavenly-born,
Before the hills appeared or fountain flowed,
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play 10
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleased
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee,
Into the Heaven of Heavens I have presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy tempering. With like safety guided down,
Return me to my native element ;
Lest, from this flying steed unreined (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander and forlorn. 20
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound

Within the visible Diurnal Sphere.
Standing on Earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
And solitude ; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when Morn
Purples the East. Still govern thou my song, 30
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the savage clamour drowned
Both harp and voice ; nor could the Muse defend
Her son. So fail not thou who thee implores ;
For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.
Say, Goddess, what ensued when Raphael, 40
The affable Archangel, had forewarned
Adam, by dire example, to beware
Apostasy, by what befell in Heaven
To those apostates, lest the like befall
In Paradise to Adam or his race,
Charged not to touch the interdicted Tree,
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
So easily obeyed amid the choice
Of all tastes else to please their appetite,
Though wandering. He, with his consorted Eve, 50
The story heard attentive, and was filled
With admiration and deep muse, to hear
Of things so high and strange—things to their thought
So unimaginable as hate in Heaven,
And war so near the peace of God in bliss,
With such confusion ; but the evil, soon
Driven back, redounded as a flood on those
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repealed
The doubts that in his heart arose ; and, now 60

Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
 What nearer might concern him—how this World
 Of heaven and earth conspicuous first began ;
 When, and whereof, created ; for what cause ;
 What within Eden, or without, was done
 Before his memory—as one whose drouth,
 Yet scarce allayed, still eyes the current stream,
 Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
 Proceeded thus to ask his Heavenly Guest :—
 “ Great things, and full of wonder in our ears, 70
 Far differing from this World, thou hast revealed,
 Divine Interpreter ! by favour sent
 Down from the Empyrean to forewarn
 Us timely of what might else have been our loss,
 * Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach ;
 For which to the infinitely Good we owe
 Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
 Receive with solemn purpose to observe
 Immutably his sovran will, the end
 * Of what we are. But, since thou hast voutsafed 80
 Gently, for our instruction, to impart
 Things above Earthly thought, which yet concerned
 Our knowing, as to highest Wisdom seemed,
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate
 What may no less perhaps avail us known—
 How first began this Heaven which we behold
 Distant so high, with moving fires adorned
 Innumerable ; and this which yields or fills
 All space, the ambient Air, wide interfused,
 Embracing round this florid Earth ; what cause 90
 Moved the Creator, in his holy rest
 Through all eternity, so late to build
 In Chaos ; and, the work begun, how soon
 Absolved : if unforbid thou may'st unfold
 What we not to explore the secrets ask
 Of his eternal empire, but the more
 To magnify his works the more we know.
 And the great Light of Day yet wants to run
 Much of his race, though steep. Suspense in heaven

Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears, 100
 And longer will delay, to hear thee tell
 His generation, and the rising birth
 Of Nature from the unapparent Deep :
 Or, if the Star of Evening and the Moon
 Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring
 Silence, and Sleep listening to thee will watch ;
 Or we can bid his absence till thy song
 End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine."

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought ;
 And thus the godlike Angel answered mild :— 110

" This also thy request, with caution asked,
 Obtain ; though to recount almighty works
 What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend ?
 * Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
 To glorify the Maker, and infer
 Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
 * Thy hearing. Such commission from above
 I have received, to answer thy desire
 Of knowledge within bounds ; beyond abstain 120
 To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
 Things not revealed, which the invisible King,
 Only omniscient, hath suppressed in night.
 To none communicable in Earth or Heaven.
 Enough is left besides to search and know ;
 But Knowledge is as food, and needs no less
 Her temperance over appetite, to know
 In measure what the mind may well contain ;
 Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
 * Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind. 130

" Know then that, after Lucifer from Heaven
 (So call him, brighter once amidst the host
 Of Angels than that star the stars among)
 Fell with his flaming legions through the Deep
 Into his place, and the great Son returned
 Victorious with his Saints, the Omnipotent
 Eternal Father from his throne beheld
 Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake :—

"At least our envious foe hath failed, who thought
 All like himself rebellious; by whose aid 140
 This inaccessible high strength, the seat
 Of Deity supreme, us dispossessed,
 He trusted to have seized, and into fraud
 Drew many whom their place knows here no more.
 Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,
 Their station; Heaven, yet populous, retains
 Number sufficient to possess her realms,
 Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
 With ministeries due and solemn rites.
 But, lest his heart exalt him in the harm 150
 Already done, to have dispeopled Heaven—
 My damage fondly deemed—I can repair
 That detriment, if such it be to lose
 Self-lost, and in a moment will create
 Another world; out of one man a race
 Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
 Not here, till, by degrees of merit raised,
 They open to themselves at length the way
 Up hither, under long obedience tried,
 And Earth be changed to Heaven, and Heaven to Earth,
 One kingdom, joy and union without end. 161
 Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye Powers of Heaven;
 And thou, my Word, begotten Son, by thee
 This I perform; speak thou, and be it done!
 My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee
 I send along; ride forth, and bid the Deep
 Within appointed bounds be heaven and earth.
 Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill
 Infinitude; nor vacuous the space,
 Though I, uncircumscribed, myself retire, 170
 And put not forth my goodness, which is free
 To act or not. Necessity and Chance
 Approach not me, and what I will is Fate.
 "So spake the Almighty; and to what he spake
 His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.
 Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
 Than time or motion, but to human ears

Cannot without process of speech be told,
 So told as earthly notion can receive.
 Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heaven 180
 When such was heard declared the Almighty's will.
 Glory they sung to the Most High, good-will
 To future men, and in their dwellings peace—
 Glory to Him whose just avenging ire
 Had driven out the ungodly from his sight
 And the habitations of the just ; to Him
 Glory and praise whose wisdom had ordained
 Good out of evil to create—instead
 Of Spirits malign, a better race to bring
 Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse 190
 His good to worlds and ages infinite.

“ So sang the Hierarchies. Meanwhile the Son
 On his great expedition now appeared,
 Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crowned
 Of majesty divine, sapience and love
 Immense ; and all his Father in him shone.
 About his chariot numberless were poured
 Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
 And Virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots winged 200
 From the armoury of God, where stand of old
 Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodged
 Against a solemn day, harnessed at hand,
 Celestial equipage ; and now came forth
 Spontaneous, for within them Spirit lived,
 Attendant on their Lord. Heaven opened wide
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth
 The King of Glory, in his powerful Word
 And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
 On Heavenly ground they stood, and from the shore
 They viewed the vast immeasurable Abyss, 211
 Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
 Up from the bottom turned by furious winds
 And surging waves, as mountains to assault
 Heaven's highth, and with the centre mix the pole.
 “ ‘ Silence, ye troubled waves, and, thou Deep, peace ! ’

Said then the omnific Word : 'your discord end !'
 Nor stayed ; but, on the wings of Cherubim
 Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
 Far into Chaos and the World unborn ; 220
 For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train
 Followed in bright procession, to behold
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.
 Then stayed the fervid wheels, and in his hand
 He took the golden compasses, prepared
 In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
 This Universe, and all created things.
 One foot he centred, and the other turned
 Round through the vast profundity obscure,
 And said, 'Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds ; 230
 This be thy just circumference, O World !'
 Thus God the Heaven created, thus the Earth,
 Matter unformed and void. Darkness profound
 Covered the Abyss ; but on the watery calm
 His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
 And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth,
 Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purged
 The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,
 Adverse to life ; then founded, then conglobed,
 Like things to like, the rest to several place 240
 Disparted, and between spun out the Air,
 And Earth, self-balanced, on her centre hung.
 " 'Let there be Light !' said God ; and forthwith Light
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
 Sprung from the Deep, and from her native East
 To journey through the aery gloom began,
 Sphered in a radiant cloud—for yet the Sun
 Was not ; she in a cloudy tabernacle
 Sojourned the while. God saw the Light was good ;
 And light from darkness by the hemisphere 250
 Divided : Light the Day, and Darkness Night,
 He named. Thus was the first Day even and morn ;
 Nor passed uncelebrated, nor unsung
 By the celestial quires, when orient light
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld,

Birth-day of Heaven and Earth. With joy and shout
The hollow universal orb they filled,
And touched their golden harps, and hymning praised
God and his works ; Creator him they sung,
Both when first evening was, and when first morn. 260

“Again God said, ‘Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters !’ And God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffused
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round—partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing ; for as Earth, so he the World
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide 270
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far removed, lest fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame :
And Heaven he named the Firmament. So even
And morning chorus sung the second Day.

“The Earth was formed, but, in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryo immature, involved,
Appeared not ; over all the face of Earth
Main ocean flowed, not idle, but, with warm
Prolific humour softening all her globe, 280
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Sate with genial moisture ; when God said,
‘Be gathered now, ye waters under heaven,
Into one place, and let dry land appear !’
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds ; their tops ascend the sky.
So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters Thither they 290
Hasted with glad precipitance, uprolled,
As drops on dust conglobing, from the dry :
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
For haste ; such flight the great command impressed

On the swift floods. As armies at the call
 Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)
 Troop to the standard, so the watery throng,
 Wave rolling after wave, where way they found—
 If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
 Soft-cbbing ; nor withstood them rock or hill ; 300
 But they, or underground, or circuit wide
 With serpent error wandering, found their way,
 And on the washy ooze deep channels wore :
 Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
 All but within those banks where rivers now
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
 The dry land Earth, and the great receptacle
 Of congregated waters he called Seas ;
 And saw that it was good, and said, ' Let the Earth
 Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed, 310
 And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
 Whose seed is in herself upon the Earth !'
 He scarce had said when the bare Earth, till then
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned,
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
 Her universal face with pleasant green ;
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flowered,
 Opening their various colours, and made gay
 Her bosom, smelling sweet ; and, these scarce blown,
 Forth flourished thick the clustering vine, forth crept
 The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed 321
 Embattled in her field : add the humble shrub,
 And bush with frizzled hair implicit : last
 Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
 Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemmed
 Their blossoms. With high woods the hills were crowned,
 With tufts the valleys and each fountain-side,
 With borders long the rivers, that Earth now
 Seemed like to Heaven, a seat where gods might dwell,
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt 330
 Her sacred shades ; though God had yet not rained
 Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
 None was, but from the Earth a dewy mist

Went up and watered all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which ere it was in the Earth
God made, and every herb before it grew
On the green stem. God saw that it was good ;
So even and morn recorded the third Day.

“ Again the Almighty spake, ‘ Let there be Lights
High in the expanse of Heaven, to divide 340
The Day from Night ; and let them be for signs,
For seasons, and for days, and circling years ;
And let them be for lights, as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of heaven,
To give light on the Earth ! ’ and it was so.
And God made two great Lights, great for their use
To Man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night, altern ; and made the Stars,
And set them in the firmament of heaven
To illuminate the Earth, and rule the day 350
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good :
For, of celestial bodies, first the Sun
A mighty sphere he framed, unlightsome first,
Though of ethereal mould ; then formed the Moon
Globose, and every magnitude of Stars,
And sowed with stars the heaven thick as a field.
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed 360
In the Sun’s orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gathered beams, great palace now of Light.
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns ;
By tincture or reflection they augment
Their small peculiar, though, from human sight
So far remote, with diminution seen.
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen, 370
Regent of day, and all the horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run

His longitude through heaven's high road ; the grey
 Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danced,
 Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the Moon.
 But opposite in levelled west, was set,
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
 From him ; for other light she needed none
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
 Till night ; then in the east her turn she shines, 380
 Revolved on heaven's great axle, and her reign
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appeared
 Spangling the hemisphere. Then first adorned
 With her bright luminaries, that set and rose,
 Glad evening and glad morn crowned the fourth Day.

" And God said, ' Let the waters generate
 Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul ;
 And let Fowl fly above the earth, with wings
 Displayed on the open firmament of heaven ! ' 390
 And God created the great whales, and each
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
 The waters generated by their kinds,
 And every bird of wing after his kind,
 And saw that it was good, and blessed them, saying,
 ' Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,
 And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill ;
 And let the fowl be multiplied on the earth ! '
 Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay.
 With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals 400
 Of fish that, with their fins and shining scales,
 Glide under the green wave in sculls that oft
 Bank the mid-sea. Part, single or with mate,
 Graze the sea-weed, their pasture, and through groves
 Of coral stray, or, sporting with quick glance,
 Show to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold,
 Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend
 Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
 In jointed armour watch ; on smooth the seal
 And bended dolphins play : part, huge of bulk, 410
 Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,

Tempest the ocean. There leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretched like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,
Their brood as numerous hatch from the egg, that soon,
Bursting with kindly rupture, forth disclosed
Their callow young; but feathered soon and fledge 420
They summed their pens, and, soaring the air sublime,
With clang despised the ground, under a cloud
In prospect. There the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build.
Part loosely wing the region; part, more wise,
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their aery caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Easing their flight: so steers the prudent crane 430
Her annual voyage, borne on winds: the air
Floats as they pass, fanned with unnumbered plumes.
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings,
Till even; nor then the solemn nightingale
Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays.
Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed
Their downy breast; the swan, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit 440
The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower
The mid aerial sky. Others on ground
Walked firm—the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
The silent hours, and the other, whose gay train
Adorns him, coloured with the florid hue
Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
With Fish replenished, and the air with Fowl,
Evening and morn solemnized the fifth Day.
“The sixth, and of Creation last, arose
With evening harps and matin; when God said, 450

' Let the Earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
 Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of the earth,
 Each in their kind ! ' The Earth obeyed, and, straight
 Opening her fertile womb, teemed at a birth
 Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,
 Limbed and full-grown. Out of the ground up rose,
 As from his lair, the wild beast, where he wons
 In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den—
 Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walked ;
 The cattle in the fields and meadows green : 460
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
 Pasturing at once and in broad herds, upsprung.
 The grassy clods now calved ; now half appeared
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free
 His hinder parts—then springs, as broke from bonds,
 And rampant shakes his brinded mane ; the ounce,
 The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
 Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
 In hillocks ; the swift stag from underground
 Bore up his branching head ; scarce from his mould
 Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved 471
 His vastness ; fleeced the flocks and bleating rose,
 As plants ; ambiguous between sea and land,
 The river-horse and scaly crocodile.
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
 Insect or worm. Those waved their limber fans
 For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
 In all the liveries decked of summer's pride,
 With spots of gold and purple, azure and green ;
 These as a line their long dimension drew, 480
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace : not all
 Minims of nature ; some of serpent kind,
 Wondrous in length and corpulence, involved
 Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
 The parsimonious emmet, provident
 Of future, in small room large heart enclosed—
 ¶ Pattern of just equality perhaps
 Hereafter—joined in her popular tribes
 ¶ Of commonalty. Swarming next appeared

The female bee, that feeds her husband drone 490
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
 With honey stored. The rest are numberless,
 And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them
 names,

Needless to thee repeated ; nor unknown
 The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
 And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

“ Now Heaven in all her glory shone, and rolled
 Her motions, as the great First Mover's hand 500
 First wheeled their course ; Earth, in her rich attire
 Consummate, lovely smiled ; Air, Water, Earth,
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walked,
 Frequent ; and of the sixth Day yet remained.

There wanted yet the master-work, the end
 Of all yet done—a creature who, not prone
 And brute as other creatures, but endued
 With sanctity of reason, might erect
 His stature, and, upright with front serene
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence 510
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
 Descends ; thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
 Directed in devotion, to adore

And worship God Supreme, who made him chief
 Of all his works. Therefore the Omnipotent
 Eternal Father (for where is not He
 Present ?) thus to his Son audibly spake :—

‘ Let us make now Man in our image, Man
 In our similitude, and let them rule 520
 Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
 Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground !’
 This said, he formed thee, Adam, thee, O Man,
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed
 The breath of life ; in his own image he
 Created thee, in the image of God

Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
Female, for race; then blessed mankind, and said, 530
'Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the Earth;
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,
And every living thing that moves on the Earth!'
Wherever thus created—for no place
Is yet distinct by name—thence, as thou know'st,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This Garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste,
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food 540
Gave thee. All sorts are here that all the earth yields,
Variety without end; but of the tree
Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil
Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou diest.
Death is the penalty imposed; beware,
And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant, Death.
"Here finished He, and all that he had made
Viewed, and, behold! all was entirely good.
So even and morn accomplished the sixth Day; 550
Yet not till the Creator, from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up returned,
Up to the Heaven of Heavens, his high abode,
Thence to behold this new-created World,
The addition of his empire, how it showed
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idëa. Up he rode,
Followed with acclamation, and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned
Angelic harmonies. The Earth, the Air 560
Resounded (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st),
The heavens and all the constellations rung,
The planets in their stations listening stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
'Open, ye everlasting gates!' they sung;
'Open, ye Heavens, your living doors! let in

The great Creator, from his work returned
Magnificent, his six days' work, a World !
Open, and henceforth oft ; for God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men 570
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace.' So sung
The glorious train ascending. He through Heaven,
That opened wide her blazing portals, led
To God's eternal house direct the way—
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear
Seen in the Galaxy, that milky way
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest 580
Powdered with stars. And now on Earth the seventh
Evening arose in Eden—for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
Forerunning night—when at the holy mount
Of Heaven's high-seated top, the imperial throne
Of Godhead, fixed for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Power arrived, and sat him down
With his great Father ; for he also went
Invisible, yet stayed (such privilege
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordained, 590
Author and end of all things, and, from work
Now resting, blessed and hallowed the seventh Day,
As resting on that day from all his work ;
But not in silence holy kept : the harp
Had work, and rested not ; the solemn pipe
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,
Tempered soft tunings, intermixed with voice
Choral or unison ; of incense clouds,
Fuming from golden censers, hid the Mount. 600
Creation and the Six Days' acts they sung :—
' Great are thy works, Jehovah ! infinite
Thy power ! what thought can measure thee, or tongue
Relate thee—greater now in thy return
Than from the Giant-angels ? Thee that day

Thy thunders magnified ; but to create
 Is greater than created to destroy.
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
 Thy empire ? Easily the proud attempt
 Of Spirits apostate, and their counsels vain, 610
 Thou hast repelled, while impiously they thought
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
 The number of thy worshipers. Who seeks
 To lessen thee, against his purpose, serves
 To manifest the more thy might ; his evil
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
 Witness this new-made World, another Heaven
 From Heaven-gate not far, founded in view
 On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea ;
 Of amplitude almost immense, with stars 620
 Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
 Of destined habitation—but thou know'st
 Their seasons ; among these the seat of men,
 Earth, with her nether ocean circumfused,
 Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men,
 And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanced,
 Created in his image, there to dwell
 And worship him, and in reward to rule
 Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
 And multiply a race of worshipers 630
 Holy and just ! thrice happy, if they know
 Their happiness, and persevere upright !
 “ So sung they, and the Empyrean rung
 With halleluiahs. Thus was Sabbath kept.
 And thy request think now fulfilled, that asked
 How first this World and face of things began,
 And what before thy memory was done
 From the beginning, that posterity,
 Informed by thee, might know. If else thou seek'st
 Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.” 640

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions ; is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge. Adam assents, and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation—his placing in Paradise ; his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society ; his first meeting and nuptials with Eve. His discourse with the Angel thereupon ; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

THE Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear ;
Then, as new-waked, thus gratefully replied :—
“ What thanks sufficient, or what recompense
Equal, have I to render thee, divine
Historian, who thus largely hast allayed
The thirst I had of knowledge, and voutsafed
This friendly condescension to relate
Things else by me unsearchable—now heard 10
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the high
Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy solution can resolve.
When I behold this goodly frame, this World,
Of Heaven and Earth consisting, and compute
Their magnitudes—this Earth, a spot, a grain,
An atom, with the Firmament compared
And all her numbered stars, that seem to roll
Spaces incomprehensible (for such 20
Their distance argues, and their swift return
Diurnal) merely to officiate light

Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,
 One day and night, in all their vast survey
 Useless besides—reasoning, I oft admire
 How Nature, wise and frugal, could commit
 Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
 So many nobler bodies to create,
 Greater so manifold, to this one use,
 For aught appears, and on their Orbs impose 30
 Such restless revolution day by day
 Repeated, while the sedentary Earth,
 That better might with far less compass move,
 Served by more noble than herself, attains
 Her end without least motion, and receives,
 As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light :
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails.”

So spake our Sire, and by his countenance seemed
 Entering on studious thoughts abstruse ; which Eve
 Perceiving, where she sat retired in sight, 41
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,
 And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
 Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
 To visit how they prospered, bud and bloom,
 Her nursery ; they at her coming sprung,
 And, touched by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.
 Yet went she not as not with such discourse
 Delighted, or not capable her ear
 Of what was high. Such pleasure she reserved, 50
 Adam relating, she sole auditress ;
 Her husband the relater she preferred
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask
 Chose rather ; he, she knew, would intermix
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
 With conjugal caresses : from his lip
 Not words alone pleased her. Oh, when meet now
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honour joined ?
 With goddess-like demeanour forth she went,
 Not unattended ; for on her as Queen 60
 A pomp of winning Graces waited still,

And from about her shot darts of desire
 Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.
 And Raphael now to Adam's doubt proposed
 Benevolent and facile thus replied :—

“To ask or search I blame thee not ; for Heaven
 Is as the Book of God before thee set,
 Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
 His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years.
 This to attain, whether Heaven move or Earth 70
 Imports not, if thou reckon right ; the rest
 From Man or Angel the great Architect
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
 His secrets, to be scanned by them who ought
 Rather admire. Or, if they list to try
 Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heavens
 Hath left to their disputes—perhaps to move
 His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
 Hereafter, when they come to model Heaven,
 And calculate the stars ; how they will wield 80
 The mighty frame ; how build, unbuild, contrive
 To save appearances ; how gird the Sphere
 With Centric and Eccentric scribbled o'er,
 Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb.
 Already by thy reasoning this I guess,
 Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest
 That bodies bright and greater should not serve
 The less not bright, nor Heaven such journeys run,
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
 The benefit. Consider, first, that great 90
 Or bright infers not excellence. The Earth,
 Though, in comparison of Heaven, so small,
 Nor glistening, may of solid good contain
 More plenty than the Sun that barren shines,
 Whose virtue on itself works no effect,
 But in the fruitful Earth ; there first received,
 His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.
 Yet not to Earth are those bright luminaries
 Officious, but to thee, Earth's habitant.
 And, for the Heaven's wide circuit, let it speak 100

The Maker's high magnificence, who built
 So spacious, and his line stretched out so far,
 That Man may know he dwells not in his own—
 An edifice too large for him to fill,
 Lodged in a small partition, and the rest
 Ordained for uses to his Lord best known.
 The swiftness of those Circles attribute,
 Though numberless, to his omnipotence,
 That to corporeal substances could add
 Speed almost spiritual. Me thou think'st not slow,
 Who since the morning-hour set out from Heaven 111
 Where God resides, and ere mid-day arrived
 In Eden—distance inexpressible
 By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
 Admitting motion in the Heavens, to show
 Invalid that which thee to doubt it moved;
 Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.
 God, to remove his ways from human sense,
 Placed Heaven from Earth so far, that earthly sight,
 If it presume, might err in things too high, 121
 And no advantage gain. What if the Sun
 Be centre to the World, and other Stars,
 By his attractive virtue and their own
 Incited, dance about him various rounds?
 Their wandering course, now high, now low, then hid,
 Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
 In six thou seest; and what if, seventh to these,
 The planet Earth, so steadfast though she seem,
 Insensibly three different motions move? 130
 Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,
 Moved contrary with thwart obliquities,
 Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift
 Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed,
 Invisible else above all stars, the wheel
 Of Day and Night; which needs not thy belief,
 If Earth, industrious of herself, fetch Day,
 Travelling east, and with her part averse
 From the Sun's beam meet Night, her other part

Still luminous by his ray. What if that light, 140
Sent from her through the wide transpicious air,
To the terrestrial Moon be as a star,
Enlightening her by day, as she by night
This Earth—reciprocal, if land be there,
Fields and inhabitants? Her spots thou seest
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
Fruits in her softened soil, for some to eat
Allotted there; and other Suns, perhaps,
With their attendant Moons, thou wilt descry,
Communicating male and female light— 150
Which two great sexes animate the World,
Stored in each Orb perhaps with some that live.
For such vast room in Nature unpossessed
By living soul, desert and desolate,
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute
Each Orb a glimpse of light, conveyed so far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
But whether thus these things, or whether not—
Whether the Sun, predominant in heaven, 160
Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun;
He from the east his flaming road begin,
Or she from west her silent course advance
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
On her soft axle, while she paces even,
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along—
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid:
Leave them to God above; him serve and fear.
Of other creatures as him pleases best,
Wherever placed, let him dispose; joy thou 170
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
And thy fair Eve; Heaven is for thee too high
To know what passes there. Be lowly wise;
Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
Live, in what state, condition, or degree—
Contented that thus far hath been revealed
Not of Earth only, but of highest Heaven.”

To whom thus Adam, cleared of doubt, replied :—
 “ How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure 180
 Intelligence of Heaven, Angel serene,
 And, freed from intricacies, taught to live
 The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
 To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
 God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
 And not molest us, unless we ourselves
 Seek them with wandering thoughts, and notions
 vain !

But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
 Unchecked ; and of her roving is no end,
 Till, warned, or by experience taught, she learn 190
 That not to know at large of things remote
 From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
 That which before us lies in daily life,
 Is the prime wisdom : what is more is fume,
 Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
 And renders us in things that most concern
 Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.
 Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
 A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
 Useful ; whence, haply, mention may arise 200
 Of something not unseasonable to ask,
 By sufferance, and thy wonted favour, deigned.
 Thee I have heard relating what was done
 Ere my remembrance ; now hear me relate
 My story, which, perhaps, thou hast not heard.
 And day is yet not spent ; till then thou seest
 How subtly to detain thee I devise,
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate—
 Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply.
 For, while I sit with thee, I seem in Heaven ; 210
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
 Than fruits of palm-tree, pleasantest to thirst
 And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
 Of sweet repast. They satiate, and soon fill,
 Though pleasant ; but thy words, with grace divine
 Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.”

To whom thus Raphael answered, heavenly meek:—
“Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of Men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also poured, 220
Inward and outward both, his image fair:
Speaking, or mute, all comeliness and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion, forms.
Nor less think we in Heaven of thee on Earth
Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire
Gladly into the ways of God with Man;
For God, we see, hath honoured thee, and set
On Man his equal love. Say therefore on;
For I that day was absent, as befell,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure, 230
Far on excursion toward the gates of Hell,
Squared in full legion (such command we had),
To see that none thence issued forth a spy
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Lest he, incensed at such eruption bold,
Destruction with Creation might have mixed.
Not that they durst without his leave attempt;
But us he sends upon his high behests
For state, as sovran King, and to inure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut, 240
The dismal gates, and barricadoed strong,
But, long ere our approaching, heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song—
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we returned up to the coasts of Light
Ere Sabbath-evening; so we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleased with thy words no less than thou with mine.”
So spake the godlike Power, and thus our Sire:—
“For Man to tell how human life began 250
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induced me. As new-waked from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the Sun

Soop dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight toward Heaven my wondering eyes I turned,
And gazed a while the ample sky, till, raised
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright 260
Stood on my feet. About me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams ; by these,
Creatures that lived and moved, and walked or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling : all things smiled ;
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflowed.
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Surveyed, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led ;
But who I was, or where, or from what cause, 270
Knew not. To speak I tried, and forthwith spake ;
My tongue obeyed, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. 'Thou Sun,' said I, 'fair light,
And thou enlightened Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here !
Not of myself ; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent.
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore, 280
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know !'
While thus I called, and strayed I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light, when answer none returned,
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
Pensive I sat me down. There gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seized
My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state 290
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve :
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently moved
My fancy to believe I yet had being,

And lived. One came, methought, of shape divine,
And said, 'Thy mansion wants thee, Adam; rise,
First Man, of men innumerable ordained
First father! called by thee, I come thy guide
To the Garden of bliss, thy seat prepared.'
So saying, by the hand he took me, raised, 300
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain, whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, enclosed, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks and bowers, that what I saw
Of Earth before scarce pleasant seemed. Each tree
Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to the eye
Tempting, stirred in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I waked, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream 310
Had lively shadowed. Here had new begun
My wandering, had not He who was my guide
Up hither from among the trees appeared,
Presence Divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submit. He reared me, and, 'Whom thou sought'st
I am,'
Said mildly, 'Author of all this thou seest
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradise I give thee; count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat. 320
Of every tree that in the Garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth.
But of the tree whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set,
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the Tree of Life—
Remember what I warn thee—shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgressed, inevitably thou shalt die, 330
From that day mortal, and this happy state
Shalt lose, expelled from hence into a world

Of woe and sorrow.' Sternly he pronounced
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
 Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect
 Returned, and gracious purpose thus renewed:—
 'Not only these fair bounds, but all the Earth
 To thee and to thy race I give; as lords
 Possess it, and all things that therein live, 340
 Or live in sea or air, beast, fish, and fowl.
 In sign whereof, each bird and beast behold
 After their kinds; I bring them to receive
 From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
 With low subjection. Understand the same
 Of fish within their watery residence,
 Not hither summoned, since they cannot change
 Their element to draw the thinner air.'
 As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
 Approaching two and two—these cowering low 350
 With blandishment; each bird stooped on his wing.
 I named them as they passed, and understood
 Their nature; with such knowledge God endued
 My sudden apprehension. But in these
 I found not what methought I wanted still,
 And to the Heavenly Vision thus presumed:—
 "O, by what name—for Thou above all these,
 Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,
 Surpascest far my naming—how may I
 Adore thee, Author of this Universe, 360
 And all this good to Man, for whose well-being
 So amply, and with hands so liberal,
 Thou hast provided all things? But with me
 I see not who partakes. In solitude
 What happiness? who can enjoy alone,
 Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?'
 Thus I, presumptuous; and the Vision bright,
 As with a smile more brightened, thus replied:—
 "What callest thou solitude? Is not the Earth
 With various living creatures, and the Air, 370
 Replenished, and all these at thy command

To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not
 Their language and their ways? They also know,
 And reason not contemptibly; with these
 Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.'
 So spake the Universal Lord, and seemed
 So ordering. I, with leave of speech implored,
 And humble deprecation, thus replied:—

“‘Let not my words offend thee, Heavenly Power;
 My Maker, be propitious while I speak. 380
 Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
 And these inferior far beneath me set?
 Among unequals what society
 Can sort, what harmony or true delight?
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due
 Given and received; but, in disparity,
 The one intense, the other still remiss,
 Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
 Tedious alike. Of fellowship I speak
 Such as I seek, fit to participate 390
 All rational delight, wherein the brute
 Cannot be human consort. They rejoice
 Each with their kind, lion with lioness;
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined:
 Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,
 So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;
 Worse, then, can man with beast, and least of all.’

“Where to the Almighty answered, not dis-
 pleased:—

‘A nice and subtle happiness, I see,
 Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice 400
 Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste
 No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
 What think'st thou, then, of me, and this my state?
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possessed
 Of happiness, or not, who am alone
 From all eternity? for none I know
 Second to me or like, equal much less.
 How have I, then, with whom to hold converse,
 Save with the creatures which I made, and those

To me inferior infinite descents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee ?' 410

" He ceased. I lowly answered :—' To attain
The highth and depth of thy eternal ways
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of Things !
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficiency found. Not so is Man,

But in degree—the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Should'st propagate, already infinite, 420
And through all numbers absolute, though One ;

But Man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiplied,
In unity defective ; which requires
Collateral love, and dearest amity.
Thou, in thy secrecy although alone,
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication—yet, so pleased,
Canst raise thy creature to what highth thou wilt 430
Of union or communion, deified ;

I, by conversing, cannot these erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.
Thus I emboldened spake, and freedom used
Permissive, and acceptance found ; which gained
This answer from the gracious Voice Divine :—

" Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleased,
And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly named, but of thyself—
Expressing well the spirit within thee free, 440
My image, not imparted to the brute ;
Whose fellowship, therefore, unmeet for thee,
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike.
And be so minded still. I, ere thou spak'st,
Knew it not good for Man to be alone,
And no such company as then thou saw'st
Intended thee—for trial only brought,
To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet.

What next I bring shall please thee, be assured,
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self, 450
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.'

"He ended, or I heard no more; for now
My earthly, by his heavenly overpowered,
Which it had long stood under, strained to the highth
In that celestial colloquy sublime,
As with an object that excels the sense,
Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, called
By Nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes.
Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell 460
Of fancy, my internal sight; by which,
Abstract as in a trance, methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the Shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
Who, stooping, opened my left side, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,
But suddenly with flesh filled up and healed.
The rib he formed and fashioned with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew, 470
Man-like, but different sex, so lovely fair
That what seemed fair in all the world seemed now
Mean, or in her summed up, in her contained
And in her looks, which from that time infused
Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspired
The spirit of love and amorous delight.
She disappeared, and left me dark; I waked
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure: 480
When, out of hope, behold her not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorned
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable. On she came,
Led by her Heavenly Maker, though unseen
And guided by his voice, nor uninformed
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye;
In every gesture dignity and love.

I, overjoyed, could not forbear aloud :— 490

“ ‘ This turn hath made amends ; thou hast fulfilled
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair—but fairest this
Of all thy gifts !—nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my Self
Before me. Woman is her name, of Man
Extracted ; for this cause he shall forgo
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere,
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.’

“ She heard me thus ; and, though divinely brought,
Yet innocence and virgin modesty, 501

Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That would be wooed, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired,
The more desirable—or, to say all,
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought—
Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turned.
I followed her ; she what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approved
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower 510
I led her blushing like the Morn ; all Heaven,
And happy constellations, on that hour
Shed their-selectest influence ; the Earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill ;
Joyous the birds ; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whispered it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the Evening-star
On his hill-top to light the bridal lamp. 520

“ Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As, used or not, works in the mind no change
Nor vehement desire—these delicacies

I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
 Walks, and the melody of birds : but here,
 Far otherwise, transported I behold,
 Transported touch ; here passion first I felt, 530
 Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
 Superior and unmoved, here only weak
 Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.
 Or Nature failed in me, and left some part
 Not proof enough such object to sustain,
 Or, from my side subducting, took perhaps
 More than enough—at least on her bestowed
 Too much of ornament, in outward show
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.
 For well I understand in the prime end 540
 Of Nature her the inferior, in the mind
 And inward faculties, which most excel ;
 In outward also her resembling less
 His image who made both, and less expressing
 The character of that dominion given
 O'er other creatures. Yet when I approach
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
 And in herself complete, so well to know
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best. 550
 All higher Knowledge in her presence falls
 Degraded ; Wisdom in discourse with her
 Loses, discountenanced, and like Folly shows ;
 Authority and Reason on her wait,
 As one intended first, not after made
 Occasionally ; and, to consummate all,
 Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
 About her, as a guard angelic placed."

To whom the Angel, with contracted brow :— 560
 " Accuse not Nature ! she hath done her part ;
 Do thou but thine ! and be not diffident
 Of Wisdom ; she deserts thee not, if thou
 Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,
 By attributing overmuch to things

Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.
 For, what admir'st thou, what transports thee so?
 An outside—fair, no doubt, and worthy well
 Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love;
 Not thy subjection. Weigh with her thyself; 570
 Then value. Oft-times nothing profits more
 Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
 Well managed. Of that skill the more thou know'st,
 The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
 And to realities yield all her shows—
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
 So awful, that with honour thou may'st love
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
 But, if the sense of touch, whereby mankind
 Is propagated, seem such dear delight 580
 Beyond all other, think the same voutsafed
 To cattle and each beast; which would not be
 To them made common and divulged, if aught
 Therein enjoyed were worthy to subdue
 The soul of Man, or passion in him move.
 What higher in her society thou find'st
 Attractive, human, rational, love still :
 In loving thou dost well; in passion not,
 Wherein true Love consists not. Love refines
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges—hath his seat 590
 In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale
 By which to Heavenly Love thou may'st ascend,
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure; for which cause
 Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.”
 To whom thus, half abashed, Adam replied :—
 “ Neither her outside formed so fair, nor aught
 In procreation, common to all kinds
 (Though higher of the genial bed by far,
 And with mysterious reverence, I deem),
 So much delights me as those graceful acts, 600
 Those thousand decencies, that daily flow
 From all her words and actions, mixed with love
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeigned
 Union of mind, or in us both one soul—

Harmony to behold in wedded pair
 More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.
 Yet these subject not ; I to thee disclose
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore foiled,
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense
 Variously representing, yet, still free, 610
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
 To love thou blam'st me not—for Love, thou say'st,
 Leads up to Heaven, is both the way and guide ;
 Bear with me, then, if lawful what I ask.
 Love not the Heavenly Spirits, and how their love
 Express they—by looks only, or do they mix
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch ?”

To whom the Angel, with a smile that glowed
 Celestial rosy-red, Love's proper hue,
 Answerd :—“ Let it suffice thee that thou know'st 620
 Us happy, and without Love no happiness.
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st
 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
 In eminence, and obstacle find none
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars.
 Easier than air with air, if Spirits embrace,
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure
 Desiring, nor restrained conveyance need
 As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
 But I can now no more : the parting Sun 630
 Beyond the Earth's green Cape and verdant Isles
 Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.
 Be strong, live happy, and love ! but first of all
 Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
 His great command ; take heed lest passion sway
 Thy judgment to do aught which else free-will
 Would not admit ; thine and of all thy sons
 The weal or woe in thee is placed ; beware !
 I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
 And all the Blest. Stand fast ; to stand or fall 640
 Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
 Perfect within, no outward aid require ;
 And all temptation to transgress repel.”

So saying, he arose ; whom Adam thus
Followed with benediction :—" Since to part,
Go, Heavenly Guest, Ethereal Messenger,
Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore !
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honoured ever
With grateful memory. Thou to Mankind
Be good and friendly still, and oft return !"

650

So parted they, the Angel up to Heaven
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

THE END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, having compassed the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by night into Paradise; enters into the Serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart : Adam consents not, alleging the danger lest that enmity of whom they were forewarned should attempt her found alone. Eve, loth to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength : Adam at last yields. The Serpent finds her alone : his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech and such understanding not till now ; the Serpent answers that by tasting of a certain tree in the Garden he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both. Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden : the Serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat. She, pleased with the taste, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not ; at last brings him of the fruit ; relates what persuaded her to eat thereof. Adam, at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves, through vehemence of love, to perish with her, and, extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit. The effects thereof in them both ; they seek to cover their nakedness ; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

NO more of talk where God or Angel Guest
With Man, as with his friend, familiar used
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast, permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblamed. I now must change
Those notes to tragic—foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal, on the part of man, revolt
And disobedience; on the part of Heaven,
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
Anger and just rebuke, and judgment given,

That brought into this World a world of woe,
 Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery,
 Death's harbinger. Sad task ! yet argument
 Not less but more heroic than the wrath
 Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued
 Thrice fugitive about Troy wall ; or rage
 Of Turnus for Lavinia disespoused ;
 Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long
 Perplexed the Greck, and Cytherea's son :
 If answerable style I can obtain 20
 Of my celestial Patroness, who deigns
 Her nightly visitation unimplored,
 And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires
 Easy my unpremeditated verse,
 Since first this subject for heroic song
 Pleased me, long choosing and beginning late,
 Not sedulous by nature to indite
 Wars, hitherto the only argument
 Heroic deemed, chief mastery to dissect
 With long and tedious havoc fabled knights 30
 In battles feigned (the better fortitude
 Of patience and heroic martyrdom
 Unsung), or to describe races and games,
 Or tilting furniture, emblazoned shields,
 Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds.
 Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
 At joust and tournament ; then marshalled feast
 Served up in hall with sewers and seneshals:
 The skill of artifice or office mean ;
 Not that which justly gives heroic name 40
 To person or to poem ! Me, of these
 Nor skilled nor studious, higher argument
 Remains, sufficient of itself to raise
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold
 Climate, or years, damp my intended wing
 Depressed ; and much they may if all be mine,
 Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.
 The Sun was sunk, and after him the Star
 Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring

Twilight upon the Earth, short arbiter 50
'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
Night's hemisphere had veiled the horizon round,
When Satan, who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On Man's destruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless returned.
By night he fled, and at midnight returned
From compassing the Earth—cautious of day
Since Uriel, Regent of the Sun, descried 60
His entrance, and forewarned the Cherubim
That kept their watch. Thence, full of anguish, driven,
The space of seven continued nights he rode
With darkness—thrice the equinoctial line
He circled, four times crossed the car of Night
From pole to pole, traversing each colure—
On the eighth returned, and on the coast averse
From entrance or cherubic watch by stealth
Found unsuspected way. There was a place
(Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wrought the
change) 70
Where Tigris, at the foot of Paradise,
Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a fountain by the Tree of Life.
In with the river sunk, and with it rose,
Satan, involved in rising mist; then sought
Where to lie hid. Sea he had searched and land,
From Eden over Pontus, and the Pool
Maotis, up beyond the river Ob;
Downward as far antarctic; and, in length,
West from Orontes to the ocean barred 80
At Darien, thence to the land where flows
Ganges and Indus. Thus the orb he roamed
With narrow search, and with inspection deep
Considered every creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found
The Serpent subtlest beast of all the field.
Him, after long debate, irresolute

Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose
 Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide 90
 From sharpest sight; for in the wily snake
 Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,
 As from his wit and native subtlety
 Proceeding, which, in other beasts observed,
 Doubt might beget of diabolic power
 Active within beyond the sense of brute.
 Thus he resolved, but first from inward grief
 His bursting passion into plaints thus poured:—
 “O Earth, how like to Heaven, if not preferred
 More justly, seat worthier of Gods, as built 100
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
 For what God, after better, worse would build?
 Terrestrial Heaven, danced round by other Heavens,
 That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
 Light above light, for thee alone, as seems,
 In thee concentring all their precious beams
 Of sacred influence! As God in Heaven
 Is centre, yet extends to all, so thou
 Centring receiv’st from all those orbs; in thee,
 Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears, 110
 Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
 Of creatures animate with gradual life
 Of growth, sense, reason, all summed up in Man.
 With what delight could I have walked thee round,
 If I could joy in aught—sweet interchange
 Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
 Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crowned,
 Rocks, dens, and caves! But I in none of these
 Find place or refuge; and the more I see
 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel 120
 Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
 Of contraries; all good to me becomes
 Bane, and in Heaven much worse would be my state.
 But neither here seek I, no, nor in Heaven,
 To dwell, unless by mastering Heaven’s Supreme;
 Nor hope to be myself less miserable

By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound.
For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroyed, 130
Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made, all this will soon
Follow, as to him linked in weal or woe:
In woe then, that destruction wide may range!
To me shall be the glory sole among
The Infernal Powers, in one day to have marred
What he, Almighty styled, six nights and days
Continued making, and who knows how long
Before had been contriving? though perhaps 140
Not longer than since I in one night freed
From servitude inglorious well nigh half
The Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers. He, to be avenged,
And to repair his numbers thus impaired—
Whether such virtue, spent of old, now failed
More Angels to create (if they at least
Are his created), or to spite us more—
Determined to advance into our room
A creature formed of earth, and him endow,
Exalted from so base original, 150
With heavenly spoils, our spoils. What he decreed
He effected; Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,
Him Lord pronounced, and, O indignity!
Subjected to his service Angel-wings
And flaming ministers, to watch and tend
Their earthy charge. Of these the vigilance
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist
Of midnight vapour, glide obscure, and pry
In every bush and brake, where hap may find 160
The Serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul descent! that I, who erst contended
With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrained
Into a beast, and, mixed with bestial slime,

This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
 That to the highth of deity aspired !
 But what will not ambition and revenge
 Descend to ? Who aspires must down as low
 As high he soared, obnoxious, first or last, 170
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
 Bitter ere long back on itself recoils.

Let it ; I reckon not, so it light well aimed,
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next
 Provokes my envy, this new favourite
 Of Heaven, this Man of Clay, son of despite,
 Whom, us the more to spite, his Maker raised
 From dust : spite then with spite is best repaid."

So saying, through each thicket, dank or dry,
 Like a black mist low-creeping, he held on 180
 His midnight search, where soonest he might find
 The Serpent. Him fast sleeping soon he found,
 In labyrinth of many a round self-rolled,
 His head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles :
 Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,
 Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb,
 Fearless, unfeared, he slept. In at his mouth
 The Devil entered, and his brutal sense,
 In heart or head, possessing soon inspired
 With act intelligential ; but his sleep 190
 Disturbed not, waiting close the approach of morn.

Now, whenas sacred light began to dawn
 In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed
 Their morning incense, when all things that breathe
 From the Earth's great altar send up silent praise
 To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
 With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,
 And joined their vocal worship to the quire
 Of creatures wanting voice ; that done, partake
 The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs ; 200
 Then commune how that day they best may ply
 Their growing work—for much their work outgrew
 The hands' dispatch of two gardening so wide :
 And Eve first to her husband thus began :—

"Adam, well may we labour still to dress
 This Garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,
 Our pleasant task enjoined ; but, till more hands
 Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
 Luxurious by restraint: what we by day
 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind, 210
 One night or two with wanton growth derides,
 Tending to wild. Thou, therefore, now advise,
 Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present.
 Let us divide our labours—thou where choice
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
 The woodbine round this arbour, or direct
 The clasping ivy where to climb ; while I
 In yonder spring of roses intermixed
 With myrtle find what to redress till noon.
 For, while so near each other thus all day 220
 Our task we choose, what wonder if so near
 Looks intervene and smiles, or objects new
 Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
 Our day's work, brought to little, though begun
 Early, and the hour of supper comes unearned !"
 To whom mild answer Adam thus returned :—
 "Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond
 Compare above all living creatures dear !
 Well hast thou motioned, well thy thoughts employed
 How we might best fulfil the work which here 230
 God hath assigned us, nor of me shalt pass
 Unpraised ; for nothing lovelier can be found
 In woman than to study household good,
 And good works in her husband to promote.
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed
 Labour as to debar us when we need
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
 Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
 Of looks and smiles ; for smiles from reason flow,
 To brute denied, and are of love the food— 240
 Love, not the lowest end of human life.
 For not to irksome toil, but to delight,
 He made us, and delight to reason joined.

These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Assist us. But, if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield ;
For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return. 250
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
Befall thee, severed from me ; for thou know'st
What hath been warned us—what malicious foe,
Envyng our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
By sly assault, and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
Hopeless to circumvent us joined, where each
To other speedy aid might lend at need. 260
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fealty from God, or to disturb
Conjugal love—than which perhaps no bliss
Enjoyed by us excites his envy more—
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.
The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.”

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve, 270
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure thus replied :—

“Offspring of Heaven and Earth, and all Earth's lord!
That such an enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee informed I learn,
And from the parting Angel overheard,
As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then returned at shut of evening flowers.
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
To God or thee, because we have a foe 280
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'st not, being such

As we, not capable of death or pain,
 Can either not receive, or can repel.
 His fraud is, then, thy fear ; which plain infers
 Thy equal fear that my firm faith and love
 Can by his fraud be shaken or seduced :
 Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast,
 Adam ! misthought of her to thee so dear ?”

To whom, with healing words, Adam replied :— 290
 “ Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve!—
 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire—
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
 The attempt itself, intended by our foe.
 For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
 The tempted with dishonour foul, supposed
 Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
 Against temptation. Thou thyself with scorn
 And anger wouldst resent the offered wrong, 300
 Though ineffectual ; misdeem not, then,
 If such affront I labour to avert
 From thee alone, which on us both at once
 The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare ;
 Or, daring, first on me the assault shall light.
 Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn—
 Subtle he needs must be who could seduce
 Angels—nor think superfluous others’ aid.
 I from the influence of thy looks receive
 Access in every virtue—in thy sight 310
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
 Of outward strength ; while shame, thou looking on,
 Shame to be overcome or overreached,
 Would utmost vigour raise, and raised unite.
 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
 When I am present, and thy trial choose
 With me, best witness of thy virtue tried ?”

So spake domestic Adam in his care
 And matrimonial love ; but Eve, who thought
 Less attributed to her faith sincere, 320
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renewed :—

" If this be our condition, thus to dwell
 In narrow circuit straitened by a foe,
 Subtle or violent, we not endued
 Single with like defence wherever met,
 How are we happy, still in fear of harm ?
 But harm precedes not sin : only our foe
 Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
 Of our integrity : his foul esteem
 Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns 330
 Foul on himself ; then wherefore shunned or feared
 By us, who rather double honour gain
 From his surmise proved false, find peace within,
 Favour from Heaven, our witness, from the event ?
 And what is faith, love, virtue, unassayed
 Alone, without exterior help sustained ?
 Let us not then suspect our happy state
 Left so imperfect by the Maker wise
 As not secure to single or combined.
 Frail is our happiness, if this be so ; 340
 And Eden were no Eden, thus exposed."

To whom thus Adam fervently replied :—
 " O Woman, best are all things as the will
 Of God ordained them ; his creating hand
 Nothing imperfect or deficient left
 Of all that he created—much less Man,
 Or aught that might his happy state secure,
 Secure from outward force. Within himself
 The danger lies, yet lies within his power ;
 Against his will he can receive no harm. 350
 But God left free the Will ; for what obeys
 Reason is free ; and Reason he made right,
 But bid her well be ware, and still erect,
 Lest, by some fair appearing good surprised,
 She dictate false, and misinform the Will
 To do what God expressly hath forbid.
 Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins
 That I should mind thee oft ; and mind thou me.
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
 Since Reason not impossibly may meet 360

Some specious object by the foe suborned,
 And fall into deception unaware,
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warned.
 Seek not temptation, then, which to avoid
 Were better, and most likely if from me
 Thou sever not : trial will come unsought.
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
 First thy obedience ; the other who can know,
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest ?
 But, if thou think trial unsought may find 370
 Us both securer than thus warned thou seem'st,
 Go ; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more.
 Go in thy native innocence ; rely

On what thou hast of virtue ; summon all ;
 For God towards thee hath done his part : do thine."

So spake the Patriarch of Mankind ; but Eve
 Persisted ; yet submit, though last, replied :—

"With thy permission, then, and thus forewarned,
 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
 Touched only, that our trial, when least sought, 380
 May find us both perhaps far less prepared,
 The willinger I go, nor much expect
 A foe so proud will first the weaker seek ;
 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse."

Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand
 Soft she withdrew, and, like a wood-nymph light,
 Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
 Betook her to the groves, but Delia's self
 In gait surpassed and goddess-like deport,
 Though not as she with bow and quiver armed, 390
 But with such gardening tools as Art, yet rude,
 Guiltless of fire had formed, or Angels brought.
 To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorned,
 Likest she seemed—Pomona when she fled
 Vertumnus—or to Ceres in her prime,
 Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.
 Her long with ardent look his eye pursued
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
 Oft he to her his charge of quick return

Repeated; she to him as oft engaged 400
To be returned by noon amid the bower,
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
O much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presumed return! event perverse!
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast or sound repose;
Such ambush, hid among sweet flowers and shades,
Waited, with hellish rancour imminent,
To intercept thy way, or send thee back 410
Despoiled of innocence, of faith, of bliss.
For now, and since first break of dawn, the Fiend,
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his quest where likeliest he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them
The whole included race, his purposed prey.
In bower and field he sought, where any tuft
Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,
Their tendance or plantation for delight;
By fountain or by shady rivulet 420
He sought them both, but wished his hap might find
Eve separate; he wished, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanced, when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
Half-spied, so thick the roses bushing round
About her glowed, oft stooping to support
Each flower of tender stalk, whose head, though gay
Carnation, purple, azure, or specked with gold,
Hung drooping unsustained. Them she upstays 430
Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while
Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm;
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
Among thick-woven arborets, and flowers
Imbordered on each bank, the hand of Eve:

Spot more delicious than those gardens feigned
 Or of revived Adonis, or renowned 440
 Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son,
 Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king
 Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.
 Much he the place admired, the person more.
 As one who, long in populous city pent,
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
 Among the pleasant villages and farms
 Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight—
 The smell of grain, or teded grass, or kine, 450
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound—
 If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,
 What pleasing seemed for her now pleases more,
 She most, and in her look sums all delight :
 Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold
 This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve
 Thus early, thus alone. Her heavenly form
 Angelic, but more soft and feminine,
 Her graceful innocence, her every air
 Of gesture or least action, overawed 460
 His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.
 That space the Evil One abstracted stood
 From his own evil, and for the time remained
 Stupidly good, of enmity disarmed,
 Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.
 But the hot hell that always in him burns,
 Though in mid Heaven, soon ended his delight,
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees
 Of pleasure not for him ordained. Then soon 470
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites :—
 "Thoughts, whither have ye led me? with what
 sweet
 Compulsion thus transported to forget
 What hither brought us? hate, not love, nor hope
 Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste

Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
 Save what is in destroying; other joy
 To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
 Occasion which now smiles. Behold alone 480
 The Woman, opportune to all attempts—
 Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
 Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
 And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould;
 Foe not formidable, exempt from wound—
 I not; so much hath Hell debased, and pain
 Enfeebled me, to what I was in Heaven.
 She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods,
 Not terrible, though terror be in love, 490
 And beauty, not approached by stronger hate,
 Hate stronger under show of love well feigned—
 The way which to her ruin now I tend.”

So spake the Enemy of Mankind, enclosed
 In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve
 Addressed his way—not with indented wave,
 Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,
 Circular base of rising folds, that towered
 Fold above fold, a surging maze; his head 500
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
 With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect
 Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
 Floated redundant. Pleasing was his shape
 And lovely; never since of serpent kind
 Lovelier—not those that in Illyria changed
 Hermione and Cadmus, or the god
 In Epidaurus; nor to which transformed
 Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline, was seen,
 He with Olympias, this with her who bore.
 Scipio, the highth of Rome. With tract oblique 510
 At first, as one who sought access but feared
 To interrupt, sidelong he works his way.
 As when a ship, by skilful steersman wrought
 Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
 Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail,

So varied he, and of his tortuous train
 Curled many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
 To lure her eye. She, busied, heard the sound
 Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used
 To such disport before her through the field 520
 From every beast, more duteous at her call
 Than at Circean call the herd disguised.
 He, bolder now, uncalled before her stood,
 But as in gaze admiring. Oft he bowed
 His turret crest and sleek enamelled neck,
 Fawning, and licked the ground whereon she trod.
 His gentle dumb expression turned at length
 The eye of Eve to mark his play; he, glad
 Of her attention gained, with serpent-tongue
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air, 530
 His fraudulent temptation thus began:—

“Wonder not, sovran mistress (if perhaps
 Thou canst who art sole wonder), much less arm
 Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with disdain,
 Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze
 Insatiate, I thus single, nor have feared
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore, 540
 With ravishment beheld—there best beheld
 Where universally admired. But here,
 In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except, [seen
 Who sees thee (and what is one?) who shouldst be
 A Goddess among Gods, adored and served
 By Angels numberless, thy daily train?”

So glozed the Tempter, and his poem tuned.
 Into the heart of Eve his words made way, 550
 Though at the voice much marvelling; at length,
 Not unamazed, she thus in answer spake:—

“What may this mean? Language of Man pronounced

By tongue of brute, and human sense expressed!
 The first at least of these I thought denied
 To beasts, whom God on their creation-day
 Created mute to all articulate sound ;
 The latter I demur, for in their looks
 Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.
 Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field 560
 I knew, but not with human voice endued ;
 Redouble, then, this miracle, and say,
 How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how
 To me so friendly grown above the rest
 Of brutal kind that daily are in sight :
 Say, for such wonder claims attention due."

To whom the guileful Tempter thus replied :—
 "Empress of this fair World, resplendent Eve!
 Easy to me it is to tell thee all
 What thou command'st, and right thou shouldst be
 obeyed. 570

I was at first as other beasts that graze
 The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
 As was my food, nor aught but food discerned
 Or sex, and apprehended nothing high :
 Till on a day, roving the field, I chanced
 A goodly tree far distant to behold,
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixed,
 Ruddy and gold. I nearer drew to gaze ;
 When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,
 Grateful to appetite, more pleased my sense 580
 Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats
 Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,
 Unsucked of lamb or kid, that tend their play.
 To satisfy the sharp desire I had
 Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved
 Not to defer ; hunger and thirst at once,
 Powerful persuaders, quickened at the scent
 Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.
 About the mossy trunk I wound me soon ;
 For, high from ground, the branches would require
 Thy utmost reach, or Adam's : round the tree 591

All other beasts that saw, with like desire
 Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.
 Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
 Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
 I spared not; for such pleasure till that hour
 At feed or fountain never had I found.
 Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
 Strange alteration in me, to degree
 Of Reason in my inward powers, and Speech 600
 Wanted not long, though to this shape retained.
 Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
 I turned my thoughts, and with capacious mind
 Considered all things visible in Heaven,
 Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good.
 But all that fair and good in thy divine
 Semblance, and in thy beauty's heavenly ray,
 United I beheld—no fair to thine
 Equivalent or second; which compelled
 Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come 610
 And gaze, and worship thee of right declared
 Sovran of creatures, universal Dame!"

So talked the spirited sly Snake; and Eve,
 Yet more amazed, unwary thus replied:—

"Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
 The virtue of that fruit, in thee first proved.
 But say, where grows the tree? from hence how far?
 For many are the trees of God that grow
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
 To us; in such abundance lies our choice 620
 As leaves a greater store of fruit untouched,
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men
 Grow up to their provision, and more hands
 Help to disburden Nature of her bearth."

To whom the wily Adder, blithe and glad:—
 "Empress, the way is ready, and not long—
 Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
 Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
 Of blowing myrrh and balm. If thou accept
 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon." 630

“Lead, then,” said Eve. He, leading, swiftly rolled
 In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
 To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
 Brightens his crest. As when a wandering fire,
 Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
 Condenses, and the cold environs round,
 Kindled through agitation to a flame
 (Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends),
 Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
 Misleads the amazed night-wanderer from his way 640
 To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
 There swallowed up and lost, from succour far :
 So glistered the dire Snake, and into fraud
 Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the Tree
 Of Prohibition, root of all our woe ;
 Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake :—

“Serpent, we might have spared our coming hither,
 Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess,
 The credit of whose virtue rest with thee—
 Wondrous, indeed, if cause of such effects ! 650
 But of this tree we may not taste nor touch ;
 God so commanded, and left that command
 Sole daughter of his voice : the rest, we live
 Law to ourselves ; our Reason is our Law.”

To whom the Tempter guilefully replied :—
 “Indeed ! Hath God then said that of the fruit
 Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,
 Yet lords declared of all in Earth or Air ?”

To whom thus Eve, yet sinless :—“Of the fruit
 Of each tree in the garden we may eat ; 660
 But of the fruit of this fair tree, amidst
 The Garden, God hath said, ‘Ye shall not eat
 Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.’”

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more
 bold

The Tempter, but, with show of zeal and love
 To Man, and indignation at his wrong,
 New part puts on, and, as to passion moved,
 Fluctuates disturbed, yet comely, and in act

Raised, as of some great matter to begin.
As when of old some orator renowned 670
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourished, since mute, to some great cause addressed,
Stood in himself collected, while each part,
Motion, each act, won audience ere the tongue
Sometimes in highth began, as no delay
Of preface brooking through his zeal of right :
So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown,
The Tempter, all impassioned, thus began :—
“ O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving Plant,
Mother of science ! now I feel thy power 680
Within me clear, not only to discern
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
Of highest agents, deemed however wise.
Queen of this Universe ! do not believe
Those rigid threats of death. Ye shall not die.
How should ye ? By the fruit ? it gives you life
To knowledge. By the Threatener ? look on me,
Me who have touched and tasted, yet both live,
And life more perfect have attained than Fate 690
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.
Shall that be shut to Man which to the Beast
Is open ? or will God incense his ire
For such a petty trespass, and not praise
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounced, whatever thing Death be,
Deterred not from achieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil ?
Of good, how just ! of evil—if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunned ?
God, therefore, cannot hurt ye, and be just ; 700
Not just, not God ; not feared then, nor obeyed :
Your fear itself of death removes the fear.
Why, then, was this forbid ? Why but to awe,
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worshipers ? He knows that in the day
Ye eat thereof your eyes, that seem so clear,
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then

Opened and cleared, and ye shall be as Gods,
Knowing both good and evil, as they know.
That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man, 710
Internal Man, is but proportion meet—
I, of brute, human ; ye, of human, Gods.
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on Gods—death to be wished,
Though threatened, which no worse than this can bring !
And what are Gods, that Man may not become
As they, participating godlike food ?
The Gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds.
I question it ; for this fair Earth I see, 720
Warmed by the Sun, producing every kind ;
Them nothing. If they all things, who enclosed
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That whoso eats thereof forthwith attains
Wisdom without their leave ? and wherein lies
The offence, that Man should thus attain to know ?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
Impart against his will, if all be his ?
Or is it envy ? and can envy dwell
In Heavenly breasts ? These, these and many more 730
Causes import your need of this fair fruit.
Goddess humane, reach, then, and freely taste ! ”
He ended ; and his words, replete with guile,
Into her heart too easy entrance won.
Fixed on the fruit she gazed, which to behold
Might tempt alone ; and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn’d
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth.
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked
An eager appetite, raised by the smell 740
So savoury of that fruit, which with desire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
Solicited her longing eye ; yet first,
Pausing a while, thus to herself she mused :—
“ Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,
Though kept from Man, and worthy to be admired,

Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise.
Thy praise he also who forbids thy use 750
Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taste. But his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want;
For good unknown sure is not had, or, had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain, then, what forbids he but to know?
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise!
Such prohibitions bind not. But, if Death 760
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is we shall die!
How dies the Serpent? He hath eaten, and lives.
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us denied
This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?
For beasts it seems; yet that one beast which first
Hath tasted envies not, but brings with joy 770
The good befallen him, author unsuspect,
Friendly to Man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I, then? rather, what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good and evil,
Of God or Death, of law or penalty?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise. What hinders, then,
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?"
So saying, her rash hand in evil hour 780
Forth-reaching to the fruit, she plucked, she eat.
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
The guilty Serpent, and well might, for Eve,

Intent now only on her taste, naught else
 Regarded ; such delight till then, as seemed,
 In fruit she never tasted, whether true,
 Or fancied so through expectation high
 Of knowledge ; nor was Godhead from her thought.
 Greedily she ingorged without restraint, 791
 And knew not eating death. Sate at length,
 And hightened as with wine, jocund and boon,
 Thus to herself she pleasingly began:—

“ O sovran, virtuous, precious of all trees
 In Paradise ! of operation blest
 To sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,
 And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
 Created ! but henceforth my early care,
 Not without song, each morning, and due praise, 800
 Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease
 Of thy full branches, offered free to all ;
 Till, dieted by thee, I grow mature
 In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know.
 Though others envy what they cannot give—
 For, had the gift been theirs, it had not here
 Thus grown ! Experience, next to thee I owe,
 Best guide : not following thee, I had remained
 In ignorance ; thou open'st Wisdom's way,
 And giv'st access, though secret she retire. 810
 And I perhaps am secret : Heaven is high—
 High, and remote to see from thence distinct
 Each thing on Earth ; and other care perhaps
 May have diverted from continual watch
 Our great Forbidder, safe with all his spies
 About him. But to Adam in what sort
 Shall I appear ? Shall I to him make known
 As yet my change, and give him to partake
 Full happiness with me, or rather not,
 But keep the odds of knowledge in my power 820
 Without copartner ? so to add what wants
 In female sex, the more to draw his love,
 And render me more equal, and perhaps—
 A thing not undesirable—sometime

Superior ; for, inferior, who is free ?
This may be well ; but what if God have seen,
And death ensue ? Then I shall be no more ;
And Adam, wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct !
A death to think ! Confirmed, then, I resolve 830
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe.
So dear I love him that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life."

So saying, from the tree her step she turned,
But first low reverence done, as to the Power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infused
Into the plant scintial sap, derived
From nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while,
Waiting desirous her return, had wove 840
Of choicest flowers a garland, to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harvest-queen.
Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delayed ;
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
Misgave him. He the faltering measure felt,
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That morn when first they parted. By the Tree
Of Knowledge he must pass ; there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning ; in her hand 850
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smiled,
New gathered, and ambrosial smell diffused.
To him she hasted ; in her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology to prompt,
Which, with bland words at will, she thus addressed :--
" Hast thou not wondered, Adam, at my stay ?
Thee I have missed, and thought it long, deprived
Thy presence—agony of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice ; for never more
Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought, 860
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear.
This tree is not, as we are told, a tree

Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
 Opening the way, but of divine effect
 To open eyes, and make them Gods who taste ;
 And hath been tasted such. The Serpent wise,
 Or not restrained as we, or not obeying,
 Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become
 Not dead, as we are threatened, but thenceforth 870
 Endued with human voice and human sense,
 Reasoning to admiration, and with me
 Persuasively hath so prevailed that I
 Have also tasted, and have also found
 The effects to correspond—opener mine eyes,
 Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
 And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss;
 Tedious, unshared with thee, and odious soon. 880
 Thou, therefore, also taste, that equal lot
 May join us, equal joy, as equal love ;
 Lest, thou not tasting, different degree
 Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
 Deity for thee, when fate will not permit."

Thus Eve with countenance blithe her story told;
 But in her cheek distemper flushing glowed.
 On the other side, Adam, soon as he heard
 The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,
 Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill 890
 Ran through his veins, and all his joints relaxed.
 From his slack hand the garland wreathed for Eve
 Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed.
 Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
 First to himself he inward silence broke:—

"O fairest of Creation, last and best
 Of all God's works, creature in whom excelled
 Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !
 How art thou lost ! how on a sudden lost, 900
 Defaced, deflowered, and now to death devote !
 Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress

The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred fruit forbidden? Some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruined; for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die.

How can I live without thee? how forgo
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly joined,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn? 910
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart. No, no! I feel
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe."

So having said, as one from sad dismay
Recomforted, and, after thoughts disturbed,
Submitting to what seemed remediless,
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turned:— 920

"Bold deed thou hast presumed, adventurous Eve,
And peril great provoked, who thus hast dared
Had it been only coveting to eye
That sacred food, sacred to abstinence;
Much more to taste it, under ban to touch.
But past who can recall, or done undo?
Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate! Yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not die; perhaps the fact
Is not so heinous now—foretasted fruit.
Profaned first by the Serpent, by him first 930
Made common and unhallowed ere our taste,
Nor yet on him found deadly. He yet lives—
Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live, as Man,
Higher degree of life: inducement strong
To us, as likely, tasting, to attain
Proportional ascent; which cannot be
But to be Gods, or Angels, demi-gods.
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy
Us, his prime creatures, dignified so high, 940
Set over all his works; which, in our fall,

For us created, needs with us must fail,
 Dependent made. So God shall uncreate,
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose—
 Not well conceived of God ; who, though his power
 Creation could repeat, yet would be loth
 Us to abolish, lest the Adversary
 Triumph and say : ‘ Fickle their state whom God
 Most favours ; who can please him long ? Me first
 He ruined, now Mankind ; whom will he next ? ’— 950
 Matter of scorn not to be given the Foe.
 However, I with thee have fixed my lot,
 Certain to undergo like doom. If death
 Consort with thee, death is to me as life ;
 So forcible within my heart I feel
 The bond of Nature draw me to my own—
 My own in thee ; for what thou art is mine.
 Our state cannot be severed ; we are one,
 One flesh ; to lose thee were to lose myself.”
 So Adam ; and thus Eve to him replied :— 960
 “ O glorious trial of exceeding love,
 Illustrious evidence, example high !
 Engaging me to emulate ; but, short
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
 Adam ? from whose dear side I boast me sprung,
 And gladly of our union hear thee speak,
 One heart, one soul in both ; whereof good proof
 This day affords, declaring thee resolved,
 Rather than death, or aught than death more dread,
 Shall separate us, linked in love so dear, 970
 To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
 If any be, of tasting this fair fruit ;
 Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,
 Direct, or by occasion) hath presented
 This happy trial of thy love, which else
 So eminently never had been known.
 Were it I thought death menaced would ensue
 This my attempt, I would sustain alone
 The worst, and not persuade thee—rather die
 Deserted than oblige thee with a fact 980

Pernicious to thy peace. chiefly assured
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,
 So faithful, love unequalled. But I feel
 Far otherwise the event—not death, but life
 Augmented, opened eyes, new hopes, new joys,
 Taste so divine that what of sweet before
 Hath touched my sense flat seems to this and harsh.
 On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
 And fear of death deliver to the winds.”

So saying, she embraced him, and for joy 990
 Tenderly wept, much won that he his love
 Had so ennobled as of choice to incur
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
 In recompense (for such compliance bad
 Such recompense best merits), from the bough
 She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
 With liberal hand. He scrupled not to eat,
 Against his better knowledge, not deceived,
 But fondly overcome with female charm.
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again 1000
 In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan :
 Sky louded, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
 Wept at completing of the mortal Sin
 Original ; while Adam took no thought,
 Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate
 Her former trespass feared, the more to soothe
 Him with her loved society ; that now,
 As with new wine intoxicated both,
 They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
 Divinity within them breeding wings 1010
 Wherewith to scorn the Earth. But that false fruit
 Far other operation first displayed,
 Carnal desire inflaming. He on Eve
 Began to cast lascivious eyes ; she him
 As wantonly repaid ; in lust they burn,
 Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move :—
 “ Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste
 And elegant—of sapience no small part ;
 Since to each meaning savour we apply,

And palate call judicious. I the praise 1020
 Yield thee ; so well this day thou hast purveyed.
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstained
 From this delightful fruit, nor known till now
 True relish, tasting. If such pleasure be
 In things to us forbidden, it might be wished
 For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
 But come ; so well refreshed, now let us play,
 As meet is, after such delicious fare ;
 For never did thy beauty, since the day
 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorned 1030
 With all perfections, so inflame my sense
 With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
 Than ever—bounty of this virtuous tree !”

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
 Of amorous intent, well understood
 Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
 Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,
 Thick overhead with verdant roof embowered,
 He led her, nothing loth: flowers were the couch,
 Pansies, and violets, and asphodel, 1040
 And hyacinth—Earth’s freshest, softest lap.
 There they their fill of love and love’s disport
 Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
 The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
 Oppressed them, wearied with their amorous play.

Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
 That with exhilarating vapour bland
 About their spirits had played, and inmost powers
 Made err, was now exhaled, and grosser sleep,
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams 1050
 Encumbered, now had left them, up they rose
 As from unrest, and, each the other viewing,
 Soon found their eyes how opened, and their minds
 How darkened. Innocence, that as a veil
 Had shadowed them from knowing ill, was gone ;
 Just confidence, and native righteousness,
 And honour, from about them, naked left
 To guilty Shame : he covered, but his robe

Uncovered more. So rose the Danite strong,
Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap 1060
Of Philistean Dalilah, and waked
Shorn of his strength; they destitute and bare
Of all their virtue. Silent, and in face
Confounded, long they sat, as stricken mute;
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abashed,
At length gave utterance to these words constrained:—

“O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear
To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfeit Man's voice—true in our fall,
False in our promised rising; since our eyes 1070
Opened we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and evil, good lost and evil got:
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity.
Our wonted ornaments now soiled and stained,
And in our faces evident the signs
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store,
Even shame, the last of evils; of the first
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face 1080
Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? Those Heavenly Shapes
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze
Insufferably bright. Oh, might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade
Obscured, where highest woods, impenetrable
To star or sunlight, spread their umbrage broad,
And brown as evening! Cover me, ye pines!
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more! 1090
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may, for the present, serve to hide
The parts of each from other that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen—
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves, together
sewed,
And girded on our loins, may cover round

Those middle parts, that this new comer, Shame,
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean."

So counselled he, and both together went
Into the thickest wood. There soon they chose 1100
The fig-tree—not that kind for fruit renowned,
But such as, at this day, to Indians known,
In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms
Branching so broad and long that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillared shade
High overarched, and echoing walks between :
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade. Those leaves
They gathered, broad as Amazonian targe, 1111
And with what skill they had together sewed,
To gird their waist—vain covering, if to hide
Their guilt and dreaded shame ! O how unlike
To that first naked glory ! Such of late
Columbus found the American, so girt
With feathered cincture, naked else and wild,
Among the trees on isles and woody shores.
Thus fenced, and, as they thought, their shame in part
Covered, but not at rest or ease of mind, 1120
They sat them down to weep. Nor only tears
Rained at their eyes, but high winds worse within
Began to rise, high passions—anger, hate,
Mistrust, suspicion, discord—and shook sore
Their inward state of mind, calm region once
And full of peace, now tost and turbulent :
For Understanding ruled not, and the Will
Heard not her lore, both in subjection now.
To sensual Appetite, who, from beneath
Usurping over sovran Reason, claimed 1130
Superior sway. From thus distempered breast
Adam, estranged in look and altered style,
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renewed :—

"Would thou hadst hearkened to my words, and
stayed

With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wandering, this unhappy morn,
I know not whence possessed thee! We had then
Remained still happy—not, as now, despoiled
Of all our good, shamed, naked, miserable!
Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek 1141
Such proof, conclude they then begin to fail.”

To whom, soon moved with touch of blame, thus
Eve:—

“What words have passed thy lips, Adam severe?
Imput’st thou that to my default, or will
Of wandering, as thou call’st it, which who knows
But might as ill have happened thou being by,
Or to thyself perhaps? Hadst thou been there,
Or here the attempt, thou couldst not have discerned
Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake; 1150
No ground of enmity between us known
Why he should mean me ill or seek to harm.
Was I to have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still, a lifeless rib.
Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head,
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger, as thou saidst?
Too facile then, thou didst not much gainsay,
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Hadst thou been firm and fixed in thy dissent, 1160
Neither had I transgressed, nor thou with me.”

To whom, then first incensed, Adam replied:—
“Is this the love, is this the recompense
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, expressed
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I—
Who might have lived, and joyed immortal bliss,
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?
And am I now upbraided as the cause
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
It seems, in thy restraint! What could I more? 1170
I warned thee, I admonished thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy

That lay in wait ; beyond this had been force,
And force upon free will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on, secure
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial ; and perhaps
I also erred in overmuch admiring
What seemed in thee so perfect that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee. But I rue 1180
That error now, which is become my crime,
And thou the accuser. Thus it shall befall
Him who, to worth in women overtrusting,
Lets her will rule : restraint she will not brook ;
And, left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse."

Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning ;
And of their vain contest appeared no end.

THE END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Man's transgression known, the guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved ; God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors ; who descends, and gives sentence accordingly ; then, in pity, clothes them both, and reascends. Sin and Death, sitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new World, and the sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in Hell, but to follow Satan, their sire, up to the place of Man : to make the way easier from Hell to this World to and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made ; then, preparing for Earth, they meet him, proud of his success, returning to Hell ; their mutual gratulation, Satan arrives at Pandemonium ; in full assembly relates, with boasting, his success against Man ; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed, with himself also, suddenly into Serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise ; then, deluded with a show of the Forbidden Tree springing up before them, they, greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death : God foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things ; but, for the present, commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and Elements. Adam, more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolment of Eve ; she persists, and at length appeases him : then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways ; which he approves not, but, conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the Serpent, and exhorts her, with him, to seek peace of the offended Deity by repentance and supplication.

MEANWHILE the heinous and despitelul act
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
He, in the Serpent, had perverted Eve,
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
Was known in Heaven ; for what can scape the eye
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart
Omniscient ? who, in all things wise and just,

Hindered not Satan to attempt the mind
 Of Man, with strength entire and free will armed
 Complete to have discovered and repulsed 10
 Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.
 For still they knew, and ought to have still remembered,
 The high injunction not to taste that fruit,
 Whoever tempted ; which they not obeying
 Incurred (what could they less ?) the penalty,
 And, manifold in sin, deserved to fall.
 Up into Heaven from Paradise in haste
 The Angelic guards ascended, mute and sad
 For Man ; for of his state by this they knew,
 Much wondering how the subtle Fiend had stolen 20
 Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news
 From Earth arrived at Heaven-gate, displeased
 All were who heard ; dim sadness did not spare
 That time celestial visages, yet, mixed
 With pity, violated not their bliss.
 About the new-arrived, in multitudes,
 The Ethereal people ran, to hear and know
 How all befell. They towards the throne supreme,
 Accountable, made haste, to make appear,
 With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance, 30
 And easily approved ; when the Most High,
 Eternal Father, from his secret cloud
 Amidst, in thunder uttered thus his voice :—
 “ Assembled Angels, and ye Powers returned
 From unsuccessful charge, be not dismayed
 Nor troubled at these tidings from the Earth,
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
 When first this Tempter crossed the gulf from Hell.
 I told ye then he should prevail, and speed 40
 On his bad errand—Man should be seduced,
 And flattered out of all, believing lies
 Against his Maker ; no decree of mine,
 Concurring to necessitate his fall,
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
 His free will, to her own inclining left

In even scale. But fallen he is ; and now
What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass
On his transgression, Death denounced that day ?
Which he presumes already vain and void, 50
Because not yet inflicted, as he feared,
By some immediate stroke, but soon shall find
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
Justice shall not return, as bounty, scorned.
But whom send I to judge them ? whom but thee,
Vicegerent Son ? To thee I have transferred
All judgment, whether in Heaven, or Earth, or Hell.
Easy it may be seen that I intend
Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee,
Man's friend, his Mediator, his designed 60
Both ransom and Redeemer voluntary,
And destined Man himself to judge Man fallen."

So spake the Father ; and, unfolding bright
Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son
Blazed forth unclouded deity. He full
Resplendent all his Father manifest
Expressed, and thus divinely answered mild :—

" Father Eternal, thine is to decree ;
Mine both in Heaven and Earth to do thy will
Supreme, that thou in me, thy Son beloved, 70
May'st ever rest well pleased. I go to judge
On Earth these thy transgressors ; but thou know'st,
Whoever judged, the worst on me must light,
When time shall be ; for so I undertook
Before thee, and, not repenting, this obtain
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
On me derived. Yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.
Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none 80
Are to behold the judgment but the judged,
Those two ; the third best absent is condemned,
Convict by flight, and rebel to all law ;
Conviction to the Serpent none belongs."

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose

Of high collateral glory. Him Thrones and Powers,
 Princedoms, and Dominations ministrant,
 Accompanied to Heaven-gate, from whence
 Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.
 Down he descended straight ; the speed of Gods 90
 Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes winged.

Now was the Sun in western cadence low
 From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour
 To fan the Earth now waked, and usher in
 The evening cool, when he, from wrath more cool,
 Came, the mild judge and intercessor both,
 To sentence Man. The voice of God they heard
 Now walking in the Garden, by soft winds
 Brought to their ears, while day declined ; they heard,
 And from his presence hid themselves among 100
 The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God,
 Approaching, thus to Adam called aloud :—

“ Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet
 My coming, seen far off ? I miss thee here,
 Not pleased, thus entertained with solitude,
 Where obvious duty erewhile appeared unsought.
 Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
 Absents thee, or what chance detains ? Come forth ! ”

He came, and with him Eve, more loth, though first
 To offend, discountenanced both, and discomposed.
 Love was not in their looks, either to God 111
 Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
 And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
 Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.
 Whence Adam, faltering long, thus answered brief :—

“ I heard thee in the Garden, and, of thy voice
 Afraid, being naked, hid myself.” To whom
 The gracious Judge, without revile, replied :—

“ My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not feared.
 But still rejoiced ; how is it now become 120
 So dreadful to thee ? That thou art naked who
 Hath told thee ? Hast thou eaten of the tree
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat ? ”
 To whom thus Adam, sore beset, replied :—

“O Heaven! in evil strait this day I stand
Before my Judge—either to undergo
Myself the total crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life,
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
I should conceal, and not expose to blame 130
By my complaint. But strict necessity
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all
Devolved; though, should I hold my peace, yet
thou

Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.
This Woman, whom thou mad’st to be my help,
And gav’st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill, 140
And what she did, whatever in itself,
Her doing seemed to justify the deed—
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.”
To whom the Sovran Presence thus replied :—

“Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey
Before his voice? or was she made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God set thee above her, made of thee
And for thee, whose perfection far excelled 150
Hers in all real dignity? Adorned
She was indeed, and lovely, to attract
Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts
Were such as under government well seemed—
Unseemly to bear rule; which was thy part
And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.”

So having said, he thus to Eve in few :—
“Say, Woman, what is this which thou hast done?”

To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelmed,
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge 160
Bold or loquacious, thus abashed replied :—
“The Serpent me beguiled, and I did eat.”

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
 To judgment he proceeded on the accused
 Serpent, though brute, unable to transfer
 The guilt on him who made him instrument
 Of mischief, and polluted from the end
 Of his creation—justly then accursed,
 As vitiated in nature. More to know
 Concerned not Man (since he no further knew), 170
 Nor altered his offence; yet God at last
 To Satan, first in sin, his doom applied,
 Though in mysterious terms, judged as then best;
 And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall :—

“ Because thou hast done this, thou art accursed
 Above all cattle, each beast of the field ;
 Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,
 And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
 Between thee and the Woman I will put
 Enmity, and between thine and her seed ; 180
 Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.”

So spake this oracle—then verified
 When Jesus, son of Mary, second Eve,
 Saw Satan fall like lightning down from Heaven,
 Prince of the Air ; then, rising from his grave,
 Spoiled Principalities and Powers, triumphed
 In open show, and, with ascension bright,
 Captivity led captive through the Air,
 The realm itself of Satan, long usurped,
 Whom he shall tread at last under our feet, 190
 Even he who now foretold his fatal bruise,
 And to the Woman thus his sentence turned :—

“ Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
 By thy conception ; children thou shalt bring
 In sorrow forth, and to thy husband's will
 Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule.”

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounced :—
 “ Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife,
 And eaten of the tree concerning which
 I charged thee, saying, *Thou shalt not eat thereof*, 200
 Curs'd is the ground for thy sake; thou in sorrow

Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life ;
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid ; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field ;
In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground ; for thou
Out of the ground wast taken : know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return."

So judged he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
And the instant stroke of death, denounced that day,
Removed far off ; then, pitying how they stood 211
Before him naked to the air, that now
Must suffer change, disdained not to begin
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume.
As when he washed his servants' feet, so now,
As father of his family, he clad
Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
Or, as the snake, with youthful coat repaid ;
And thought not much to clothe his enemies.
Nor he their outward only with the skins 220
Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness
Arraying, covered from his Father's sight.
To him with swift ascent he up returned,
Into his blissful bosom reassumed
In glory as of old ; to him, appeased,
All, though all-knowing, what had passed with Man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Meanwhile, ere thus was sinned and judged on Earth.
Within the gates of Hell sat Sin and Death, 230
In counterview within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into Chaos, since the Fiend passed through,
Sin opening ; who thus now to Death began :—

" O Son, why sit we here, each other viewing
Idly, while Satan, our great author, thrives
In other worlds, and happier seat provides
For us, his offspring dear ? It cannot be
But that success attends him ; if mishap,
Ere this he had returned, with fury driven 240

By his avengers, since no place like this
 Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
 Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
 Wings growing, and dominion given me large
 Beyond this Deep—whatever draws me on,
 Or sympathy, or some connatural force,
 Powerful at greatest distance to unite
 With secret amity things of like kind
 By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade
 Inseparable, must with me along ; 250
 For Death from Sin no power can separate.
 But, lest the difficulty of passing back
 Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
 Impassable, impervious, let us try
 (Adventurous work, yet to thy power and mine
 Not unagreeable !) to found a path
 Over this main from Hell to that new World
 Where Satan now prevails—a monument
 Of merit high to all the infernal host,
 Easing their passage hence, for intercourse 260
 Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
 Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
 By this new-felt attraction and instinct.”

Whom thus the meagre Shadow answered soon:—
 “ Go whither fate and inclination strong
 Leads thee ; I shall not lag behind, nor err
 The way, thou leading : such a scent I draw
 Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
 The savour of death from all things there that live.
 Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest 270
 Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.”

So saying, with delight he snuffed the smell
 Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock
 Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
 Against the day of battle, to a field
 Where armies lie encamped come flying, lured
 With scent of living carcasses designed
 For death the following day in bloody fight;
 So scented the grim Feature, and upturned

His nostril wide into the murky air, 280
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.
Then both, from out Hell-gates, into the waste
Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark,
Flew diverse, and, with power (their power was great)
Hovering upon the waters, what they met
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
Tossed up and down, together crowded drove,
From each side shoaling, towards the mouth of Hell ;
As when two polar winds, blowing adverse
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive 290
Mountains of ice, that stop the imagined way
Beyond Petsora eastward to the rich
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident smote, and fixed as firm
As Delos, floating once ; the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move,
And with asphaltic slime ; broad as the gate,
Deep to the roots of Hell the gathered beach
They fastened, and the mole immense wrought on 300
Over the foaming Deep high-arched, a bridge
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
Immovable of this now fenceless World,
Forfeit to Death—from hence a passage broad,
Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to Hell.
So, if great things to small may be compared,
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,
Came to the sea, and, over Hellespont
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia joined, 310
And scourged with many a stroke the indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
Pontifical—a ridge of pendent rock
Over the vexed Abyss, following the track
Of Satan, to the self-same place where he
First lighted from his wing and landed safe
From out of Chaos—to the outside bare
Of this round World. With pins of adamant

And chains they made all fast, too fast they made
 And durable ; and now in little space 320
 The confines met of empyrean Heaven
 And of this World, and on the left hand Hell.
 With long reach interposed ; three several ways
 In sight to each of these three places led.
 And now their way to Earth they had descried,
 To Paradise first tending, when, behold
 Satan, in likeness of an Angel bright,
 Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering
 His zenith, while the Sun in Aries rose !
 Disguised he came ; but those his children dear 330
 Their parent soon discerned, though in disguise.
 He, after Eve seduced, unminded slunk
 Into the wood fast by, and, changing shape
 To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
 By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded
 Upon her husband—saw their shame that sought
 Vain covertures ; but, when he saw descend
 The Son of God to judge them, terrified
 He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
 The present—fearing, guilty, what his wrath 340
 Might suddenly inflict ; that past, returned
 By night, and, listening where the hapless pair
 Sat in their sad discourse and various plaint,
 Thence gathered his own doom ; which understood
 Not instant, but of future time, with joy
 And tidings fraught, to Hell he now returned,
 And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
 Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhoped
 Met who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
 Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight 350
 Of that stupendious bridge his joy increased.
 Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
 Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke:—

“ O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
 Thy trophies ! which thou view'st as not thine own ;
 Thou art their author and prime architect.
 For I no sooner in my heart divined

(My heart, which by a secret harmony
Still moves with thine, joined in connexion sweet)
That thou on Earth hadst prospered, which thy looks
Now also evidence, but straight I felt— 361
Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt—
That I must after thee with this thy son ;
Such fatal consequence unites us three.
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure
Detain from following thy illustrious track.
Thou hast achieved our liberty, confined
Within Hell-gates till now ; thou us empowered
To fortify thus far, and overlay 370
With this portentous bridge the dark Abyss.
Thine now is all this World ; thy virtue hath won
What thy hands builded not ; thy wisdom gained,
With odds, what war hath lost, and fully avenged
Our foil in Heaven. Here thou shalt monarch reign,
There didst not ; there let him still victor sway,
As battle hath adjudged, from this new World
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
Of all things, parted by the empyreal bounds, 380
His quadrature, from thy orbicular World,
Or try thee now more dangerous to his throne.”

Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answered glad :—
“ Fair daughter, and thou, son and grandchild both,
High proof ye now have given to be the race
Of Satan (for I glory in the name,
Antagonist of Heaven’s Almighty King),
Ample have merited of me, of all
The Infernal Empire, that so near Heaven’s door
Triumphal with triumphal act have met, 390
Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm
Hell and this World—one realm, one continent
Of easy thoroughfare. Therefore, while I
Descend through Darkness, on your road with ease,
To my associate Powers, them to acquaint
With these successes, and with them rejoice,

You two this way, among these numerous orbs,
All yours, right down to Paradise descend ;
There dwell, and reign in bliss ; thence on the Earth
Dominion exercise and in the air, 400
Chiefly on Man, sole lord of all declared:
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
My substitutes I send ye, and create
Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might
Issuing from me. On your joint vigour now
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit.
If your joint power prevail, the affairs of Hell
No detriment need fear ; go, and be strong."

So saying, he dismissed them ; they with speed 410
Their course through thickest constellations held,
Spreading their bane ; the blasted stars looked wan,
And planets, planet-strook, real eclipse
Then suffered. The other way Satan went down
The causeway to Hell-gate ; on either side
Disparted Chaos overbuilt exclaimed,
And with rebounding surge the bars assailed,
That scorned his indignation. Through the gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan passed,
And all about found desolate ; for those 420
Appointed to sit there had left their charge,
Flown to the upper World ; the rest were all
Far to the inland retired, about the walls
Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat
Of Lucifer, so by allusion called
Of that bright star to Satan paragoned.
There kept their watch the legions, while the Grand
In council sat, solicitous what chance
Might intercept their Emperor sent ; so he
Departing gave command, and they observed. 430
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe,
By Astracan, over the snowy plains,
Retires, or Bactrian Sophi, from the horns
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat

To Tauris or Casbeen ; so these, the late
Heaven-banished host, left desert utmost Hell
Many a dark league, reduced in careful watch
Round their metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great Adventurer from the search 440
Of foreign worlds. He through the midst unmarked,
In show plebeian Angel militant
Of lowest order, passed, and, from the door
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible
Ascended his high throne, which, under state
Of richest texture spread, at the upper end
Was placed in regal lustre. Down a while
He sat, and round about him saw, unseen.
At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
And shape star-bright appeared, or brighter, clad 450
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter. All amazed
At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng
Bent their aspect, and whom they wished beheld,
Their mighty Chief returned : loud was the acclaim.
Forth rushed in haste the great consulting Peers,
Raised from their dark Divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approached him, who with hand
Silence, and with these words attention, won :—

“ Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,
Powers !— 460

For in possession such, not only of right,
I call ye, and declare ye now, returned,
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Abominable, accursed, the house of woe,
And dungeon of our tyrant ! Now possess,
As lords, a spacious World, to our native Heaven
Little inferior, by my adventure hard
With peril great achieved. Long were to tell
What I have done, what suffered, with what pain 470
Voyaged the unreal, vast, unbounded Deep
Of horrible confusion—over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved,

To expedite your glorious march; but I
 Toiled out my uncouth passage, forced to ride
 The untractable Abyss, plunged in the womb
 Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,
 That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely opposed
 My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
 Protesting Fate supreme; thence how I found 480
 The new-created World, which fame in Heaven
 Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful,
 Of absolute perfection; therein Man
 Placed in a paradise, by our exile
 Made happy. Him by fraud I have seduced
 From his Creator, and, the more to increase
 Your wonder, with an apple! He, thereat
 Offended—worth your laughter!—hath given up
 Both his beloved Man and all his World
 To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us, 490
 Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,
 To range in, and to dwell, and over Man
 To rule, as over all he should have ruled.
 True is, me also he hath judged; or rather
 Me not, but the brute Serpent, in whose shape
 Man I deceived. That which to me belongs
 Is enmity, which he will put between
 Me and Mankind: I am to bruise his heel;
 His seed—when is not set—shall bruise my head!
 A world who would not purchase with a bruise, 500
 Or much more grievous pain? Ye have the account
 Of my performance; what remains, ye Gods,
 But up and enter now into full bliss?"

So having said, a while he stood, expecting
 Their universal shout and high applause
 To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears,
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound
 Of public scorn. He wondered, but not long
 Had leisure, wondering at himself now more. 510
 His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
 His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining

Each other, till, supplanted, down he fell,
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain ; a greater power
Now ruled him, punished in the shape he sinned,
According to his doom. He would have spoke,
But hiss for hiss returned with forked tongue
To forked tongue ; for now were all transformed
Alike, to serpents all, as accessories 520
To his bold riot. Dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the hall, thick-swarming now
With complicated monsters, head and tail—
Scorpion, and Asp, and Amphisbæna dire,
Cerastes horned, Hydrus, and Ellops drear,
And Dipsas (not so thick swarmed once the soil
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle
Ophiusa) ; but still greatest he the midst,
Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the Sun
Engendered in the Pythian vale on slime, 530
Huge Python ; and his power no less he seemed
Above the rest still to retain. They all
Him followed, issuing forth to the open field,
Where all yet left of that revolted rout,
Heaven-fallen, in station stood or just array,
Sublime with expectation when to see
In triumph issuing forth their glorious Chief.
They saw, but other sight instead—a crowd
Of ugly serpents ! Horror on them fell.
And horrid sympathy ; for what they saw 540
They felt themselves now changing. Down their arms,
Down fell both spear and shield ; down they as fast,
And the dire hiss renewed, and the dire form
Caught by contagion, like in punishment
As in their crime. Thus was the applause they meant
Turned to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There
stood .
A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that 550

Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
Used by the Tempter. On that prospect strange
Their earnest eyes they fixed, imagining
For one forbidden tree a multitude
Now risen, to work them further woe or shame ;
Yet, parched with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,
But on they rolled in heaps, and, up the trees
Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks
That curled Megæra. Greedily they plucked 560
The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew
Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flamed ;
This, more delusive, not the touch, but taste
Deceived ; they, fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
Chewed bitter ashes, which the offended taste
With spattering noise rejected. Oft they assayed,
Hunger and thirst constraining ; drugged as oft,
With hatefulest disrelish writhed their jaws
With soot and cinders filled ; so oft they fell 570
Into the same illusion, not as Man
Whom they triumphed once lapsed. Thus were they
plagued,
And, worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,
Till their lost shape, permitted, they resumed—
Yearly enjoined, some say, to undergo
This annual humbling certain numbered days,
To dash their pride, and joy for Man seduced.
However, some tradition they dispersed
Among the Heathen of their purchase got,
And fabled how the Serpent, whom they called 580
Ophion, with Eurynome (the wide-
Encroaching Eve perhaps), had first the rule
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driven
And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.
Meanwhile in Paradise the Hellish pair
Too soon arrived—Sin, there in power before
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant ; behind her Death,

Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse ; to whom Sin thus began :— 590

“ Second of Satan sprung, all-conquering Death !
What think'st thou of our empire now ? though earned
With travail difficult, not better far
Than still at Hell's dark threshold to have sat watch,
Unnamed, undreaded, and thyself half-starved ? ”

Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answered soon :—
“ To me, who with eternal famine pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven—
There best where most with ravin I may meet :
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems 600
To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corpse.”

To whom the incestuous Mother thus replied :—
“ Thou, therefore, on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
Feed first ; on each beast next, and fish, and fowl—
No homely morsels ; and whatever thing
The scythe of Time mows down devour unspared ;
Till I, in Man residing through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect,
And season him thy last and sweetest prey.”

This said, they both betook them several ways, 610
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature
Sooner or later ; which the Almighty seeing,
From his transcendent seat the Saints among,
To those bright Orders uttered thus his voice :—

“ See with what heat these dogs of Hell advance
To waste and havoc yonder World, which I
So fair and good created, and had still
Kept in that state, had not the folly of Man
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute 620
Folly to me (so doth the Prince of Hell
And his adherents), that with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heavenly, and, conniving, seem
To gratify my scornful enemies,
That laugh, as if, transported with some fit
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,

At random yielded up to their misrule ;
 And know not that I called and drew them thither,
 My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth 630
 Which Man's polluting sin with taint hath shed
 On what was pure ; till, crammed and gorged, nigh
 burst

With sucked and glutted offal, at one sling
 Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,
 Both Sin and Death, and yawning Grave, at last
 Through Chaos hurled, obstruct the mouth of Hell
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.
 Then Heaven and Earth, renewed, shall be made pure
 To sanctity that shall receive no stain :
 Till then the curse pronounced on both precedes." 640

He ended, and the Heavenly audience loud
 Sung Halleluiah, as the sound of seas,
 Through multitude that sung :—" Just are thy ways,
 Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works ;
 Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,
 Destined restorer of Mankind, by whom
 New Heaven and Earth shall to the ages rise,
 Or down from Heaven descend." Such was their song,
 While the Creator, calling forth by name
 His mighty Angels, gave them several charge, 650
 As sorted best with present things. The Sun
 Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
 As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
 Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call
 Decrepit winter, from the south to bring
 Solstitial summer's heat. To the blanc Moon
 Her office they prescribed ; to the other five
 Their planetary motions and aspects,
 In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite,
 Of noxious efficacy, and when to join 660
 In synod unbenign ; and taught the fixed
 Their influence malignant when to shower—
 Which of them, rising with the Sun or falling,
 Should prove tempestuous. To the winds they set
 Their corners, when with bluster to confound

Sea, air, and shore; the thunder when to roll
 With terror through the dark aerial hall.
 Some say he bid his Angels turn askance
 The poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more
 From the Sun's axle; they with labour pushed 670
 Oblique the centric Globe: some say the Sun
 Was bid turn reins from the equinoctial road
 Like distant breadth—to Taurus with the seven
 Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,
 Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain
 By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,
 As deep as Capricorn; to bring in change
 Of seasons to each clime. Else had the spring
 Perpetual smiled on Earth with vernant flowers,
 Equal in days and nights, except to those 680
 Beyond the polar circles; to them day
 Had unbenighted shone, while the low Sun,
 To recompense his distance, in their sight
 Had rounded still the horizon, and not known
 Or east or west—which had forbid the snow
 From cold Estotiland, and south as far
 Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit,
 The Sun, as from Thyestean banquet, turned
 His course intended; else how had the world
 Inhabited, though sinless, more than now 690
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
 These changes in the heavens, though slow, produced
 Like change on sea and land—sideral blast,
 Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,
 Corrupt and pestilent. Now from the north
 Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,
 Bursting their brazen dungeon, armed with ice,
 And snow, and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,
 Boreas and Cæcias and Argestes loud
 And Thrascias rend the woods, and seas upturn; 700
 With adverse blasts upturns them from the south
 Notus and Afer, black with thundrous clouds
 From Serraliona; thwart of these, as fierce
 F rth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds,

Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise,
 Sirocco and Libeccio. Thus began
 Outrage from lifeless things ; but Discord first,
 Daughter of Sin, among the irrational
 Death introduced through fierce antipathy.
 Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl, 710
 And fish with fish. To graze the herb all leaving
 Devoured each other ; nor stood much in awe
 Of Man, but fled him, or with countenance grim
 Glared on him passing. These were from without
 The growing miseries ; which Adam saw
 Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
 To sorrow abandoned, but worse felt within,
 And, in a troubled sea of passion tost,
 Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint :—

“ O miserable of happy ! Is this the end 720
 Of this new glorious World, and me so late
 The glory of that glory ? who now, become
 Accursed of blessed, hide me from the face
 Of God, whom to behold was then my highth
 Of happiness ! Yet well, if here would end
 The misery ! I deserved it, and would bear
 My own deservings. But this will not serve :
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
 Is propagated curse. O voice, once heard
 Delightfully, ‘ *Increase and multiply ;*’ 730
 Now death to hear ! for what can I increase
 Or multiply but curses on my head ?
 Who, of all ages to succeed, but, feeling
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse
 My head ? ‘ Ill fare our Ancestor impure !
 For this we may thank Adam ! ’ but his thanks
 Shall be the execration. So, besides
 Mine own that bid upon me, all from me
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound—
 On me, as on their natural centre, light ; 740
 Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
 Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes !
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay

To mould me Man? Did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious Garden? As my will
Concurred not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resign and render back
All I received, unable to perform 750
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable
Thy justice seems. Yet, to say truth, too late
I thus contest; then should have been refused
Those terms, whatever, when they were proposed.
Thou didst accept them: wilt thou enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? And, though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son 760
Prove disobedient, and, reproved, retort,
'Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not!
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But natural necessity, begot.
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him; thy reward was of his grace;
Thy punishment, then, justly is at his will.
Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust return. 770
O welcome hour whenever! Why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fixed on this day? Why do I overlive?
Why am I mocked with death, and lengthened out
To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet
Mortality, my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap! There I should rest,
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse 780
To me and to my offspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt

Pursues me still—lest all I cannot die ;
 Lest that pure breath of life, the Spirit of Man
 Which God inspired, cannot together perish
 With this corporeal clod. Then, in the grave,
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows
 But I shall die a living death ? O thought
 Horrid, if true ! Yet why ? It was but breath
 Of life that sinned : what dies but what had life 790
 And sin ? The body properly hath neither.
 All of me, then, shall die : let this appease
 The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
 For, though the Lord of all be infinite,
 Is his wrath also ? Be it, Man is not so,
 But mortal doomed. How can he exercise
 Wrath without end on Man, whom death must end ?
 Can he make deathless death ? That were to make
 Strange contradiction ; which to God himself
 Impossible is held, as argument 800
 Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,
 For anger's sake, finite to infinite
 In punished Man, to satisfy his rigour
 Satisfied never ? That were to extend
 His sentence beyond dust and Nature's law ;
 By which all causes else according, still
 To the reception of their matter act,
 Not to the extent of their own sphere. But say
 That death be not one stroke, as I supposed,
 Bereaving sense, but endless misery 810
 From this day onward, which I feel begun
 Both in me and without me, and so last
 To perpetuity—Ay me ! that fear
 Comes thundering back with dreadful revolution
 On my defenceless head ! Both Death and I
 Am found eternal, and incorporate both :
 Nor I on my part single ; in me all
 Posterity stands cursed. Fair patrimony
 That I must leave ye, sons ! Oh, were I able
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none ! 820
 So disinherited, how would ye bless

Me, now your curse ! Ah, why should all Mankind,
 For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemned ?
 If guiltless ! But from me what can proceed
 But all corrupt—both mind and will depraved
 Not to do only, but to will the same
 With me ? How can they, then, acquitted stand
 In sight of God ? Him, after all disputes, 831
 Forced I absolve. All my evasions vain
 And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still
 But to my own conviction : first and last
 On me, me only, as the source and spring
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due.
 So might the wrath ! Fond wish ! couldst thou support
 That burden, heavier than the Earth to bear—
 Than all the world much heavier, though divided
 With that bad Woman ? Thus, what thou desir'st,
 And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
 Beyond all past example and future— 840
 To Satan only like, both crime and doom.
 O Conscience ! into what abyss of fears
 And horrors hast thou driven me ; out of which
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged !
 Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
 Through the still night—not now, as ere Man fell,
 Wholesome and cool and mild, but with black air
 Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom ;
 Which to his evil conscience represented
 All things with double terror. On the ground 850
 Outstretched he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
 Cursed his creation ; Death as oft accused
 Of tardy execution, since denounced
 The day of his offence. “ Why comes not Death,”
 Said he, “ with one thrice-acceptable stroke
 To end me ? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,
 Justice divine not hasten to be just ?
 But Death comes not at call ; justice divine
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.
 O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers !

With other echo late I taught your shades . . . 861
To answer, and resound far other song."

Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she assayed ;
But her, with stern regard, he thus repelled :—

" Out of my sight, thou serpent! That name best
Befits thee, with him leagued, thyself as false
And hateful: nothing wants, but that thy shape
Like his, and colour serpentine, may show 870

Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth, lest that too heavenly form, pretended
To hellish falsehood, snare them. But for thee

I had persisted happy, had not thy pride
And wandering vanity, when least was safe,
Rejected my forewarning, and disdained
Not to be trusted—longing to be seen,
Though by the Devil himself; him overweening
To overreach; but, with the Serpent meeting,
Fooled and beguiled; by him thou, I by thee, 880

To trust thee from my side, imagined wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
And understood not all was but a show,
Rather than solid virtue, all but a rib
Crooked by nature—bent, as now appears,
More to the part sinister—from me drawn ;

Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
To my just number found: Oh, why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven
With Spirits masculine, create at last 890

This novelty on Earth, this fair defect
Of Nature, and not till the World at once
With men as Angels, without feminine ;
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befallen,
And more that shall befall—innumerable
Disturbances on Earth through female snares,
And strait conjunction with this sex. For either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such

As some misfortune brings him, or mistake ; 900
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
 Through her perverseness, but shall see her gained
 By a far worse, or, if she love, withheld
 By parents ; or his happiest choice too late
 Shall meet, already linked and wedlock-bound
 To a fell adversary, his hate or shame :
 Which infinite calamity shall cause
 To human life, and household peace confound."

He added not, and from her turned ; but Eve,
 Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing, .
 And tresses all disordered, at his feet 911
 Fell humble, and, embracing them, besought
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint :—

" Forsake me not thus, Adam ! witness Heaven
 What love sincere and reverence in my heart
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
 Unhappily deceived ! Thy suppliant
 I beg, and clasp thy knees ; bereave me not
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress, 920
 My only strength and stay. Forlorn of thee,
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
 Between us two let there be peace ; both joining,
 As joined in injuries, one enmity
 Against a foe by doom express assigned us,
 That cruel Serpent. On me exercise not
 Thy hatred for this misery befallen—
 On me already lost, me than thyself
 More miserable. Both have sinned ; but thou 930
 Against God only ; I against God and thee,
 And to the place of judgment will return,
 There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
 The sentence, from thy head removed, may light
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,
 Me, me only, just object of His ire."

She ended, weeping ; and her lowly plight,
 Immovable till peace obtained from fault

Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought
Commiseration. Soon his heart relented 940
Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress—
Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,
His counsel whom she had displeased, his aid.
As one disarmed, his anger all he lost,
And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon :—

“Unwary, and too desirous, as before
So now, of what thou know'st not, who desir'st
The punishment all on thyself! Alas!
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain 950
His full wrath whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited,
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
To me committed, and by me exposed.
But rise; let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere, but strive
In offices of love how we may lighten 960
Each other's burden in our share of woe;
Since this day's death denounced, if aught I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil,
A long day's dying, to augment our pain,
And to our seed (O hapless seed!) derived.”

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied :—
“Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found so erroneous, thence by just event
Found so unfortunate. Nevertheless, 970
Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart,
Living or dying from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,
Tending to some relief of our extremes,
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,

As in our evils, and of easier choice.
 If care of our descent perplex us most,
 Which must be born to certain woe, devoured 980
 By Death at last (and miserable it is
 To be to others cause of misery,
 Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
 Into this cursed world a woeful race,
 That, after wretched life, must be at last
 Food for so foul a monster), in thy power
 It lies, yet ere conception, to prevent
 The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
 Childless thou art ; childless remain. So Death
 Shall be deceived his glut, and with us two 990
 Be forced to satisfy his ravenous maw.
 But, if thou judge it hard and difficult,
 Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
 From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,
 And with desire to languish without hope
 Before the present object languishing
 With like desire—which would be misery
 And torment less than none of what we dread—
 Then, both our selves and seed at once to free
 From what we fear for both, let us make short ; 1000
 Let us seek Death, or, he not found, supply
 With our own hands his office on ourselves.
 Why stand we longer shivering under fears
 That show no end but death, and have the power,
 Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,
 Destruction with destruction to destroy ? ”
 She ended here, or vehement despair
 Broke off the rest ; so much of death her thoughts
 Had entertained as dyed her cheeks with pale.
 But Adam, with such counsel nothing swayed, 1010
 To better hopes his more attentive mind
 Labouring had raised, and thus to Eve replied :—
 “ Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
 To argue in thee something more sublime
 And excellent than what thy mind contemns :
 But self-destruction therefore sought refutes

That excellence thought in thee, and implies
 Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
 For loss of life and pleasure overloved.
 Or, if thou covet death, as utmost end 1020
 Of misery, so thinking to evade
 The penalty pronounced, doubt not but God
 Hath wiselier armed his vengeful ire than so
 To be forestalled. Much more I fear lest death
 So snatched will not exempt us from the pain
 We are by doom to pay ; rather such acts
 Of contumacy will provoke the Highest
 To make death in us live. Then let us seek
 Some safer resolution—which methinks
 I have in view, calling to mind with heed 1030
 Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise
 The Serpent's head. Piteous amends ! unless
 Be meant whom I conjecture, our grand foe,
 Satan, who in the Serpent hath contrived
 Against us this deceit. To crush his head
 Would be revenge indeed—which will be lost
 By death brought on ourselves, or childless days
 Resolved as thou proposest ; so our foe
 Shall scape his punishment ordained, and we
 Instead shall double ours upon our heads. 1040
 No more be mentioned, then, of violence
 Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness
 That cuts us off from hope, and savours only
 Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,
 Reluctance against God and his just yoke
 Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
 And gracious temper he both heard and judged,
 Without wrath or reviling. We expected
 Immediate dissolution, which we thought
 Was meant by death that day ; when, lo ! to thee
 Pains only in child-bearing were foretold, 1051
 And bringing forth, soon recompensed with joy,
 Fruit of thy womb. On me the curse aslope
 Glanced on the ground. With labour I must earn
 My bread ; what harm ? Idleness had been worse ;

My labour will sustain me ; and, lest cold
Or heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath, unbesought, provided, and his hands
Clothed us unworthy, pitying while he judged.
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear 1060
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow !
Which now the sky, with various face, begins
To show us in this mountain, while the winds
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
Of these fair spreading trees ; which bids us seek
Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish
Our limbs benumbed—ere this diurnal star
Leave cold the night, how we his gathered beams 1070
Reflected may with matter sere foment,
Or by collision of two bodics grind
The air attrite to fire ; as late the clouds,
Justling, or pushed with winds, rude in their shock,
Tine the slant lightning, whose thwart flame, driven
down,
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,
And sends a comfortable heat from far,
Which might supply the Sun. Such fire to use,
And what may else be remedy or cure
To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought, 1080
He will instruct us praying, and of grace
Beseeching him ; so as we need not fear
To pass commodiously this life, sustained
By him with many comforts, till we end
In dust, our final rest and native home.
What better can we do than, to the place
Repairing where he judged us, prostrate fall
Before him reverent, and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air 1090
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeigned and humiliation meek ?
Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn

From his displeasure, "in whose look serene,
When angry most he seemed and most severe,
What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone?"

So spake our Father penitent ; nor Eve
Felt less remorse. They, forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judged them, prostrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confessed I 100
Humbly their faults, and pardon begged, with tears
Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeigned and humiliation meek.

THE END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them. God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them, but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs: he discerns Michael's approach; goes out to meet him: the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: the Angel leads him up to a high hill; sets before him in vision what shall happen till the Flood.

THUS they, in lowliest plight, repentant stood
Praying; for from the mercy-seat above
Prevenient grace descending had removed
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breathed
Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer
Inspired, and winged for Heaven with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory. Yet their port
Not of mean suitors; nor important less
Seemed their petition than when the ancient pair 10
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
The race of mankind drowned, before the shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To Heaven their prayers
Flew up, nor missed the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they passed
Dimensionless through heavenly doors; then, clad
With incense, where the golden altar fumed,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne. Them the glad Son 20
Presenting thus to intercede began:—

“See, Father, what first-fruits on Earth are sprung

From thy implanted grace in Man—these sighs
 And prayers, which in this golden censer, mixed
 With incense, I, thy priest, before thee bring;
 Fruits of more pleasing savour, from thy seed
 Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
 Which, his own hand manuring, all the trees
 Of Paradise could have produced, ere fallen
 From innocence. Now, therefore, bend thine ear 30
 To supplication; hear his sighs, though mute;
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
 Interpret for him, me his advocate
 And propitiation; all his works on me,
 Good or not good, ingraft; my merit those
 Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
 Accept me, and in me from these receive
 The smell of peace toward Mankind; let him live,
 Before thee reconciled, at least his days
 Numbered, though sad, till death, his doom (which I 40
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse),
 To better life shall yield him, where with me
 All my redeemed may dwell in joy and bliss,
 Made one with me, as I with thee am one."

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene:—
 "All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
 Obtain; all thy request was my decree.
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell
 The law I gave to Nature him forbids;
 Those pure immortal elements, that know 50
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
 Eject him, tainted now, and purge him off,
 As a distemper, gross, to air as gross,
 And mortal food, as may dispose him best
 For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
 Distempered all things, and of incorrupt
 Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts
 Created him endowed—with Happiness
 And Immortality; that fondly lost,
 This other served but to eternize woe, 60
 Till I provided Death: so Death becomes

His final remedy, and, after life
 Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined
 By faith and faithful works, to second life,
 Waked in the renovation of the just,
 Resigns him up with Heaven and Earth renewed.
 But let us call to synod all the Blest
 Through Heaven's wide bounds ; from them I will not
 hide

My judgments—how with Mankind I proceed,
 As how with peccant Angels late they saw, 70
 And in their state, though firm, stood more confirmed."

He ended, and the Son gave signal high
 To the bright Minister that watched. He blew
 His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps
 When God descended, and perhaps once more
 To sound at general doom. The angelic blast
 Filled all the regions : from their blissful bowers
 Of amarantine shade, fountain or spring,
 By the waters of life, where'er they sat
 In fellowships of joy, the Sons of Light 80
 Hasted, resorting to the summons high,
 And took their seats, till from his throne supreme
 The Almighty thus pronounced his sovran will :—

"O Sons, like one of us Man is become
 To know both good and evil, since his taste
 Of that defended fruit ; but let him boast
 His knowledge of good lost and evil got,
 Happier had it sufficed him to have known
 Good by itself and evil not at all.
 He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite— 90
 My motions in him ; longer than they move,
 His heart I know how variable and vain,
 Self-left. Lest, therefore, his now bolder hand
 Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,
 And live for ever, dream at least to live
 For ever, to remove him I decree,
 And send him from the Garden forth, to till
 The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.
 Michael, this my behest have thou in charge :

Take to thee from among the Cherubim 100
 Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the Fiend,
 Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
 Vacant possession, some new trouble raise ;
 Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God
 Without remorse drive out the sinful pair,
 From hallowed ground the unholy, and denounce
 To them, and to their progeny, from thence
 Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint
 At the sad sentence rigorously urged
 (For I behold them softened, and with tears 110
 Bewailing their excess), all terror hide.
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,
 Dismiss them not disconsolate ; reveal
 To Adam what shall come in future days,
 As I shall thee enlighten ; intermix
 My covenant in the Woman's seed renewed.
 So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace ;
 And on the east side of the Garden place,
 Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
 Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame 120
 Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,
 And guard all passage to the Tree of Life ;
 Lest Paradise a receptacle prove
 To Spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,
 With whose stolen fruit Man once more to delude.”
 He ceased, and the Archangelic Power prepared
 For swift descent ; with him the cohort bright
 Of watchful Cherubim. Four faces each
 Had, like a double Janus ; all their shape
 Spangled with eyes more numerous than those 130
 Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,
 Charmed with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed
 Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,
 To resalute the World with sacred light,
 Leucothea waked, and with fresh dews embalmed
 The Earth, when Adam and first matron Eve
 Had ended now their orisons, and found
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring

Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet linked ;
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renewed :— 140

“Eve, easily may faith admit that all
The good which we enjoy from Heaven descends ;
But that from us aught should ascend to Heaven
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may seem. Yet this will prayer,
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
Even to the seat of God. For, since I sought
By prayer the offended Deity to appease,
Kneeled and before him humbled all my heart, 150
Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear ; persuasion in me grew
That I was heard with favour ; peace returned
Home to my breast, and to my memory
His promise that thy seed shall bruise our Foe ;
Which, then not minded in dismay, yet now
Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee !
Eve rightly called, Mother of all Mankind,
Mother of all things living, since by thee 160
Man is to live, and all things live for Man.”

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek :—

“Ill-worthy I such title should belong
To me transgressor, who, for thee ordained
A help, became thy snare ; to me reproach
Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise.
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I, who first brought death on all, am graced
The source of life ; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaf’st, 170
Far other name deserving. But the field
To labour calls us, now with sweat imposed,
Though after sleepless night ; for see ! the Morn,
All unconcerned with our unrest, begins
Her rosy progress smiling. Let us forth,
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
Where’er our day’s work lies, though now enjoined

Laborious, till day droop. While here we dwell,
 What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks ?
 Here let us live, though in fallen state, content." 180

So spake, so wished, much-humbled Eve; but
 Fate

Subscribed not. Nature first gave signs, impressed
 On bird, beast, air—air suddenly eclipsed,
 After short blush of morn. Nigh in her sight
 The bird of Jove, stooped from his aery tour,
 Two birds of gayest plume before him drove;
 Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
 First hunter then, pursued a gentle brace,
 Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;
 Direct to the eastern gate was bent their flight. 190
 Adam observed, and, with his eye the chase
 Pursuing, not unmoved to Eve thus spake:—

"O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,
 Which Heaven by these mute signs in Nature
 shows,

Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn
 Us, haply too secure of our discharge
 From penalty because from death released
 Some days: how long, and what till then our life,
 Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust,
 And thither must return, and be no more? 200
 Why else this double object in our sight,
 Of flight pursued in the air and o'er the ground
 One way the self-same hour? Why in the east
 Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning-light
 More orient in yon western cloud, that draws
 O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
 And slow descends, with something Heavenly fraught?"

He erred not; for, by this, the Heavenly bands ~~12. 19.~~
 Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
 In Paradise, and on a hill made halt— 210
 A glorious apparition, had not doubt
 And carnal fear that day dimmed Adam's eye.
 Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
 Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw

The field pavilioned with his guardians bright ;
Nor that which on the flaming mount appeared
In Dothan, covered with a camp of fire,
Against the Syrian king, who, to surprise
One man, assassin-like, had levied war,
War unproclaimed. The princely Hierarch 220
In their bright stand there left his Powers to seize
Possession of the Garden ; he alone,
To find where Adam sheltered, took his way,
Not unperceived of Adam ; who to Eve,
While the great visitant approached, thus spake :—

“ Eve, now expect great tidings, which, perhaps,
Of us will soon determine, or impose
New laws to be observed ; for I descry,
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,
One of the Heavenly host, and, by his gait, 230
None of the meanest—some great Potentate
Or of the Thrones above, such majesty
Invests him coming ; yet not terrible,
That I should fear, nor sociably mild,
As Raphael, that I should much confide,
But solemn and sublime ; whom, not to offend,
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.”

He ended ; and the Archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial, but as man
Clad to meet man. Over his lucid arms 240
A military vest of purple flowed,
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce ; Iris had dipt the woof.
His starry helm unbuckled showed him prime
In manhood where youth ended ; by his side,
As in a glistening zodiac, hung the sword,
Satan’s dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
Adam bowed low ; he, kingly, from his state
Inclined not, but his coming thus declared :— 250

“ Adam, Heaven’s high behest no preface needs.
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and Death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,

Defeated of his seizure many days,
 Given thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent,
 And one bad act with many deeds well done
 May'st cover. Well may then thy Lord, appeased,
 Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim ;
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell
 Permits not. To remove thee I am come, 260
 And send thee from the Garden forth, to till
 The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil."
 He added not ; for Adam, at the news
 Heart-strook, with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
 That all his senses bound ; Eve, who unseen
 Yet all had heard, with audible lament
 Discovered soon the place of her retire :—

" O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death !
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave
 Thee, native soil ? these happy walks and shades, 270
 Fit haunt of Gods, where I had hope to spend,
 Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both ? O flowers,
 That never will in other climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last
 At even, which I bred up with tender hand
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
 Who now shall rear ye to the Sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount ?
 Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorned 280
 With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower world, to this obscure
 And wild ? How shall we breathe in other air
 Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits ?"

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild :—
 " Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
 What justly thou hast lost ; nor set thy heart,
 Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine.
 Thy going is not lonely ; with thee goes 290
 Thy husband ; him to follow thou art bound ;
 Where he abides, think there thy native soil."

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp
 Recovering, and his scattered spirits returned,
 To Michael thus his humble words addressed:—

“Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or named
 Of them the highest—for such of shape may seem
 Prince above princes—gently hast thou told
 Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
 And in performing end us. What besides 300
 Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
 Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring—
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet
 Recess, and only consolation left
 Familiar to our eyes; all places else
 Inhospitable appear, and desolate,
 Nor knowing us, nor known. And, if by prayer
 Incessant I could hope to change the will
 Of him who all things can, I would not cease
 To weary him with my assiduous cries; 310
 But prayer against his absolute decree
 No more avails than breath against the wind,
 Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
 This most afflicts me—that, departing hence,
 As from his face I shall be hid, deprived
 His blessed countenance. Here I could frequent,
 With worship, place by place where he voutsafed
 Presence Divine, and to my sons relate,
 ‘On this mount He appeared; under this tree 320
 Stood visible; among these pines his voice
 I heard; here with him at this fountain talked.’
 So many grateful altars I would rear
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory
 Or monument to ages, and thereon
 Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers.
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek
 His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
 For, though I fled him angry, yet, recalled 330
 To life prolonged and promised race, I now

Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore."

To whom thus Michael, with regard benign :—
"Adam, thou know'st Heaven his, and all the
Earth,

Not this rock only ; his omnipresence fills
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
Fomented by his virtual power and warmed.
All the Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
No despicable gift ; surmise not, then, 340
His presence to these narrow bounds confined
Of Paradise or Eden. This had been
Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread
All generations, and had hither come,
From all the ends of the Earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee their great progenitor.
But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons :
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
God is, as here, and will be found alike 350
Present, and of his presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal love, his face
Express, and of his steps the track divine.
Which that thou may'st believe, and be confirmed
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent
To show thee what shall come in future days
To thee and to thy offspring. Good with bad
Expect to hear, supernal grace contending
With sinfulness of men—thereby to learn 360
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow, equally inured
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse : so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepared endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
This hill ; let Eve (for I have drenched her eyes)
Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st,
As once thou slept'st while she to life was formed."

To whom thus Adam gratefully replied :— 370
 “ Ascend ; I follow thee, safe guide, the path
 Thou lead’st me, and to the hand of Heaven submit,
 However chastening—to the evil turn
 My obvious breast, arming to overcome
 By suffering, and earn rest from labour won,
 If so I may attain.” So both ascend
 In the visions of God. It was a hill,
 Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
 The hemisphere of Earth in clearest ken
 Stretched out to the amplest reach of prospect lay. 380
 Not higher that hill, nor wider looking round,
 Whereon for different cause the Tempter set
 Our second Adam, in the wilderness,
 To show him all Earth’s kingdoms and their glory.
 His eye might there command wherever stood
 City of old or modern fame, the seat
 Of mightiest empire, from the destined walls
 Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
 And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir’s throne,
 To Paquin, of Sinæan kings, and thence 390
 To Agra and Lahor of Great Mogul,
 Down to the golden Chersonese, or where
 The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
 In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar
 In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance,
 Turchestan-born ; nor could his eye not ken
 The empire of Negus to his utmost port
 Ercoco, and the less maritime kings,
 Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
 And Sofala (thought Ophir), to the realm 400
 Of Congo, and Angola farthest south,
 Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,
 The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,
 Marocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen ;
 On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
 The world : in spirit perhaps he also saw
 Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,
 And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat

Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoiled
 Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons
 Call El Dorado. But to nobler sights 410
 Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed
 Which that false fruit that promised clearer sight
 Had bred; then purged with euphrasy and rue
 The visual nerve, for he had much to see,
 And from the well of life three drops instilled.
 So deep the power of these ingredients pierced,
 Even to the inmost seat of mental sight,
 That Adam, now enforced to close his eyes,
 Sunk down, and all his spirits became entranced. 420
 But him the gentle Angel by the hand
 Soon raised, and his attention thus recalled:—

“Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold
 The effects which thy original crime hath wrought
 In some to spring from thee, who never touched
 The excepted tree, nor with the Snake conspired,
 Nor sinned thy sin, yet from that sin derive
 Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.”

His eyes he opened, and beheld a field,
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves 430
 New-reaped, the other part sheep-walks and folds;
 I' the midst an altar as the landmark stood,
 Rustic, of grassy sord. Thither anon
 A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought
 First-fruits, the green ear and the yellow sheaf,
 Unculled, as came to hand. A shepherd next,
 More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,
 Choicest and best; then, sacrificing, laid
 The inwards and their fat, with incense strewed,
 On the cleft wood, and all due rites performed. 440
 His offering soon propitious fire from heaven
 Consumed, with nimble glance and grateful steam;
 The other's not, for his was not sincere:
 Whereat he inly raged, and, as they talked,
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone
 That beat out life; he fell, and, deadly pale,
 Groaned out his soul, with gushing blood effused.

Much at that sight 'was Adam in his heart
Dismayed, and thus in haste to the Angel cried :—

“O Teacher, some great mischief hath befallen 450
To that meek man, who well had sacrificed:
Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?”

To whom Michael thus, he also moved, replied :—

“These two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loins. The unjust the just hath slain,
For envy that his brother's offering found
From Heaven acceptance; but the bloody fact
Will be avenged, and the other's faith approved
Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,
Rolling in dust and gore.” To which our Sire :— 460

“Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!
But have I now seen Death? Is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold!
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!”

To whom thus Michael :—“Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on Man; but many shapes
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave—all dismal, yet to sense
More terrible at the entrance than within. 470
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die
By fire, flood, famine; by intemperance more
In meats and drinks, which on the Earth shall bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear, that thou may'st know
What misery the inabstinence of Eve
Shall bring on men.” Immediately a place
Before his eyes appeared, sad, noisome, dark;
A lazarus-house it seemed, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseased—all maladies 480
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
Demoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy

Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence, -
 Dropsies and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans ; Despair
 Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch ; 490
 And over them triumphant Death his dart
 Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked
 With vows, as their chief good and final hope.
 Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
 Dry-eyed behold ? Adam could not, but wept,
 Though not of woman born : compassion quelled
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears
 A space, till firmer thoughts restrained excess,
 And, scarce recovering words, his plaint renewed :—

“ O miserable Mankind, to what fall 500
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserved !
 Better end here unborn. Why is life given
 To be thus wrested from us ? rather why
 Obtruded on us thus ? who, if we knew
 What we receive, would either not accept
 Life offered, or soon beg to lay it down,
 Glad to be so dismissed in peace. Can thus
 The image of God in Man, created once
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
 To such unsightly sufferings be debased 510
 Under inhuman pains ? Why should not Man,
 Retaining still divine similitude
 In part, from such deformities be free,
 And for his Maker's image' sake exempt ?”

“ Their Maker's image,” answered Michael, “ then
 Forsook them, when themselves they vilified
 To serve ungoverned Appetite, and took
 His image whom they served—a brutish vice,
 Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.
 Therefore so abject is their punishment, 520
 Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own ;
 Or, if his likeness, by themselves defaced
 While they pervert pure Nature's healthful rules
 To loathsome sickness—worthily, since they
 God's image did not reverence in themselves.”

"I yield it just," said Adam, "and submit.
But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural dust?"

"There is," said Michael, "if thou well observe 530
The rule of *Not too much*, by temperance taught
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return.
So may'st thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death mature.
This is old age; but then thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
To withered, weak, and grey; thy senses then, 540
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgo
To what thou hast; and, for the air of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry,
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume
The balm of life." To whom our Ancestor:—

"Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life, much—bent rather how I may be quit,
Fairest and easiest, of this cumbrous charge,
Which I must keep till my appointed day 550
Of rendering up, and patiently attend
My dissolution." Michaël replied:—

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well; how long or short permit to Heaven.
And now prepare thee for another sight."

He looked, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue: by some were herds
Of cattle grazing: others whence the sound
Of instruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of harp and organ, and who moved 560
Their stops and chords was seen: his volant touch
Instinct through all proportions low and high
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.
In other part stood one who, at the forge

Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass
 Had melted (whether found where casual fire
 Had wasted woods, on mountain or in vale,
 Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot
 To some cave's mouth, or whether washed by stream
 From underground); the liquid ore he drained 570
 Into fit moulds prepared; from which he formed
 First his own tools, then what might else be wrought
 Fusil or graven in metal. After these,
 But on the hither side, a different sort
 From the high neighbouring hills, which was their
 seat,

Down to the plain descended: by their guise
 Just men they seemed, and all their study bent
 To worship God aright, and know his works
 Not hid; nor those things last which might preserve
 Freedom and peace to men. They on the plain 580
 Long had not walked when from the tents behold
 A bevy of fair women, richly gay
 In gems and wanton dress! to the harp they sung
 Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on.
 The men, though grave, eyed them, and let their eyes
 Rove without rein, till, in the amorous net
 Fast caught, they liked, and each his liking chose.
 And now of love they treat, till the evening-star,
 Love's harbinger, appeared; then, all in heat,
 They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke 590
 Hymen, then first to marriage rites invoked:
 With feast and music all the tents resound.
 Such happy interview, and fair event
 Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers,
 And charming symphonies, attached the heart
 Of Adam, soon inclined to admit delight,
 The bent of Nature; which he thus expressed:—
 "True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,
 Much better seems this vision, and more hope
 Of peaceful days portends, than those two past: 600
 Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse;
 Here Nature seems fulfilled in all her ends."

To whom thus Michael :—" Judge not what is best
By pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end,
Holy and pure, conformity divine.
Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant were the tents
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
Who slew his brother : studious they appear
Of arts that polish life, inventors rare ; 610
Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them ; but they his gifts acknowledged none.
Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget ;
For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seemed
Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise ;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye ;— 620
To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titled them the Sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy
(Erelong to swim at large) and laugh ; for which
The world erelong a world of tears must weep."

To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft :—
" O pity and shame, that they who to live well
Entered so fair should turn aside to tread 630
Paths indirect, or in the midway faint !
But still I see the tenor of Man's woe
Holds on the same, from Woman to begin."

" From Man's effeminate slackness it begins,"
Said the Angel, " who should better hold his place
By wisdom, and superior gifts received.
But now prepare thee for another scene."

He looked, and saw wide territory spread
Before him—towns, and rural works between,
Cities of men with lofty gates and towers, 640
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,

Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise.
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
Single or in array of battle ranged
Both horse and foot, nor idly mustering stood.
One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow-ground, or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the plain,
Their booty ; scarce with life the shepherds fly, 650
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray :
With cruel tournament the squadrons join ;
Where cattle pastured late, now scattered lies
With carcasses and arms the ensanguined field
Deserted. Others to a city strong
Lay siege, encamped, by battery, scale, and mine,
Assaulting ; others from the wall defend
With dart and javelin, stones and sulphurous fire ;
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other part the sceptred haralds call 660
To council in the city-gates : anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mixed,
Assemble, and harangues are heard ; but soon
In factious opposition, till at last
Of middle age one rising, eminent
In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,
And judgment from above : him old and young
Exploded, and had seized with violent hands,
Had not a cloud descending snatched him thence, 670
Unseen amid the throng. So violence
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turned full sad :—" Oh, what are these ?
Death's ministers, not men ! who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew
His brother ; for of whom such massacre
Make they but of their brethren, men of men ? 680

But who was that just man, whom had not Heaven
Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost?"

To whom thus Michael:—"These are the product
Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st,
Where good with bad were matched; who of them-
selves

Abhor to join, and, by imprudence mixed,
Produce prodigious births of body or mind.
Such were these Giants, men of high renown;
For in those days might only shall be admired,
And valour and heroic virtue called.

690

To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory, and, for glory done,
Of triumph to be styled great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods—
Destroyers rightlier called, and plagues of men.
Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth,
And what most merits fame in silence hid.

But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheld'st

The only righteous in a world perverse,

701

And therefore hated, therefore so beset

With foes, for daring single to be just,

And utter odious truth, that God would come

To judge them with his Saints—him the Most High,

Rapt in a balmy cloud, with winged steeds,

Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God

High in salvation and the climes of bliss,

Exempt from death, to show thee what reward

Awaits the good, the rest what punishment;

710

Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold."

He looked, and saw the face of things quite changed.

The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar;

All now was turned to jollity and game,

To luxury and riot, feast and dance,

Marrying or prostituting, as befell,

Rape or adultery, where passing fair

Allured them; thence from cups to civil broils.

At length a reverend sire among them came,
 And of their doings great dislike declared, 720
 And testified against their ways. He oft
 Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,
 Triumphs or festivals, and to them preached
 Conversion and repentance, as to souls
 In prison, under judgments imminent ;
 But all in vain. Which when he saw, he ceased
 Contending, and removed his tents far off ;
 Then, from the mountain hewing timber tall,
 Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,
 Measured by cubit, length, and breadth, and highth,
 Smeared round with pitch, and in the side a door 731
 Contrived, and of provisions laid in large
 For man and beast : when lo ! a wonder strange !
 Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,
 Came sevens and pairs, and entered in, as taught
 Their order ; last, the sire and his three sons,
 With their four wives ; and God made fast the door.
 Meanwhile the South-wind rose, and, with black wings
 Wide-hovering, all the clouds together drove
 From under heaven ; the hills to their supply 740
 Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,
 Sent up amain ; and now the thickened sky
 Like a dark ceiling stood : down rushed the rain
 Impetuous, and continued till the earth
 No more was seen. The floating vessel swum
 Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow
 Rode tilting o'er the waves ; all dwellings else
 Flood overwhelmed, and them with all their pomp
 Deep under water rolled ; sea covered sea,
 Sea without shore : and in their palaces, 750
 Where luxury late reigned, sea-monsters whelped
 And stabled : of mankind, so numerous late,
 All left in one small bottom swum embarked.
 How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
 The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
 Depopulation ! Thee another flood,
 Of tears and sorrow a flood thee also drowned,

And sunk thee as thy sons ; till, gently reared
By the Angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,
Though comfortless, as when a father mourns 760
His children, all in view destroyed at once,
And scarce to the Angel utter'dst thus thy plaint :—

“ O visions ill foreseen ! Better had I
Lived ignorant of future—so had borne
My part of evil only, each day's lot
Enough to bear. Those now that were dispensed
The burden of many ages on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
Abortive, to torment me, ere their being,
With thought that they must be. Let no man seek 770
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall
Him or his children—evil, he may be sure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And he the future evil shall no less
In apprehension than in substance feel
Grievous to bear. But that care now is past ;
Man is not whom to warn ; those few escaped
Famine and anguish will at last consume,
Wandering that watery desert. I had hope,
When violence was ceased and war on Earth, 780
All would have then gone well, peace would have crowned
With length of happy days the race of Man ;
But I was far deceived, for now I see
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.
How comes it thus ? Unfold, Celestial Guide,
And whether here the race of Man will end.”

To whom thus Michael :—“ Those whom last thou
saw'st

In triumph and luxurious wealth are they
First seen in acts of prowess eminent
And great exploits, but of true virtue void ; 790
Who, having spilt much blood, and done much waste,
Subduing nations, and achieved thereby
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride

Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
 The conquered, also, and enslaved by war,
 Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose,
 And fear of God—from whom their piety feigned
 In sharp contest of battle found no aid 800
 Against invaders ; therefore, cooled in zeal,
 Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,
 Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords
 Shall leave them to enjoy ; for the Earth shall bear
 More than enough, that temperance may be tried.
 So all shall turn degenerate, all depraved,
 Justice and temperance, truth and faith, forgot ;
 One man except, the only son of light
 In a dark age, against example good,
 Against allurements, custom, and a world 810
 Offended. Fearless of reproach and scorn,
 Or violence, he of their wicked ways
 Shall them admonish, and before them set
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe
 And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come
 On their impenitence, and shall return
 Of them derided, but of God observed
 The one just man alive : by his command
 Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheld'st,
 To save himself and household from amidst 820
 A world devote to universal wrack.
 No sooner he, with them of man and beast
 Select for life, shall in the ark be lodged
 And sheltered round, but all the cataracts
 Of Heaven set open on the Earth shall pour
 Rain day and night ; all fountains of the deep,
 Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp
 Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
 Above the highest hills. Then shall this Mount
 Of Paradise by might of waves be moved 830
 Out of his place, pushed by the horned flood,
 With all his verdure spoiled, and trees adrift,
 Down the great river to the opening Gulf,
 And there take root, an island salt and bare,

The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews' clang—
 To teach thee that God attributes to place
 No sanctity, if none be thither brought
 By men who there frequent or therein dwell.
 And now what further shall ensue behold."

He looked, and saw the ark hull on the flood, 840
 Which now abated ; for the clouds were fled,
 Driven by a keen North-wind, that, blowing dry,
 Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decayed ;
 And the clear sun on his wide watery glass
 Gazed hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,
 As after thirst ; which made their flowing shrink
 From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole
 With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt
 His sluices, as the heaven his windows shut.
 The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground, 850
 Fast on the top of some high mountain fixed.
 And now the tops of hills as rocks appear ;
 With clamour thence the rapid currents drive
 Towards the retreating sea their furious tide.
 Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,
 And, after him, the surer messenger,
 A dove, sent forth once and again to spy
 Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light ;
 The second time returning, in his bill
 An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign. 860
 Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
 The ancient sire descends, with all his train ;
 Then, with uplifted hands and eyes devout,
 Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds
 A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
 Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,
 Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.
 Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,
 Greatly rejoiced ; and thus his joy broke forth :—
 "O thou, who future things canst represent 870
 As present, Heavenly Instructor, I revive
 At this last sight, assured that Man shall live,
 With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.

Far less I now lament for one whole world
 Of wicked sons destroyed than I rejoice
 For one man found so perfect and so just
 That God voutsafes to raise another world
 From him, and all his anger to forget.
 But say what mean those coloured streaks in Heaven :
 Distended as the brow of God appeased ? 880
 Or serve they as a flowery verge to bind
 The fluid skirts of that same watery cloud,
 Lest it again dissolve and shower the Earth ? ”

To whom the Archangel :—“ Dextrously thou aim’st.
 So willingly doth God remit his ire :
 Though late repenting him of Man depraved,
 Grieved at his heart, when, looking down, he saw
 The whole Earth filled with violence, and all flesh
 Corrupting each their way ; yet, those removed,
 Such grace shall one just man find in his sight 890
 That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
 And makes a covenant never to destroy
 The Earth again by flood, nor let the sea
 Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world
 With man therein or beast ; but, when he brings
 Over the Earth a cloud, will therein set
 His triple-coloured bow, whereon to look
 And call to mind his covenant. Day and night,
 Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost,
 Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new, 900
 Both Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.”

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Angel Michael continues, from the Flood, to relate what shall succeed ; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that Seed of the Woman shall be which was promised Adam and Eve in the Fall : his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension ; the state of the Church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael ; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

AS one who, in his journey, bates at noon,
Though bent on speed, so here the Archangel
paused

Betwixt the world destroyed and world restored,
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose ;
Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes :—

“ Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end,
And Man as from a second stock proceed.

Much thou hast yet to see ; but I perceive
Thy mortal sight to fail ; objects divine
Must needs impair and weary human sense.

10

Henceforth what is to come I will relate ;
Thou, therefore, give due audience, and attend.

“ This second source of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgment past remains
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,
Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine, and oil ; and, from the herd or flock

Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid, 20
With large wine-offerings poured, and sacred feast,
Shall spend their days in joy unblamed, and dwell
Long time in peace, by families and tribes,
Under paternal rule, till one shall rise,
Of proud, ambitious heart, who, not content
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserved
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of Nature from the Earth—
Hunting (and men, not beasts, shall be his game) 30
With war and hostile snare such as refuse
Subjection to his empire tyrannous.
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styled
Before the Lord, as in despite of Heaven,
Or from Heaven claiming second sovranity,
And from rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuse.
He, with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find 40
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of Hell.
Of brick, and of that stuff, they cast to build
A city and tower, whose top may reach to Heaven;
And get themselves a name, lest, far dispersed
In foreign lands, their memory be lost—
Regardless whether good or evil fame.
But God, who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks,
To mark their doings, them beholding soon, 50
Comes down to see their city, ere the tower
Obstruct Heaven-towers, and in derision sets
Upon their tongues a various spirit, to rase
Quite out their native language, and, instead,
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the builders; each to other calls,
Not understood—till, hoarse and all in rage,

As mocked they storm. Great laughter was in Heaven,
 And looking down to see the hubbub strange 60
 And hear the din. Thus was the building left
 Ridiculous, and the work *Confusion* named."

Whereto thus Adam, fatherly displeased:—

"O execrable son, so to aspire
 Above his brethren, to himself assuming
 Authority usurped, from God not given!
 He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
 Dominion absolute; that right we hold
 By his donation: but man over men
 He made not lord—such title to himself 70
 Reserving, human left from human free.
 But this usurper his encroachment proud
 Stays not on Man; to God his tower intends
 Siege and defiance. Wretched man! what food
 Will he convey up thither, to sustain
 Himself and his rash army, where thin air
 Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,
 And famish him of breath, if not of bread?"

To whom thus Michael:—"Justly thou abhorr'st
 That son, who on the quiet state of men 80
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
 Rational liberty; yet know withal,
 Since thy original lapse, true liberty
 Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
 Twinned, and from her hath no dividual being.
 Reason in Man obscured, or not obeyed,
 Immediately inordinate desires
 And upstart passions catch the government
 From Reason, and to servitude reduce
 Man, till then free. Therefore, since he permits 90
 Within himself unworthy powers to reign
 Over free reason, God, in judgment just,
 Subjects him from without to violent lords,
 Who oft as undeservedly enthrall
 His outward freedom. Tyranny must be,
 Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.
 Yet sometimes nations will decline so low

From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
 But justice and some fatal curse annexed,
 , Deprives them of their outward liberty, 100
 Their inward lost : witness the irreverent son
 Of him who built the ark, who, for the shame
 Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,
Servant of servants, on his vicious race.
 Thus will this latter, as the former world,
 Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last,
 Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
 His presence from among them, and avert
 His holy eyes, resolving from thenceforth
 To leave them to their own polluted ways, 110
 And one peculiar nation to select
 From all the rest, of whom to be invoked—
 A nation from one faithful man to spring.
 Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,
 Bred up in idol-worship—Oh, that men
 (Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown.
 While yet the patriarch lived who scaped the Flood,
 As to forsake the living God, and fall
 To worship their own work in wood and stone
 For gods!—yet him God the Most High voutsafes 120
 To call by vision from his father's house,
 His kindred, and false gods, into a land
 Which he will show him, and from him will raise
 A mighty nation, and upon him shower
 His benediction so that in his seed
 All nations shall be blest. He straight obeys;
 Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
 He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil,
 Ur of Chaldaea, passing now the ford 130
 * To Haran—after him a cumbrous train
 Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude—
 Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth
 With God, who called him, in a land unknown.
 Canaan he now attains ; I see his tents
 Pitched about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain

Of Moreh. There, by promise, he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hamath northward to the Desert south
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnamed),
From Hermon east to the great western sea ; 141
Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold
In prospect, as I point them : on the shore,
Mount Carmel ; here, the double-founted stream,
Jordan, true limit eastward ; but his sons
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
This ponder, that all nations of the Earth
Shall in his seed be blessed. By that seed
Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise
The Serpent's head ; whereof to thee anon 150
Plainlier shall be revealed. This patriarch blest,
Whom *faithful Abraham* due time shall call,
A son, and of his son a grandchild, leaves,
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown.
The grandchild, with twelve sons increased, departs
From Canaan to a land hereafter called
Egypt, divided by the river Nile ;
See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths
Into the sea. To sojourn in that land
He comes, invited by a younger son 160
In time of dearth—a son whose worthy deeds
Raise him to be the second in that realm
Of Pharaoh. There he dies, and leaves his race
Growing into a nation, and now grown
Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks
To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests
Too numerous ; whence of guests he makes them
slaves
Inhospitably, and kills their infant males :
Till, by two brethren (those two brethren call
Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim 170
His people from enthralment, they return,
With glory and spoil, back to their promised land.
But first the lawless tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or message to regard,

Must be compelled by signs and judgments dire :
 To blood unshed the rivers must be turned ;
 Frogs, lice, and flies must all his palace fill
 With loathed intrusion, and fill all the land ;
 His cattle must of rot and murrain die ;
 Botches and blains must all his flesh emboss, 180
 And all his people ; thunder mixed with hail,
 Hail mixed with fire, must rend the Egyptian sky,
 And wheel on the earth, devouring where it rolls ;
 What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
 A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green ;
 Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
 Palpable darkness, and blot out three days ;
 Last, with one midnight-stroke, all the first-born
 Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds 190
 The river-dragon tamed at length submits
 To let his sojourners depart, and oft
 Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as ice
 More hardened after thaw ; till, in his rage
 Pursuing whom he late dismissed, the sea
 Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass,
 As on dry land, between two crystal walls,
 Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand
 Divided till his rescued gain their shore :
 Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend, 200
 Though present in his Angel, who shall go
 Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire—
 By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire—
 To guide them in their journey, and remove
 Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues.
 All night he will pursue, but his approach
 Darkness defends between till morning-watch ;
 Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
 God looking forth will trouble all his host,
 And craze their chariot-wheels : when, by command,
 Moses once more his potent rod extends 211
 Over the sea ; the sea his rod obeys ;
 On their embattled ranks the waves return,

And overwhelm their war. The race elect
Safe towards Canaan, from the shore, advance
Through the wild Desert—not the readiest way,
Lest, entering on the Canaanite alarmed,
War terrify them inexpert, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
Inglorious life with servitude ; for life 220
To noble and ignoble is more sweet
Untrained in arms, where rashness leads not on.
This also shall they gain by their delay
In the wide wilderness : there they shall found
Their government, and their great Senate choose
Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordained.
God, from the Mount of Sinai, whose grey top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself,
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpet's sound,
Ordain them laws—part, such as appertain 230
To civil justice ; part, religious rites
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
And shadows, of that destined Seed to bruise
The Serpent, by what means he shall achieve
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal ear is dreadful : they beseech
That Moses might report to them his will,
And terror cease ; he grants what they besought,
Instructed that to God is no access
Without Mediator, whose high office now 240
Moses in figure bears, to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,
And all the Prophets, in their age, the times
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus laws and rites
Established, such delight hath God in men
Obedient to his will that he voutsafes
Among them to set up his tabernacle—
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell.
By his præscript a sanctuary is framed
Of cedar, overlaid with gold ; therein 250
An ark, and in the ark his testimony,
The records of his covenant ; over these

A mercy-seat of gold, between the wings
 Of two bright Cherubim ; before him burn
 Seven lamps, as in a zodiac representing
 The heavenly fires. Over the tent a cloud
 Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,
 Save when they journey ; and at length they come,
 Conducted by his Angel, to the land
 Promised to Abraham and his seed. The rest 260
 Were long to tell—how many battles fought ;
 How many kings destroyed, and kingdoms won ;
 Or how the sun shall in mid-heaven stand still
 A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,
 Man's voice commanding, ' Sun, in Gibeon stand,
 And thou, Moon, in the vale of Aialon,
 Till *Israel* overcome !'—so call the third
 From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him
 His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win."

Here Adam interposed :—" O sent from Heaven,
 Enlightener of my darkness, gracious things 271
 Thou hast revealed, those chiefly which concern
 Just Abraham and his seed. Now first I find
 Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eased,
 Erewhile perplexed with thoughts what would become
 Of me and all mankind ; but now I see
 His day, in whom all nations shall be blest—
 Favour unmerited by me, who sought
 Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
 This yet I apprehend not—why to those 280
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on Earth
 So many and so various laws are given.
 So many laws argue so many sins
 Among them ; how can God with such reside ?"

To whom thus Michael :—" Doubt not but that sin
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot ;
 And therefore was law given them, to evince
 Their natural pravity, by stirring up
 Sin against Law to fight, that, when they see
 Law can discover sin, but not remove, 290
 Save by those shadowy expiations weak,

The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
 Some blood more precious must be paid for Man,
 Just for unjust, that in such righteousness,
 To them by faith imputed, they may find
 Justification towards God, and peace
 Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies
 Cannot appease, nor man the moral part
 Perform, and not performing cannot live.
 So Law appears imperfect, and but given 300
 With purpose to resign them, in full time,
 Up to a better covenant, disciplined
 From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,
 From imposition of strict laws to free
 Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear
 To filial, works of law to works of faith.
 And therefore shall not Moses, though of God
 Highly beloved, being but the minister
 Of Law, his people into Canaan lead;
 But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call, 310
 His name and office bearing who shall quell
 The adversary Serpent, and bring back
 Through the world's wilderness long-wandered Man
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
 Meanwhile they, in their earthly Canaan placed,
 Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
 National interrupt their public peace,
 Provoking God to raise them enemies—
 From whom as oft he saves them penitent,
 By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom 320
 The second, both for piety renowned
 And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
 Irrevocable, that his regal throne
 For ever shall endure. The like shall sing
 All Prophecy—that of the royal stock
 Of David (so I name this king) shall rise
 A son, the Woman's Seed to thee foretold,
 Foretold to Abraham as in whom shall trust
 All nations, and to kings foretold of kings
 The last, for of his reign shall be no end. 330

But first a long succession must ensue ;
 And his next son, for wealth and wisdom famed,
 The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
 Wandering, shall in a glorious temple enshrine.
 Such follow him as shall be registered
 Part good, part bad ; of bad the longer scroll :
 Whose foul idolatries and other faults,
 Heaped to the popular sum, will so incense
 God, as to leave them, and expose their land,
 Their city, his temple, and his holy ark, 340
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey —
 To that proud city whose high walls thou saw'st
 Left in confusion, Babylon thence called.
 There in captivity he lets them dwell
 The space of seventy years ; then brings them back,
 Remembering mercy, and his covenant sworn
 To David, stablished as the days of Heaven.
 Returned from Babylon by leave of kings,
 Their lords, whom God disposed, the house of God
 They first re-edify, and for a while 350
 In mean estate live moderate, till, grown
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow.
 But first among the priests dissension springs—
 Men who attend the altar, and should most
 Endeavour peace : their strife pollution brings
 Upon the temple itself ; at last they seize
 The sceptre, and regard not David's sons ;
 Then lose it to a stranger, that the true
 Anointed King Messiah might be born
 Barred of his right. Yet at his birth a star, 360
 Unseen before in heaven, proclaims him come,
 And guides the eastern sages, who inquire
 His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold :
 His place of birth a solemn Angel tells
 To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night ;
 They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
 Of squadroned Angels hear his carol sung.
 A Virgin is his mother, but his sire
 The Power of the Most High. He shall ascend

The throne hereditary, and bound his reign 370
 With Earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Heavens."

He ceased, discerning Adam with such joy
 Surcharged as had, like grief, been dewed in tears,
 Without the vent of words; which these he breathed:—

"O prophet of glad tidings, finisher
 Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
 What oft my steadiest thoughts have searched in
 vain—

Why our great Expectation should be called
 The Seed of Woman. Virgin Mother, hail!
 High in the love of Heaven, yet from my loins 380
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
 Of God Most High; so God with Man unites.
 Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise
 Expect with mortal pain. Say where and when
 Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victor's heel."

To whom thus Michael:—"Dream not of their
 fight

As of a duel, or the local wounds
 Of head or heel. Not therefore joins the Son
 Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil
 Thy enemy; nor so is overcome 390
 Satan, whose fall from Heaven, a deadlier bruise,
 Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound;
 Which he who comes thy Saviour shall recure,
 Not by destroying Satan, but his works
 In thee and in thy seed. Nor can this be,
 But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
 Obedience to the law of God, imposed
 On penalty of death, and suffering death,
 The penalty to thy transgression due,
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow: 400
 So only can high justice rest appaid.
 The Law of God exact he shall fulfil
 Both by obedience and by love, though love
 Alone fulfil the Law; thy punishment
 He shall endure, by coming in the flesh
 To a reproachful life and cursed death,

Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by faith—his merits
To save them, not their own, though legal, works. 410
For this he shall live hated, be blasphemed,
Seized on by force, judged, and to death condemned
A shameful and accursed, nailed to the cross
By his own nation, slain for bringing life;
But to the cross he nails thy enemies—
The Law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankind, with him there crucified,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction. So he dies,
But soon revives; Death over him no power 420
Shall long usurp. Ere the third dawning light
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
Thy ransom paid, which Man from Death redeems—
His death for Man, as many as offered life
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works. This godlike act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have died,
In sin for ever lost from life; this act
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength, 430
Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms,
And fix far deeper in his head their stings
Than temporal death shall bruise the Victor's heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems—a death like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life.
Nor after resurrection shall he stay
Longer on Earth than certain times to appear
To his disciples—men who in his life
Still followed him; to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learned 440
And his salvation, them who shall believe
Baptizing in the profuent stream—the sign
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befall,
For death like that which the Redeemer died.

All nations they shall teach ; for from that day
Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins
Salvation shall be preached, but to the sons
Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world ;
So in his seed all nations shall be blest. 450
Then to the Heaven of Heavens he shall ascend
With victory, triumphing through the air
Over his foes and thine ; there shall surprise
The Serpent, Prince of Air, and drag in chains
Through all his realm, and there confounded leave ;
Then enter into glory, and resume
His seat at God's right hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heaven ; and thence shall come,
When this World's dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory and power, to judge both quick and dead—
To judge the unfaithful dead, but to reward 461
His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
Whether in Heaven or Earth ; for then the Earth
Shall be all Paradise, far happier place
Than this of Eden, and far happier days."

So spake the Archangel Michaël ; then paused,
As at the World's great period ; and our Sire,
Replete with joy and wonder, thus replied :—

"O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense,
That all this good of evil shall produce, 470
And evil turn to good—more wonderful
Than that which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness ! Full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By me done and occasioned, or rejoice
Much more that much more good thereof shall spring—
To God more glory, more good-will to men
From God—and over wrath grace shall abound.
But say, if our Deliverer up to Heaven
Must reascend, what will betide the few, 480
His faithful, left among the unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth. Who then shall guide
His people, who defend ? Will they not deal
Worse with his followers than with him they dealt ?"

"Be sure they will," said the Angel; "but from Heaven

He to his own a Comforter will send,
 The promise of the Father, who shall dwell,
 His Spirit, within them, and the law of faith
 Working through love upon their hearts shall write,
 To guide them in all truth, and also arm 490
 With spiritual armour, able to resist
 Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts—
 What man can do against them not afraid,
 Though to the death; against such cruelties
 With inward consolations recompensed,
 And oft supported so as shall amaze
 Their proudest persecutors. For the Spirit,
 Poured first on his Apostles, whom he sends
 To evangelize the nations, then on all
 Baptized, shall them with wondrous gifts endue 500
 To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
 As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
 Great numbers of each nation to receive
 With joy the tidings brought from Heaven: at length,
 Their ministry performed, and race well run,
 Their doctrine and their story written left,
 They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,
 Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
 Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven
 To their own vile advantages shall turn 510
 Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
 With superstitions and traditions taint,
 Left only in those written records pure,
 Though not but by the Spirit understood.
 Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
 Places, and titles, and with these to join
 Secular power, though feigning still to act
 By spiritual; to themselves appropriating
 The Spirit of God, promised alike and given
 To all believers; and, from that pretence, 520
 Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force
 On every conscience—laws which none shall find

Left them enrolled, or what the Spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
But force the Spirit of Grace itself, and bind
His consort, Liberty? what but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to stand—
Their own faith, not another's? for, on Earth,
Who against faith and conscience can be heard
Infallible? Yet many will presume : 530
Whence heavy persecution shall arise
On all who in the worship persevere
Of Spirit and Truth ; the rest, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
Religion satisfied ; Truth shall retire
Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of Faith
Rarely be found. So shall the World go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
Under her own weight groaning, till the day
Appear of respiration to the just 540
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of Him so lately promised to thy aid,
The Woman's Seed—obscurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord ;
Last in the clouds from Heaven to be revealed
In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his perverted World ; then raise
From the conflagrantly mass, purged and refined,
New Heavens, new Earth, Ages of endless date
Founded in righteousness and peace and love, 550
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss.”
He ended ; and thus Adam last replied :—
“ How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,
Measured this transient World, the race of Time,
Till Time stand fixed ! Beyond is all abyss—
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain ;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire. 560
Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,

And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things—by things deemed weak
Subverting worldly-strong, and worldly-wise
By simply meek ; that suffering for Truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory, 570
And to the faithful death the gate of life—
Taught this by his example whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.”

To whom thus also the Angel last replied :—
“ This having learned, thou hast attained the sum
Of wisdom ; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal powers,
All secrets of the Deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst, 580
And all the rule, one empire. Only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable ; add faith ;
Add virtue, patience, temperance ; add love,
By name to come called Charity, the soul
Of all the rest : then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.
Let us descend now, therefore, from this top
Of speculation ; for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence ; and, see ! the guards, 590
By me encamped on yonder hill, expect
Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round.
We may no longer stay. Go, waken Eve ;
Her also I with gentle dreams have calmed,
Portending good, and all her spirits composed
To meek submission : thou, at season fit,
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard—
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her seed to come 600

(For by the Woman's Seed) on all mankind—
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous; though sad
With cause for evils past, yet much more cheered
With meditation on the happy end."

He ended, and they both descend the hill.
Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve
Lay sleeping ran before, but found her waked;
And thus with words not sad she him received:—

"Whence thou return'st and whither went'st I know;
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise, 611
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since, with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied, I fell asleep. But now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under Heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.
This further consolation yet secure 620
I carry hence: though all by me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am voutsafed,
By me the Promised Seed shall all restore."

So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard
Well pleased, but answered not; for now too nigh
The Archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fixed station, all in bright array,
The Cherubim descended, on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Risen from a river o'er the marsh glides, 630
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
The brandished sword of God before them blazed,
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat
In either hand the hastening Angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast

To the subjected plain—then disappeared. 640
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand ; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon ;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

THE END.

NOTES TO PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

50—53. "*Nine times the space*," &c. The nine days in this passage are not the nine days of the *fall* of the Angels out of Heaven into Hell (VI. 871), but nine *subsequent* days during which the Angels lay in stupor in Hell after their fall.

73, 74. "*As far removed*," &c. See Introd. p. 32. *The centre* here is the Earth; *pole* is the extreme of the Mundane Universe.

82. "*And thence in Heaven called SATAN*." *Satan*, in Hebrew, means "Enemy."

198. "*Titanian or Earth-born*." The Titans, in the Greek mythology, were the progeny of Heaven and Earth, and were distinct from the Giants, who were represented either as sprung from the Earth itself or as sons of Tartarus and the Earth.

199—200. "*Briareus or Typhon*," &c. Briareos, a hundred-handed, fifty-headed monster, of Titan lineage, first aided Jupiter against the Titans, but afterwards helped the Giants in their war with him. Typhon or Typhæus, a hundred-headed monster, who also warred against the Gods, had his den in Cilicia, of which Tarsus was a city.

201—208. "*Leviathan*," &c. Commentators see in this passage a reference to the fables in books of vast whales and other rough-skinned sea-monsters seen by voyagers in the Scandinavian seas.

232. "*Pelorus*," a promontory in Sicily.

235. "*Sublimed*," &c. Sublimation, in chemistry, is the conversion of solid substances into vapour by heat, so that, in cooling, they may become solid again in a purer form.

254. "*The mind is its own place*." This is one of the

only three places in which the word *its* occurs in Milton's poetry. The other two places are *P. L.* IV. 813, and *Ode on the Nat.* 106. Everywhere else, where we should write *its*, Milton uses *his* or *her*. The form *his* was the true old neuter possessive, as well as the masculine possessive; and *its* is a mongrel word, not older than about 1590, and not universally accepted till the reign of Charles II. It does not occur once in the English Bible (except by a misprint in modern copies at Levit. xxv. 5), and only ten instances have been found in Shakespeare. Milton persevered in avoiding it long after it was frequent with his contemporaries.

288—290. "*Through optic glass the Tuscan artist . . . top of Fesolè . . . or in Valdarno.*" The Tuscan artist is Galileo, who first employed the telescope for astronomical purposes about 1609: Fesolè is a height close to Florence. Valdarno is the valley of the Arno, in which Florence itself lies.

294. "*anmiral,*" or *admiral*, here means the ship, not the commander.

303. "*Vallombrosa.*" Literally "the shady valley," a beautiful valley eighteen miles from Florence, where Milton may have spent some days in 1638. See Wordsworth's verses "*At Vallombrosa.*"

305. "*Orion armed.*" The constellation Orion, called "armed" because of his sword and belt, was supposed to bring stormy weather at certain seasons.

307. "*Busiris,*" &c. An Egyptian King of this name figures in Greek legends as noted for his hostility to foreigners; and Milton follows Raleigh, in his *Hist. of the World*, in making him the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites. —"*Memphian,*" from the great city Memphis, stands for *Egyptian* generally.

353. "*Rhene or the Danaw.*" Rhine or the Danube.

364—375. "*Nor had they yet . . . got them new names,*" &c. Observe in this passage Milton's adoption for his poem of the mediæval belief that the Devils or Fallen Angels became the Gods of the various Heathen or Polytheistic religions.

381—505. "*The chief were those,*" &c. In this splendid passage of 125 lines Milton, according to the idea mentioned in the preceding note, enumerates first the principal idols of the Semitic nations round about the Israelites. In what he says of each God in turn—*Moloch*, *Chemos*, &c.—he takes his

hints punctually from Scripture texts; and the texts thus fused into the entire passage are very numerous.

507—521. "*The rest were long to tell,*" &c. Having enumerated those great leading Spirits who afterwards became the chief Gods of the Semitic or Oriental nations, Milton does not think it necessary to be equally minute about those others, imagined by him probably as of inferior rank, who became afterwards the Gods of what we should now call the various Indo-European Polytheisms. At one of these Polytheisms, the Greek or Classical or Mediterranean, he does glance, because of its renown; and he just suggests the Celtic or West-of-Europe Theogony as an offshoot from the Classical in its earlier or Saturnian stage. Of the Teutonic and Slavonian mythologies he says nothing, any more than of those of the Mongolian and Negro races. The founders of these were as yet, we are to suppose, among the obscurest of the Devils.

565. "*with ordered spear and shield.*" This and other passages show Milton's acquaintance with military terms and manœuvres. To "*order arms,*" which soldiers always do when they come to a halt, is to let them drop perpen- dicularly by their sides, the butts on the ground.

573. "*since created Man,*" i.e. since the creation of Man: a Latin idiom of which Milton is fond.

575, 576. "*that small infantry*" &c., i.e. the Pygmies, a legendary nation of Indian or Ethiopian dwarfs.

576—587. "*all the giant breed of Pelion*," &c. In this passage of finely-sounding proper names, Milton connects the great wars of Epic legend, ancient and modern—the primeval wars of the Giants and Gods at Pelion in Macedonia: the Trojan and Theban wars sung by the Greek poets; those of the British Arthur; and the combats and joustings between the Christians and the Saracens all along the Mediterranean, celebrated in mediæval romances. Among the legends of Charlemain and his Paladins is that of their defeat, and of the death of Roland, at Roncesvalles in the Pyrenees, not far from Fontarabia.

618. "*Attention held them mute.*" Another military phrase. When soldiers listen, they "stand at attention."

632, 633. "*whose exile hath emptied Heaven.*" A rhetorical exaggeration: only a third part of the Heavenly host had joined Satan (II. 692, V. 710, VI. 156).

686. "*Ransacked the Centre*." Again *Centre* means simply the Earth. The word in this sense is common in old poets.

728. "*cressets*": open vessels, with tarred ropes or the like burning in them.

739, 740. "*in Ausonian land* [*i.e.* Italy] *men call him Mulciber*." Observe the identification here of Mammon with Vulcan, one of whose names was Mulciber (the Softener).

756. "*Pandemonium*." Some think Milton the inventor of the word, formed on the analogy of *Pantheon*.

789—792. "*Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest shapes*," &c. It is a postulate of the poem throughout that the Spirits can expand or compress their bulk at will.

BOOK II.

2. "*Ormus*": now Hormuz, an island in the Persian Gulf.

76, 77. "*descent and fall to us is adverse*," *i.e.* inconsistent with our nature. It is a proposition with Milton, as to the physical nature of the Angels, that they are not, like men, subject to gravitation. The Rebel Angels had not properly *fallen* through Chaos into Hell; they had been *driven* down (lines 77—81). See *Introd.* pp. 28—30.

165. "*strook*." This, probably for the sound, is a favourite form with Milton in both his prose and his verse. See *P.L.* VI. 863, *P.R.* IV. 576, *Od. Nat.* 95. Editors have done wrong in changing the word into *struck*. But Milton sometimes has *struck*: *e.g.* *P.R.* III. 146, *S.A.* 1686.

299—309. "*Which when Beelzebub perceived*," &c. Observe how Milton reserves the decisive speech for the great angel, Beelzebub, the chief next to Satan, and already in private possession of his plans. In the preceding speeches Milton intended, doubtless, to represent poetically three very common types even of human statesmanship. Some men, in emergencies, take the Moloch view of affairs, which recommends boisterous action at all hazards; others take the Belial view, which recommends slothful and epicurean acquiescence; and others the Mammon view, which believes in the material industries and the accumulation of wealth. The Angels in the Council are evidently inclining to Belial's view, or to that as modified by Mammon, when a greater statesman than any of the three strikes in with a specific plan of action,

not vague and blustering like Moloch's, but subtly adapted to the exigencies.

332. "*Voutsafed*": so generally spelt by Milton, perhaps to avoid the disagreeable sound of *ch* before *s*.

379, 380. "*first devised by Satan, and in part proposed*." See I. 650—656.

410. "*The happy Isle*." Not "the earth hanging in the sea of air," as Bishop Newton and other commentators have supposed, for the Angels know nothing whatever as yet of the Earth or its environment. They know only vaguely of some kind of starry world about to be created, or perhaps created already; and this world, the whole Mundane Universe as it proved, hung somewhere in Chaos between Heaven and Hell, is what Beelzebub imagines as "the happy Isle" that might be reached.

512. "*A globe of fiery Seraphim*." *Globe*, though generally interpreted here as "a battalion in circle," means really, I believe, in Milton's fancy, a solid globe or sphere; for the Angels, by their nature, may cluster in globes, cubes, or other solid figures. See *Intro.*, p. 28, and previous Notes, I. 789—792, and II. 76, 77.

532. "*brigads*": so spelt, and accented on the first syllable, as at I. 675.

577—581. "*Styx . . Acheron . . Cocytus . . Phlegeton*." Milton gives the etymologies of these names, which come from Greek verbs, meaning respectively "to hate," "to grieve," "to lament," and "to burn."—"Lethæ," the "great river" (line 583), means "oblivion."

592, 593. "*that Serbonian bog betwixt Damietta and Mount Casius old*." Damietta is a town in Egypt close to the easternmost mouth of the Nile; Mount Casius, now Cape Kareroon, is on the Egyptian coast farther to the east; the Serbonian bog is Lake Serbonis in that vicinity.

595. "*frore*": an old form for *froze* or *frozen*: German, *gefroren*.

638, 639. "*from Bengala, or the isles of Ternate and Tidore*." Bengala is Bengal: Ternate and Tidore are two of the Moluccas.

641, 642. "*Through the wide Ethiopian*," i.e. through the Indian Ocean on its African side; "*to the Cape*," i.e. to the Cape of Good Hope; "*ply stemming nightly toward the*

Pole," i.e. toward the South Pole, directed at night by the Southern Cross.

659—661. "*Far less abhorred than these vexed Scylla*," &c. By Circe's bewitchment, the nymph Scylla, when she bathed, was changed below the waist into hideous barking dogs. Having thrown herself into the sea between the Calabrian coast of Italy and Sicily (called *Trinacriu*), she was changed into the famous rock or whirlpool.

662—666. "*the night-hag*," &c. Milton here passes to the Norse or Scandinavian mythology, in which Lapland is a great region of witchcraft.

709. "*Ophiuchus*," called also *Anguitenens* or *Serpentarius*, is a large constellation in the northern heaven. All the names mean "the serpent-bearer."

842. "*buxom air*": i.e. "flexible," "pliant," "easily bowed," the original meaning of *buxom*.

939. "*a boggy Syrtis*." The Syrtes were two quicksands on the northern coast of Africa.

943—947. "*As when a gryphon . . . pursues the Arimas-pian*," &c. The Arimaspians, in legend, were a one-eyed people of Scythia; and, in trying to get gold, they had constant fights with creatures called gryphons, partly eagle and partly lion, that guarded the mines.

964, 965. "*Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name of Demogorgon*." Orcus and Hades were two names for Pluto or his realm among the ancients. Demogorgon was a vague being, of tremendous occult powers of mischief, mysteriously hinted at in the classical poets, but first distinctly named, it is said, by the Christian writer Lactantius in the fourth century. He figures in Boccaccio and in Spenser (*Faery Queene*, I. v. 22, and IV. ii. 47).

1001—1006. "*Encroached on still . . . first Hell . . . now lately Heaven and Earth*," &c. This is the first distinct intimation to Satan that the new Universe of Man had actually been created. He had guessed so before leaving Hell; but it was still only a guess in his speech to Chaos a few lines back (977—980). The Anarch, in his complaint of the encroachments on his dominion, makes the fact certain. First, he says, there had been the establishment of Hell at the bottom of Chaos; but since that there had been an excavation into Chaos at the top, above the point where he and Satan then stood, to form the Heaven

and Earth of the Human World. See diagram in Introd. p. 32.

1017—1020. "*than when Argo*"—the ship in which Jason went to Colchis for the golden fleece,—"passed through Bosporus," the straits into the Black Sea, "*between the girdling rocks,*" i.e. the Symplegades; "*or when Ulysses on the starboard skinned Charybdis,*" i.e. kept to the left of it, "*and by the other whirlpool steered,*" i.e. by Scylla.

1023—1028. "*But, he once passed . . . Sin and Death . . . paved after him a broad and beaten way,*" &c. The building of this bridge between Hell and the Human Universe is afterwards described at length (X. 235 *et seq.*).

1034—1042. "*But now at last the sacred influence of light appears,*" &c. Imagine Satan now nearing the external shell of the Human World, somewhere on its upper side (see diagram, Introd. p. 32), where he could be aware of the light from the Empyrean glimmering down into Chaos.

1048. "*undetermined square or round.*" Heaven, or the Empyrean, being really unbounded, cannot be said to have a figure, though the imagination tends rather to the spherical in diagram.

1051—1053. "*And, fast by,*" i.e. fast by the Empyrean, "*this pendent World,*" &c. On the mistake in the interpretation of this passage see Introd. p. 34.

BOOK III.

1—55. Observe that this noble passage, besides being a pathetic lyric on Milton's own blindness, is also an apt introduction to the part of the Epic now reached. Hitherto the story has been down in Hell and Chaos; but now it rises into the abodes of Light, and the poet, delayed a moment by the novelty of the blaze, apostrophizes the new element.

7, 8. "*Or heave'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream, whose,*" &c.: i.e. "Or dost thou prefer to be called the pure Ethereal stream, whose," &c., this use of *have* being a Latinism.

25, 26. "*drop serene . . . or dim suffusion*": two phrases from the medical science of Milton's day. *Gutta serena*, literally "drop serene," was that form of total blindness which left the eyes perfectly clear and without speck or blemish. Such was Milton's (see Sonnet XXII.).

35, 36. "*blind Thamyras and blind Meconides, and Tiresias*

and Phineus." Thamyris or Thamyras was a mythical poet and musician of Thrace, mentioned by Homer; Mæonides is Homer himself, reputed the son of Mæon. Tiresias, the blind prophet of Thebes, is a great character in the legends and dramas of the Greeks; Phineus, a blind king and prophet, is made by some a Thracian, by others an Arcadian.

353. "*Immortal amarant.*" Amarant, which in Greek means "unfading," is the name given by Pliny to a purple flower, real or imaginary, described as preserving its bloom long after being plucked.

383. "*Thee next they sang.*" Milton here uses the ordinary past tense of the verb "to sing"; but in general he prefers the form "*sung*" (e.g. line 372).

413—415. "*my song . . . my harp,*" &c. These expressions suggest that, though the passage which they conclude (lines 372—415) may be read as Milton's report of a choral hymn of the Angels, Milton himself joins the chorus.

418—422. "*Meanwhile, upon the firm opacous globe of this round World . . . Satan alighted walks.*" To understand this passage exactly, look first at the World or Cosmos as figured in the diagram in *Introd.* p. 32, and then at the enlarged representation of the same by itself, with its interior filled up with the "luminous inferior Orbs," or Spheres of the pre-Copernican system. The "first convex," on which Satan alights, is the outside shell of the whole World, resting or turning in Chaos. Fancy a globe of very opaque brown glass round a lamp, in a room otherwise dark, and a fly or moth drawn upwards to it by its dull glimmer and alighting upon it, and that will be a homely image of Satan's arrival upon the outside of the Cosmos.

427—429. "*Save on that side,*" &c. The glimmering of light is greatest on the upper boss of the outside of the Cosmos, where it is nearest the Empyrean; and it is on this upper boss, it appears from the sequel, that Satan has alighted.

431—441. "*As when a vulture,*" &c. Milton's figure for the motions of the Fiend on the outside of the Universe is far more poetical than that just suggested. It may be explained thus—"As when a vulture, bred on Imaus (the Himalayas, or 'snowy mountains'), leaving the remoter regions of Asia, makes for the Ganges or the Hydaspes (the Jhelum, one of the tributaries of the Indus) in search of prey, but on its way

alights on the barren plains of Sericana (a tract of south-eastern Thibet and south-western China, inhabited by a people called by ancient geographers "the Seres," from whom came 'Sericum' or Silk), so the Fiend, coming from Hell and Chaos, and seeking admission into the Starry Universe which contains his prey, is kept lingering a while on its bleak exterior." Of the "cany waggons of the Chineses," made of light bamboo with sails and driven by the wind, Milton had read accounts in books.

444—497. "*None yet; but store hereafter,*" &c. These fifty-four lines are one of the most extraordinary passages of the poem.—Though the bleak, windy, outside shell of the Cosmos was totally uninhabited when Satan alighted upon it, that was not to be long the case. For precisely this outside shell of the whole Cosmos, and not the Moon, as some had fancied, was to be the true Limbo of Vanities or Paradise of Fools, to which all the nonsense and vain enthusiasms of the Earth and of Man would tend, and whither they would infallibly arrive. And how would they reach that comfortless dwelling-ground? In explaining this, Milton gives a sketch by anticipation of the constitution of the Cosmos, according to his fancying of the old Astronomical System, thus:—The only opening into the interior of the Cosmos, or outlet from it, is at its topmost point, where it is hung from the Empyrean Heaven. There an orifice had been purposely left in its bounding shell. Now, as the Earth is at the centre of the Cosmos, whatever would reach the Empyrean Heaven from Earth must ascend straight to this polar orifice, passing through the ten enclosing Spheres in succession—the seven Planetary Spheres, the Sphere of the Fixed Stars, that Ninth or Crystalline Sphere "whose balance weighs the trepidation talked" (*i.e.* accounts for "the precession of the equinoxes"), and finally the Primum Mobile or "first moved" and outmost Sphere itself (see the very exact enumeration of the Spheres in lines 481—483, and the more detailed account of the old Cosmology in the Introd. pp. 36—41). By this way the Spirits of the Just do ascend to Heaven's gate and enter the Eternal Mansions. But it fares otherwise with vain and erring enthusiasts, puffed up with their own aspirations, and seeking to get to Heaven on false pretences. Such were the Giants before the Flood (Gen. vi. 1—4); such were the builders of the Tower of Babel (Gen. xi. 1—9); such was Empedocles,

the philosopher of Sicily, who threw himself into the crater of *Ætna*, that people, finding no trace of his body, might think he had been taken up as a God, but whose iron sandal, flung up from the crater, told the true tale; such was *Cleombrotus*, the *Ambracian* youth who was so ravished by Plato's discourse on the immortality of the soul that he drowned himself to realize his dream of *Elysium*; such, finally, were mediæval Hermits, Pilgrims to the Holy Land, and Friars of all orders, Carmelite, Dominican, or Franciscan. All such vain pretenders may reach the orifice in the *Primum Mobile*, and even think they see St. Peter at Heaven's wicket, ready to admit them. But lo! at this point they find themselves seized by cross gusts of those winds of Chaos which blow round the *Cosmos*, and are whirled, right and left, they and all their trumpery, "over the backside of the World," into the *Limbo* prepared for them.—There are *Limbo*s in other poets; but Milton's *Limbo* beats them all. A grim humour, or consciousness of the grotesque, runs through the conception.

498—539. "*All this . . . till at last a gleam . . . turned thitherward . . . his travelled steps,*" &c. Here we have farther circumstantialia of the polar orifice described in the preceding note. The gleam of light having attracted Satan to the orifice, he sees Heaven's gates, with stairs up to them like those in Jacob's dream (*Gen. xxviii. 10—19*); also, underneath these stairs, the sea of jasper or pearl (a segment of the *Crystalline Sphere*, as appears from the "*Argument*" prefixed to the Book); also the passage or shaft from the orifice, past this sea, straight down to the Earth. This passage was then wider far than that afterwards communicating between Heaven and Sion's specially holy ground, or even than that which once covered the Promised Land from *Paneas* (*Dan*) to *Beersheba*, when the whole of that region received Angelic visitants.

555—563. "*Round he surveys,*" &c. This is the Fiend's first glimpse of the interior of the World he has come to ruin. From Heaven's stair he gazes down into the blue Universe with its rolling luminaries. He takes two glances—one longitudinal, from the constellation *Libra* to the opposite point of the *Celestial Equator*, where *Aries* or the *Ram* seems to be bearing the constellation *Andromeda* westward (see a *Celestial Globe*); the other in the direction of latitude,

or downwards from where he is standing, right through to the other pole. Almost in the act of the second glance he plunges in.

571. "*above them all*," i.e. "more than any of the rest."

574—576. ("*but up or down, by centre or eccentric, hard to tell, or longitude.*") It would be "up or down" according as he had descended past the Sun's place or was still above it when he made for it; "by centre" would be by spiral motion round the centre; "by eccentric," by spiral motion on one side of the centre; "by longitude," by motion east or west.

602, 605. "*they bind volatile Hermes*," i.e. solidify fluid mercury, "*and call up unbound in various shapes old Proteus*," &c. Proteus, in legend the sea-god whom it was all but impossible to fix in his native or real shape, so many disguise: could he assume, stands here for the elementary matter or "prime substance" sought by the Alchemists.

607, 608. "*elixir pure . . potable gold*": two dreams of the Alchemists, or rather one and the same; for "potable gold" was one imagined form of the *elixir vite* which would prolong life.

623. "*The same whom John saw*." Rev. xix. 17.

648—650. "*The Archangel Uriel, one of the seven*," &c. Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael are the pre-eminent Archangels of the Bible or of Hebrew tradition; Uriel ("God's Light") is mentioned as an Archangel in the 2nd Book of Esdras; Abdiel, Ithuriel, Zophiel, Uzziel, Zephon, and other great Angels, are afterwards mentioned by Milton, but which of them were the other three Archangels is not suggested. Satan before his fall had been one of the Archangels, if not the supreme Archangel. See Book V. 659, 660.

716. "*this ethereal quintessence of Heaven*," i.e. Light, a fifth essence, purer than Earth, Water, Air, or Fire.

740. "*the ecliptic*": as then understood, the Sun's orbit round the Earth.

742. "*on Niphates' top he lights*." Niphates, now Nimroud-Tagh, is a lofty mountain range in Armenia, near the tract supposed to have been Paradise.

BOOK IV.

1—5. "*O for that warning voice*," &c. Rev. xii. 7—12.
32—41. "*O thou that*," &c. See Introd. p. 19.

39. "*above thy sphere*" : the sphere of the Sun, the fourth of the Ptolemaic spheres.

126. "*the Assyrian mount*." Niphates, in Armenia, here included in the general name Assyria.

132—171. "*Eden, where delicious Paradise,*" &c. Eden (meaning in Hebrew "Joy" or "Deliciousness") is the whole tract of Western Asia destined for primitive mankind; Paradise, now described (the word is Persian, meaning a Park or Pleasure-ground), is the Happy Garden in one part of this Eden (Gen. ii. 8).

159—165. "*As when to them who sail,*" &c. Mr. Keightley says that what is here fancied is an impossibility. "When a vessel going to India has passed Mozambique, the coast of Arabia is due north of her, and at an immense distance, with a portion of the east coast of Africa interposed." Saba was a town of Arabia Felix, here called "Araby the Blest."

168—171. "*Than Asmodeus with the fishy fume,*" &c. In the Book of Tobit the evil spirit Asmodeus, in love with a Jewess named Sara, living in the Median city of Ecbatana, destroys her husbands in succession, till at last, after her betrothal to Tobias, the son of Tobit, he is foiled. Instructed by the Archangel Raphael, Tobias burns the heart and liver of a fish; "the which smell when the Evil Spirit had smelled, he fled into the utmost parts of Egypt, and the Angel bound him."

210—214. "*Eden stretched her line,*" &c. Milton here adopts the most orthodox hypothesis as to the site of Eden, placing it in Syria and Mesopotamia. He makes the limits in one direction to be from Auran on the west (Hauran, the Syrian district south of Damascus) to Seleucia on the east, *i.e.* to the capital of the Greek dynasty of the Seleucidae, built on the Tigris about B.C. 300, near what is now Baghdad, in a region once called Telassar (Isaiah xxxvii. 12). The extent from west to east is about 450 miles : the boundaries north and south are not given. Paradise, according to Gen. ii. 8, is put in the east of Eden, *i.e.* in that part of the ancient Assyria where the Euphrates and the Tigris approach each other in flowing south.

223—246. "*Southward through Eden went a river large,*" &c. Much ingenuity has been spent in trying to identify the present river-system of the Syrian and Mesopotamian region with the Scriptural account of the rivers of Eden (Gen. ii.

10—14); but the difficulty of doing so has led many commentators to suppose an alteration of the river-system by the Deluge. Milton adheres to the Scriptural account, which speaks of one river watering the Garden and then dividing itself into four; but he adapts it to his purpose by making the head-stream pass underneath the hill of Paradise by a subterranean channel before dividing itself. He abstains from giving names here; but, as he afterwards distinctly names the head-stream the Tigris (IX. 71), the four divided streams must be, as in Scripture, the Pison, the Gihon, the Hiddekel (or Tigris continued), and the Euphrates.

268—284. "*Not that fair field,*" &c. The geographical and mythological allusions are somewhat complex.—Enna, where Proserpine, the daughter of Ceres, was carried off by Dio or Pluto, was in the heart of Sicily.—The famous Castalian spring of the Greeks was a stream of Mount Parnassus; but the one here meant was a spring which had borrowed the name, near Apollo's sacred grove of Daphne in Syria, not far from Antioch, where the Orontes flows into the Mediterranean.—The Nysa or "Nyseian isle" of the passage is perhaps an island in the lake Tritonis about the middle of the northern coast of Africa, where the river Triton flows from the lake. Here, according to the account adopted by Milton (though other accounts make it at Nysa in Ethiopia), the infant Bacchus was educated. That god is generally made the son of Jupiter and the nymph Semele; Milton prefers making him the son of the Libyan Jupiter and the nymph Amalthea. In the common legend Bacchus is brought up secretly at Nysa to avoid the wrath of Juno; here it is to avoid the wrath of Rhea, Saturn's wife and Jupiter's stepmother.—Amara or Amhara is a tract of high table-land in the middle of Abyssinia, where the Blue Nile has its head, and where in the old maps the Nile as a whole is made to rise. Being about half way between the Tropic of Cancer and the Equator, it may be said to be "under the Ethiop line." Here was the delightful mountain Amara, "a day's journey high," with its gardens and palaces, where, according to the tradition hinted at in the passage (used afterwards by Dr. Johnson in his *Rasselas*), the sons of the Abyssinian emperors were educated in strict seclusion. Some thought Amara to have been the original Paradise.

449, 450. "*That day I oft remember,*" &c. It is surely

implied here that, in Milton's imagination, Adam and Eve had already been together in Paradise for some considerable time. Yet this is in apparent inconsistency with the thread of time given in the action of the poem. The Earth, with the Mundane Universe round it, had been created in six of those nine days during which the Rebel Angels had been lying in stupor in Hell, and Milton has already stipulated (l. 50—53) that those nine days were literal days, according to human measure. It can even be fixed by the sequel (VIII. 228—246) that it was on the sixth day or Friday of the creative Week, the very day on which Man was made, that the Rebel Angels were roused from their stupor, and that it was on the following day, that Sabbath (Saturday) of Rest after the Creation which was spent in halleluiahs of joy over it among the Heavenly host of the faithful (VII. 551—634), that the Rebel Angels, in hideously contrasted occupation, held their council down in Hell and adopted Satan's plan for the ruin of the newly-made Universe. Now all that had happened since then in the action of the poem had been Satan's journey upwards through Chaos in quest of the new Universe, his discovery of it, his entrance into it, his arrival on the Earth near Eden, and his invasion of Paradise. Toilsome as the journey was, and with various interrupting incidents, one imagines, as one reads, that a day, or at most one or two days, sufficed for it. If so, at the date of the present speech of Eve to Adam, to which the Fiend is listening, Adam and Eve were but two or three days old. Yet in the phrase "*That day I oft remember when from sleep I first awaked,*" &c., and also in other phrases and allusions in the poem, the day of the creation of Adam and Eve seems already some considerable way back in the past. As Milton must have been perfectly aware of the apparent inconsistency, I can only suppose that he adopted imaginatively two measures or rates of time in his poem—a transcendental rate generally for events in Heaven, Chaos, and Hell; and a human rate for events within the Mundane Universe—sometimes (as in the account of the creative Week) harmonizing them, but at others (as in the account of Satan's upward journey through Chaos) disconnecting them.

486. "*individual*": i.e. not to be divided, inseparable (Lat. *individuus*). Compare *Par. Lost*, V. 610, and *On Time*, 12; also *Par. Lost*, VII. 382 and XII. 85.

542—543. "*Against the eastern gate of Paradise,*" &c. Mr. Keightley thinks this a slip. The setting sun could not level his rays direct against the *eastern* gate of Paradise, unless, indeed, it were against the *inside* of that gate.

590—591. "*whose point now raised bore him,*" &c. While Uriel and Gabriel had been conversing, the Sun had fallen to the horizon, so that the beam on which Uriel returned sloped from Paradise to the Sun.

592—597. "*whether the Prime Orb,*" &c. A very interesting passage, as showing that, though Milton has adopted the Ptolemaic cosmology in his poem, he was quite well aware of the Copernican alternative, and perhaps appreciated its superior scientific worth. See *Intro.* pp. 37—39. The Prime Orb is the Primum Mobile, or Tenth and outmost sphere, of the Ptolemaists.

605. "*Hesperus*": the Evening Star.

628. "*manuring*": in the old sense of "tending with the hand" (*manuaring*), "cultivating."

639, 640. "*I forget all time, all seasons, and their change.*" Another passage implying that Adam and Eve had been for some time on the Earth. See previous note, 449, 450.

642. "*charm*": *i.e.* song (Lat. *carmen*).

680—688. "*How often,*" &c. Another passage of the same import as lines 449, 450, and 639, 640. For the ideas commentators compare Shakespeare's *Tempest*, iii. 2.

716, 717. "*The unwise son of Japhet,*" &c. : *i.e.* Epimetheus, the brother of Prometheus, both being sons of the Titan Iapetus. In revenge for the theft of the heavenly fire by the wise Prometheus, Jupiter created the first woman, Pandora ("the All-gifted"), and sent her to the Earth, under the conduct of Hermes or Mercury, with her box of evils, to be presented to the man she married. Prometheus avoided her; but Epimetheus was captivated, and the evils flew out among mankind from the opened box.

776, 777. "*Now had Night measured,*" &c. Prosaically, it was about nine o'clock in the evening; but the clock here is that vast astronomical clock of which the great circle of the starry heavens is the dial-plate and the Earth's shadow the moving hour-hand. Night really is the shadow of the Earth shot like a cone of gloom into the part of space opposite to the Sun; and the shadow moves round the great circle with the Sun.

782—785. "*Uzziel, half these draw off,*" &c. Here again, with the due poetic haze of expression, we have military accuracy and even military phraseology. Gabriel breaks his company of Angels into two divisions by the order "Right and left wheel" (the Latin equivalent for which was "Wheel to the spear: Wheel to the shield," the right hand of course being the spear hand, and the left holding the shield); he takes command of one of the divisions himself, to march it round the north side of Paradise; he gives the other in charge to his lieutenant Uzziel (Strength of God), to be marched round the south side; the two divisions, having thus made the entire circuit of Paradise between them, are to meet at the western end, opposite to that eastern gate from which they now start; and meanwhile the two scouts, Ithuriel (Search of God) and Zephon (Searcher) are to go through the Garden, exploring it.

797. "*So saying, on he led his radiant files.*" "File-marching" is marching two and two in a long string or column.

813. "*Of force to its own likeness.*" See note, I. 254.

847—849. "*saw Virtue in her shape,*" &c.: almost a literal translation, as the commentator Hume pointed out, of *Persius* iii. 35—38.

861—864. "*Now drew they nigh the western point,*" &c. Again military precision. The two subdivisions of Angels have met at the western end of Paradise as appointed, and there completed their junction into a single company again by the act known as "*closing*," i.e. side-motion by quick short steps, so as to do away with the little gap left between the two subdivisions when halted.

980. "*with ported spears.*" Another military phrase, knowledge of the exact meaning of which is absolutely necessary for an appreciation of the beauty of the whole passage. *Ported spears* are not, as the commentators have supposed, spears thrust straight out against an enemy. To "port arms," whether spears or bayonets, is to hold them aslant, butts downward to the right, and points over the left shoulder; and this is the position preparatory to the attack or "charge," which consists in bringing the weapon smartly down, with a half-wheel of the body, for firm opposition to whatever is in front of it. A body of men with spears well "ported" would present a resemblance to a field of corn-stalks blown aslant

by the wind; but the image is utterly absurd on the other fancy that the "ported spears" of the Angels were their spears thrust straight out at Satan.

996, 997. "*his golden scales*," &c. Literally here the constellation Libra, whose place in the Celestial sphere is defined.

1003. "*The sequel each of parting and of fight*": i.e. one weight represented the consequence of not fighting, the other of fighting. The balance turning decidedly to the former, Satan drew the inference, and acted accordingly (1013—1015).

BOOK V.

100—113. "*But know that in the soul are many lesser faculties*," &c. This passage is interesting as a little summary of Milton's psychology.

166, 167. "*Fairest of Stars*," &c. : i.e. the planet Venus; which is sometimes Phosphorus or the Morning Star, and sometimes Hesperus or the Evening Star.

176. "*fixed in their orb that flies*": i.e. in the eighth of the Ptolemaic orbs or spheres.

177. "*five other wandering Fires*." As Venus, the Sun, and the Moon, have already been invoked, there remain properly to be invoked only *four* of the seven wandering Fires or Planets of the old system—Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. Milton had made a slip, or he means to reintroduce Venus.

178. "*not without song*": the Music of the Spheres.

181. *in quaternion*: in fourfold combination, as Earth, Water, Air, Fire.

202—204. "*Witness if I be silent*," &c. In the Greek choruses, though many are singing, the singular pronoun is often used.

220—223. "*Raphael, the sociable Spirit, that deigned to travel with Tobias*" &c. See note, IV. 168—171. *Raphael* in Hebrew means "God's Health."

261, 262. "*the glass of Galileo*." The second mention of Galilei in the poem (see I. 288), and the third of the telescope (I. 288 and III. 590).

264—266. "*Or pilot from amidst the Cyclades Delos or Samos first appearing kens*," &c. The construction may either

be "or pilot kens Delos or Samos first appearing from amidst the Cyclades," or it may be "or pilot, coming from amidst the Cyclades, kens Delos or Samos first appearing." In either case, as Mr. Keightley has pointed out, the geography is not strictly accurate. Samos is *not* one of the Cyclades—which vitiates the first construction; Delos *is* one of the Cyclades—which vitiates the second. Milton probably intended the first construction, with an extended meaning of the term Cyclades.

272—274. "*A phoenix*," &c. The phoenix, the fabulous Arabian bird of the ancients, of which only one was alive at a time, was said to go from Arabia, every 500 years, to deposit the ashes of the preceding phoenix, its father (or, according to another legend, its own ashes), in the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis in Lower Egypt. Milton substitutes Thebes in Upper Egypt.

277—285. "*Six wings he wore*," &c. See Isaiah vi. 2.

285. "*Sky-tinctured grain*": *i.e.* of a cærulean or violet purple, as if dipped in the colours of the sky. *Grain*, now generally meaning "texture," fibre, "structure" (*e.g.* wood of a hard or close "grain"), more frequently in the old poets meant "colour"—nay, one variety of colour. *Granum*, in Latin "seed" (as in a "grain" of corn, or "grain" collectively for corn), had come to be a special designation for the red dye *coccum*, consisting of the granular or seed-like dried bodies of certain insects collected from trees in Spain and other Mediterranean countries. It was also called *kermes*, from a Persian word meaning "worm" or "insect"; whence our words *carmine* and *crimson*. From distinct "red" or "crimson," however, the word *grain* seems to have been extended to include all fast or durable colours of a red or purple order, if not other colours. Compare *Il Pens.* 33 and *P. L.* XI. 240—244; and see a detailed and interesting inquiry on the subject in Marsh's *Lectures on the English Language: First Series*. *Grain*, however, though used in our older English writers for "colour," or for "purple or red colour," was certainly also used by them sometimes in our present sense of "texture"; which is natural enough, inasmuch as "*granum*" had the sense of "small round particle" primitively and generally.

285. "*Like Maia's son he stood*": *i.e.* like the god Mercury. Compare a passage in *Hamlet*, iii. 4.

339—341. "*or middle shore in Pontus or the Punic shore, or where Alcinous reigned*": i.e. "or any of the Mediterranean regions, whether those of western Asia (represented by Pontus in Asia Minor,) or those of northern Africa (represented by the Punic or Carthaginian coast), or those of southern Europe (represented by Phæacia, afterwards Corcyra or Corfu, where Alcinous had his gardens." *Odyss.* vii.)

382. "*three that in Mount Ida,*" &c. Aphrodite or Venus, Here or Juno, and Athene or Minerva, when Paris had to decide which was the most beautiful.

415—426. "*of Elements the grosser feeds the purer,*" &c. In these few lines there is a sketch of Milton's Physics or Physiology.

469—490. "*O Adam,*" &c. Here we have a sketch, from the Archangel's mouth, of Milton's Metaphysical or rather Physico-Metaphysical system. Some have found in it a sort of Materialism, inasmuch as it makes "body up to spirit work," or represents the inorganic as ascending by gradations, "improved by tract of time," but by strict self-discipline as well, into the vegetable, the animal, the intellectual or human, and finally the Angelic. If this is to be called Materialism, however, the materialistic principle is confined by Milton within the bounds of what may be called "creation," and for this "creation" there is asserted an absolute cause and origin in Eternal Deity. Moreover, even in this limited sense,—i.e. as only maintaining the all-sufficiency of uninterrupted evolution within a material creation once originated somehow,—can any known form of Materialism be predicated of one who throughout the whole poem holds up to us *two* Creations or Worlds, the one Angelic and pre-human and the other Human, as going on parallel to each other and with interconnexions, and who makes it his business in part of the poem to tell us how the later Creation sprang into being at the fiat of Deity modifying a portion of Chaos all but instantaneously? This apart from what we know otherwise of the incessant Theism of Milton's mode of thought, the fervour of his belief in Divine and Diabolic interference in everything from moment to moment. In short, the present passage is somewhat crude and mystic, though still very Miltonic.

488. "*Discursive or Intuitive*": an old distinction with psychologists. Discursive Reason, or Understanding, they say, is that which arrives at knowledge gradually by searching,

comparing, distinguishing, &c.; Intuitive Reason is immediate insight, or perception of what *must* be true necessarily. But there is a great debate as to the validity of the distinction.

546—548. "*than when Cherubic songs*," &c. See note, IV. 680—688, with references there.

563—576. "*High matter thou enjoin'st me*," &c. See Intro. p. 46.

577. "*As yet this World was not*," &c. At this point we have the true chronological beginning of the whole poem; and from this point to the end of Book VIII. is mainly a retrospective history, in colloquy between Raphael and Adam, of events prior to the action of the poem itself as related hitherto. See Intro. pp. 27—32.

625—627. "*And in their motions harmony divine*," &c. The Pythagorean notion of "the music of the spheres," or an actual music produced by, or regulating, the motions of the heavenly orbs, was a favourite one with Milton, and often recurs in his writings.

671. "*his next subordinate*": i.e. Beelzebub.

689. "*the quarters of the North*." The poetico-theological tradition that the north parts of Heaven were the seat of the Angelic Rebellion seems to have been founded on Isaiah xiv. 12, 13.

710. "*the third part of Heaven's host*." Rev. xii. 3, 4.

766. "*The Mountain of the Congregation called*," Isaiah xiv. 13.

805. "*Abdiel*." The name means "Servant of God."

BOOK VI.

44, 45. "*Go, Michael*," &c. Rev. xii. 7, 8.

62. "*in mighty quadrate*": in cubic mass. See note, II. 512.

365—372. "*Adramelech*" ("Splendid King") is from 2 Kings xvii. 31. "*Asmadai*" is the evil spirit Asmodeus: see note, IV. 168—171. "*Ariel*" ("Lion of God") is suggested by Ezra viii. 16, and Isaiah xxix. 1; "*Arioch*" ("Lion-like") by Dan. ii. 14, where it is the name of a man. "*Ramiel*" does not occur in Scripture.

399. "*in cubic phalanx*": see above, line 62.

447. "*Nisroch*" (perhaps "Great Eagle") is from 2 Kings xix. 37.

520. "*pernicious*": i.e. destructively sensitive.
535. "*Zophiel*" ("Spy of God") is perhaps a name of Milton's invention.
552. "*in hollow cube*." See above, lines 62 and 399.
- 558—567. "*Vanguard*," &c. Observe the irony of the speech and the string of puns in it.
- 609—619. "*O friends*," &c. Irony and punning continued.
- 621—627. "*Leader*," &c. Belial's puns in this speech outdo Satan's.
685. "*as we compute the days of Heaven*." See note, IV. 449, 450.
- 750—759. "*The chariot of Paternal Deity*," &c. The description is from the first chapter of Ezekiel.
761. "*radiant Urim*." Exod. xxviii. 15—30. *Urim* means "lights" or "flashing jewels."
- 769, 770. "*And twenty thousand (I their number heard) chariots of God*." Psalm lxviii. 17.
863. "*Strook*." See note, II. 165.
871. "*Nine days they fell*": so the Titans from Heaven in the Greek legends. See note, I. 50—53.
893. "*Thus, measuring things in Heaven by things on Earth*." See V. 563—576, with note.

BOOK VII.

1—2. "*Urania*," &c. *Urania* is the "Heavenly Muse," invoked in the beginning of the poem (I. 6); but, as it is the name of one of the Greek Muses, Milton guards himself.

17—20. "*as once Bellerophon*," &c. Bellerophon, falling from his winged horse Pegasus in his attempt to reach Heaven, wandered all the rest of his life in the Aëlian fields: viz. "the Fields of Error."

32—38. "*But drive far off*," &c. The reference is to the story of the poet Orpheus, the son of the muse Calliope, who was torn to pieces by the Bacchanals in Rhodope, a mountain of Thrace. Compare *Comus* 549, 550.

131—135. "*Lucifer*," &c. *Lucifer*, meaning "Light-bringer" (in Greek "*Phosphorus*"), was the name of the morning star. The name is applied to the King of Babylon in Isaiah xiv. 12. The application of it to Satan is said to date from St. Jerome.

201. "*between two brazen mountains lodged*." Zech. vi. 1.

243, 244. "*Light, ethereal, first of things*," &c. See III. 716, with note; also the first lines of Book III. Light is not so much *created* in this passage as *invoked* into the portion of Chaos which was to contain the creation.

261—275. "*Let there be firmament*," &c. Gen. i. 6. The word "*firmament*" has been variously interpreted. Milton understands by it the whole expanse of ether or transparent space between the Earth and the Tenth Sphere or Primum Mobile; and he supposes the creative work of the second day to have been the establishing of this firmament so as to separate the previously diffused waters or watery particles of the chaotic stuff into two aggregations—those clinging to the Earth and flowing round it, and those removed to near the circumference of the Universe and forming there the Ninth or Crystalline Sphere.

325. "*gemmed*": i.e. "*put forth*," from the Latin *gemmare*, to bud or put forth blossoms.

373. "*his longitude*": i.e. path from east to west.

374, 375. "*the Pleiades*," &c. Job xxxviii. 31.

382. "*dividual*": i.e. divided or shared (Lat. *dividuis*). See note, IV. 486.

402. "*sculls*": a provincial word yet with fishermen for "*shoals*"; which word had been already used in line 400.

420. "*callow*": i.e. featherless; "*fledge*," feathered. It was an old adjective: see it before, III. 627.

421. "*summed their pens*": completed their plumage.

440. "*Her state*": perhaps merely her stately shape, but perhaps with the image of a "*state-barge*" and its white canopy.

471. "*Behemoth*": here used for Elephant, as "*Leviathan*" has just been (412) for the Whale. In Job (xl. 15, and xli. 1) the names are rather for the hippopotamus and the crocodile.

590. "*the female bee*," &c. The notion was common in Milton's time that the working bees were females.

565—567. "*Open, ye everlasting gates*," &c. Ps. xxiv. 7.

596, 597. "*organs of sweet stop*," wind instruments; "*all sounds on fret*," all sounds produced from strings by "*frets*" or divisions.

619. "*On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea*." The Angels are supposed to be looking down through Heaven's opening and beholding the new Universe as a miniature Heaven

suspended from the main one. They see it founded on the "clear hyaline," *i.e.* on the Crystalline or Ninth Sphere, which encloses it. "*Hyaline*" is the Greek word for "glassy" or "crystalline," and is used in the original of Rev. iv. 6, where our version has "of glass."

BOOK VIII.

15—178. "*When I behold this goodly frame, this World,*" &c. The discussion between Adam and Raphael in these 164 lines is of singular interest in connexion with Milton's astronomical creed. See Introd. pp. 36—41: and also IV. 592—597, and note there.

40—57. "*which Eve perceiving . . . rose,*" &c. In this passage one may discern something characteristic of Milton's ideal of woman.

81, 82. "*build, unbuild, contrive to save appearances.*" A very true description of the ingenious shifts to which the Ptolemaists had been put in order to reconcile their system, time after time, with a new set of phenomena.

82—84. "*gird the Sphere with Centric and Eccentric scribbled o'er, Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb.*" The fundamental notion of the Ptolemaists being that the motions of all the heavenly bodies were in perfect circles, they had been obliged, in order to account for many phenomena inexplicable on the first and simplest form of that supposition, to bring in two devices—the *Eccentric* and the *Epicycle*. The first consisted in the idea that, while the Earth is the centre of the Primum Mobile, and consequently of the whole mundane system, the spheres of the planets, and especially of the Sun, need not be strictly *concentric* (*i.e.* need not have the Earth strictly for their centre), but may be *eccentric* (*i.e.* may revolve round a point somewhat to the side of the Earth). The other device consisted in the idea that the body of a planet need not be strictly fixed in its *Cycle*, or the circumference of its wheeling sphere, but may move fly-like in an *Epicycle*, *i.e.* a small subsidiary circle revolving round a fixed point in that wheeling circumference. By a complicated use of these two devices, in aid of the more simple and early device of merely multiplying the mundane orbs, the Ptolemaic astronomers had "contrived to save appearances," but only by such a

dizzy intricacy of wheels *within* wheels and wheels *on* wheels as Milton describes. His language hits off very exactly the three combined devices for meeting the difficulties: (1) *Eccentric* as well as *Centric*, (2) *Epicyle* as well as *Cycle*, (3) multiplication of general *Orbs*.

128. "*In six thou seest*," i.e. in the Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn.

130. "*three different motions*." These are (1) the diurnal rotation of the Earth on her axis, (2) her annual orbit round the Sun, (3) the libration or oscillation of the axis itself. The three are exemplified in a top spinning. The spinning of the top is the first motion; the circle it describes while spinning shows the second; the varied balancing of the top all the while from a more upright to a more slant position represents the third.

133—136. "*that swift nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed*," &c. : i.e. the revolution of the Tenth Sphere or Primum Mobile. *Rhombus* is "wheel."

149. "*With their attendant Moons*." A reference to Galileo's discovery that Jupiter and Saturn have satellites.

150. "*male and female light*," i.e. direct and reflected.

209. "*Fond*": in its old sense of "foolish."

229—244. "*For I that day was absent*," &c. An extremely ingenious idea, permitting the introduction of Adam's own story of what he recollects of his creation. Raphael would gladly hear it, he says; for he had not been present on the Earth, or in the Mundane Universe at all, on that Sixth day on which Adam had been created. He, with the legion under his command, had been despatched down through the belt of Chaos underneath the Mundane Universe, with an order to guard the gates of Hell, lest any of the Rebel Spirits should emerge to interrupt the creative work. The gates were fast; but he had heard within the noise of tumult, showing that the Fiends had recovered from their stupor and were again in commotion. See note, IV. 449, 450.

246. "*Ere Sabbath evening*," i.e. not the evening of Sabbath or the Seventh day itself, but the evening of the Sixth day, before the Sabbath began.

571—573. " *Oft-times nothing profits more than self-esteem*," &c. A very Miltonic sentiment, exhibited and asserted in Milton's own life.

576. "*adorn*," adorned, from the Italian *adorno*.

631, 632. "*the Earth's green Cape and verdant Isles Hesperian*": i.e. Cape Verd and the Cape Verd Islands, west of Africa.

BOOK IX.

13—19. "*argument not less but more heroic than*," &c. Milton here claims superiority for his theme over the themes of the three greatest Epics of the world till then—the *Iliad*, which sings of the "wrath of Achilles," and one of the incidents of which is the pursuit of Hector by Achilles round the walls of Troy; the *Æneid*, in which is related the anger of Turnus on account of the promise of Lavinia to Æneas, and much of the plot of which turns on the hostility of Juno to Æneas, as the son of Venus (Cytherea); the *Odyssey*, the hero of which, Ulysses, is persecuted by Neptune.

21. "*my celestial Patroness*"; i.e. Urania. See VII. 1, 2, and note.

26. "*long choosing, and beginning late*." The subject of *Paradise Lost* had first occurred to him about 1640; but "long choosing" among other subjects had followed; and not till 1658, when he was fifty years of age, had he seriously begun. See Memoir, p. xviii. and p. lxi., and Introd. pp.

15—21.

35. "*Impresses*" (Italian *impresa*), devices or emblems used on shields or otherwise.

36. "*Bases*," kilts or lower garments.

38. "*sewers*," those who ushered in the meals and arranged them on the table; "*seneshals*," house-stewards.

60—61. "*Since Uriel*," &c. Book IV. 555—575.

64—66. "*thrice the equinoctial line he circled*," &c. Of the seven days during which Satan had gone round and round the Earth, always keeping on its dark side, three had been spent in moving from east to west along the equator, and four in moving from pole to pole, or from north to south and back; and in this second way he would "traverse" (go along) the two great circles from the poles called specially "*the colures*": viz. the Equinoctial colure and the Solstitial colure.

69—73. "*There was a place . . . where Tigris*," &c. See IV. 223—246, and note there.

76—82. "*Sea he had searched and land*," &c. The Fiend, on leaving Eden (IV. 1015), had gone northward over the

Pontus Euxinus or Black Sea, and the Palus Mæotis or Sea of Azof, and still northward as far as the Siberian river Ob, which flows into the Arctic Sea; whence, continuing round the pole and descending on the other side of the globe, he had gone southwards as far as the Antarctic pole. So much for his travels north and south. In "*length*," i.e. in longitude, his journeys had extended from the Syrian river Orontes, west of Eden, to the Isthmus of Darien, and so still west, completing the round of the globe equatorially to India on the east of Eden. Observe Milton's accuracy in putting the Ganges before the Indus. In the circuit described Satan would come on the Ganges first.

387. "*Oread*," mountain nymph; "*Dryad*," nymph of the oak-groves; "*Delia's*," Diana's.

393—396. "*Palus*," the goddess of pastures; "*Pomona*," the goddess of orchards; "*Vertumnus*," the god of the changing seasons; "*Ceres*," the goddess of husbandry, and mother of "*Proserpina*." The splendid boldness of the expression "*yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove*" for "not yet mother of Proserpina" has irritated some critics. "What a monster of a phrase!" said Bentley, attributing it to the careless amanuensis.

439—443. "*those gardens feigned*," &c. The commentator Pearce cites a passage from Pliny's Natural History in which he speaks of the gardens of the Hesperides and those of Adonis and Alcinous as among the wonders of the world. The "gardens of Adonis," however, are said to have been originally but the pots of herbs and flowers which were carried by the women in the yearly festivals in honour of the restoration of Adonis by Proserpina after he had been killed by the wild boar. But they are real gardens in the allusions and descriptions of poets (e.g. Spenser, *F. Q.* III. vi., and *Comus* 998). The gardens of Alcinous, the King of the Phæacians, who entertained Ulysses, are described in the seventh book of the *Odyssey*. "*Not mystic*," says Milton, i.e. "not mythical," were the gardens of Solomon (Song of S. vi. 2), where he dallied with his Egyptian wife, Pharaoh's daughter.

504—510. "*never since of serpent kind lovelier*," &c. First among celebrated serpents Milton mentions "*those that in Illyria changed*," (i.e. became the substitutes for) "*Hermione and Cadmus*": the story being that Cadmus and his wife

(generally called *Harmonia*) prayed the Gods in their old age to be relieved from life, and were changed into serpents. Next is mentioned the serpent in whose shape the god Æsculapius went from Epidaurus to Rome, when a plague was raging in that city. The last mentioned are those into which Jupiter Ammon and Jupiter Capitolinus were respectively transformed, the first when he visited Olympias, the mother of Alexander the Great, the second when he visited the mother of Scipio Africanus. Jupiter was the fabled father of both these heroes.

522. "*Than at Circean call the herd disguis'd,*" i.e. than the mortals transformed into beasts by the enchantments of Circe were at *her* call.

624. "*beareth.*" So in Milton's own texts, and not *birth*. By the peculiar form of the word he intensifies the meaning.

634—640. "*a wandering fire,*" &c. The *Ignis Fatuus* or "Will of the Wisp;" in his account of the cause of which phenomenon Milton follows the science of his time.

781. "*she eat.*" So in original texts: not *ate*, which is now the authorized preterite.

792. "*And knew not eating death.*" A Greek idiom, used also in Latin.

1059—1062. "*So rose the Danite strong,*" &c. See Judges xiii. 2, 25, and xvi. Observe the pronunciation Dalilah. So in *Sams. Ag.* 229, 724, 1072.

1064. "*strucken.*" See note, II. 165.

1102—1110. "*But such as, at this day, to Indians known, in Malabar or Decan,*" &c. The tree, according to Milton here, was not the common fig-tree, but the Indian fig-tree, so first called by the Portuguese from the resemblance of its fruit, though not eatable, to figs. The leaves of this tree, however, are not "broad as Amazonian targe," but actually small. Warton points out that Milton in the whole passage must have had in view a description of the Banyan-tree given in Gerard's Herbal under the heading "*Of the arched Indian fig-tree.*"

1115—1118. "*Such of late Columbus found the American,*" &c. The first natives of America encountered by Columbus (1492) were totally naked; but he afterwards came upon tribes dressed with cinctures of feathers, as in the text.

BOOK X.

184—191. "*Satb. Satan fall like lightning,*" &c. The early commentator Hume pointed out the coagulation in this passage of these texts—Luke x. 18, Eph. ii. 22, Col. iii. 15, Ps. lxxviii. 18, Rom. xvi. 20.

229—271. "*Meanwhile . . . within the gates of Hell sat Sin and Death,*" &c. The story of the poem here reverts to Sin and Death, who had been left inside the gates of Hell when Satan passed through into Chaos to discover the New World, II. 889. By some secret physical sympathy, Sin, sitting at those now open gates, had become aware of Satan's success in his enterprise far overhead, and of the Fall of Man. She proposes, therefore, to Death to construct a causeway, bridge, or pathway, from Hell-gates across Chaos to the New World, so that the communication may henceforth be easier, and the inhabitants of Hell may pass at their pleasure between Hell and the upper World now added to its domain.

279. "*the grim Feature,*" *i.e.* figure or form. (Italian, *fattura*: English, *manufacture*.)

282—311. "*Then both, from out Hell-gates,*" &c. The building of the prodigious bridge is here described, with these comparisons:—The gathering out of Chaos of the solid or slimy matter that was to form the pier or commencement of the bridge at Hell's gate, and the driving or pushing of the same thither from opposite sides by Sin and Death, were as when two winds from opposite quarters on the "*Cronian Sea*" (*i.e.* the Arctic Sea, from Kronos, or Saturn) drive together icebergs, so as to stop "*the imagined way*" (*i.e.* the suspected north-east passage) "*beyond Petsora*" (a gulf on the extreme north-east of the present European Russia) "*to the Cuthaian coast*" (*i.e.* to China). The cementing or fixing of the aggregated soil by Death's mace was like the fixing of the floating island of Delos by Zeus; and Death's very look assisted in the work by binding the mass with "*Gorgonian rigour*" (*i.e.* a stiffness like that produced by the look of the Gorgon, which turned people into stone). The famous bridge of Xerxes over the Hellespont when he came from "*Susa, his Memnonian palace*" (Susa, the residence of the Persian kings, is called Memnonia by Herodotus), bent on the invasion of Europe, was nothing to this.

312—324. "*Now had they brought,*" &c. This passage,

describing the completion of the bridge, is not unimportant. The bridge, it seems, not only followed the track which Satan had taken across Chaos, but it terminated, in adamantine fastenings, exactly at that spot ("*the self-same place*") on the bare outside shell or Primum Mobile of the Cosmos where Satan had alighted after his toilsome flight, *i.e.* on its upper boss, near the orifice where the Cosmos was suspended from the Empyrean (see notes, II. 1034—1042, and III. 427—429, 444—497, 498—539). If the reader, then, will take the diagram in p. 32 of the Introduction, and draw with pen or pencil a curved line, from the middle of what is there the arched roof of Hell, upwards on the left hand into the angle made by the equatorial line and the circumference of the little circle representing the Cosmos, that line will mark the track of the bridge built by Sin and Death. The somewhat obscure five lines 320—324 will then be perfectly intelligible; for it will then be seen how "*in little space the confines met of Empyrean Heaven and of this World, and on the left hand Hell with long reach interposed*" (Better, I now think, remove the comma after "*Hell*," so as to make "*interposed*" the past indicative active, instead of the past participle passive; but it is not essential). But what are "*the three several ways*" leading "*in sight to each of these three places*"? The bridge itself is one of them, leading to Hell; the mystic stair, or golden passage of communication, up from the orifice into the Empyrean, described at III. 501—522, is another; and the downward shaft into the Cosmos from the same orifice right to Earth, described in the continuation of that passage (III. 523—539), is the third.

327—330. "*Satan . . . betwixt the Centaur,*" &c. The meaning is that Satan, in his ascent from Earth to the opening of the Mundus at its zenith, on his way back to Hell, steered between the constellations Sagittarius and Scorpio, thus keeping a good way from the Sun rising in Aries.

348. "*pontifice*," *i.e.* bridge: a word apparently of Milton's coining, in recollection of the fact that *pontifex*, one of the Latin designations for "priest," meant originally "bridge-maker." See the adjective "*pontifical*" in the same sense, line 313.

351. "*stupendious*." So in the original texts. The form, now a vulgarity, was once good English.

381. "*His quadrature*." Milton has already said of the

figure of Heaven, as seen from underneath, that it was "undetermined square or round" (II. 1048 and note there); and, though in the main the fancy of sphericity has served, he here again suggests the alternative of the cubic form. As Hume supposed, he may have had in mind Rev. xxi. 16, where the new Jerusalem is described as "four-square;" and Hume also quotes a passage from the mathematician Gassendi (1592—1655) in which he speaks of the notion that the Empyrean Heaven is externally of "a quadrated form." Milton may have passingly favoured the fancy to distinguish more strongly for a moment the Empyrean from the "*orbicular World*" underneath it, *i.e.* Man's Cosmos.

425, 426. "*Lucifer*," &c. See note, VII. 131—135.

427. "*the Grand*": the grandees or chiefs, as distinct from the general body.

431—436. "*As when the Tartar*," &c. Images drawn from the recent history of the East. "*Astracan*" is the country north of the Caspian, over which a Tartar host, repulsed by the Russians, might retreat on their way back to Asia; and again, if the *Bactrian Sophi* (*i.e.* the Shah of Persia, of which the ancient Bactria was a part, and the ruling dynasty of which from 1502 to and beyond Milton's time was that of the Sofis or Sooffees) were retreating from before the crescent standards of the Turks to his capital *Tauris* (Tabreez) or to *Casbeen* (Kasveen) farther inland, he would leave waste the country between himself and *the realm of Aladule* (*i.e.* Greater Armenia, the last king of which before its conquest by the Turks was named Aladule). These recollections of maps by a blind man are surprising. See *Intro.* p. 23.

524—526. "*Scorpion, and Asp*," &c. Most of the names here for different kinds of serpents occur, Hume pointed out, in a passage in Lucan (*Phars.* ix. 700 *et seq.*).

526—528. "*the soil bedropt with blood of Gorgon*": *i.e.* Libya, when Perseus carried the Gorgon Medusa's head through the air to Ethiopia, and the bloody drops made the serpents with which Libya swarms. *Ophiusa* or *Colubrasia* (both names meaning "Snake Island") is now Formentara, south of Iviza.

529. "*Dragon*." Rev. xii. 9.

531. "*Huꝑe Python*": *i.e.* the Serpent bred out of the slime of Deucalion's Flood, and slain by Apollo.

560. "*Megara*": one of the Furies, who had serpents for hair.

561—570. "*like that which grew*," &c. The story of the Dead Sea apples, or apples of Sodom, fair outside, but full of ashes within, had its origin in the fact that there is in that region an apple-like fruit which explodes on pressure.

580—584. "*And fabled how the Serpent*," &c. In one of the Greek theogonies *Ophion* (which word implies "Serpent") and *Eurynome* ("the wide-ruling") were the primeval god and goddess, superseded by Kronos and Rhea (called otherwise *Saturn* and *Ops*), who again were dispossessed by Jupiter, called *Dictæan* because he was brought up on the Cretan mountain Dictæ. Milton treats the myth of Ophion and Eurynome as a tradition of the story of the Serpent and Eve kept up among the Heathen by the Devils themselves.

657. "*to the other five*": i.e. to Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn.

658—661. "*Their planetary motions and aspects, in sextile*," &c. The phrases are all taken exactly from the old Astrology, which recognised five *aspects* of the planets, each having its peculiar kind of influence on events—*conjunction* or *synod*, *sextile*, *square*, *trine*, and *opposition*.

668—678. "*Some say*," &c. It is poetically assumed here that before the Fall the ecliptic or Sun's path was in the same plane as the Earth's equator, and that the present obliquity of the two planes, or their intersection at an angle of $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, was a modification of the physical Universe for the worse, consequent on the Fall. There were two ways in which the alteration might have been produced; and Milton states both. Either the axis of the Earth might have been pushed askance the required distance; or the Sun himself might have been compelled to deviate the required distance ("*like distant breadth*") from his former path. To indicate what the second would amount to, Milton follows the Sun in the imagined deviation. First he traces him in his ascent north from the equatorial road, through the constellations Taurus and Gemini (in the neck of the former of which are the Pleiades, called "*the Seven Atlantic Sisters*," as being the daughters of Atlas, while the Gemini are "*the Spartan Twins*," as representing Castor and Pollux, the Spartan Brothers), and so up to his extreme northern distance from the equator at the Crab in the Tropic of Cancer; then he

descends with him again, by Leo and Virgo, till he retouches the equator at Libra or the Scales, merely suggesting the equal vagary southwards beyond the equator as far as the Tropic of Capricorn.

685—687. "*which had forbid the snow from cold Estotiland*": i.e. would have prevented the snow from coming so far from the north pole as to Estotiland (an old name for the part of North America east of Hudson's Bay); "*and south as far beneath Magellan*": i.e. and kept the snow from as great an extent of the Earth towards the south pole.

688. "*Thyestean banquet*." Atreus, king of Argos, served up to his brother Thyestes at a banquet the flesh of Thyestes's own sons; at which horror the Sun turned out of his course.

695—706. "*Norumbega*," in old maps, is the part of the coast of the present United States nearest to Canada. "*The Samoed shore*" is the Siberian shore north-east of Russia. From these northern regions blow the cold north winds, viz. *Boreas* (N.), *Cæcias* (N.E.), *Argestes* (N.W.), and *Thrascias* (N.N.W.). The south winds that encounter them are *Notus* (S.) and *Afer* (S.W.), rushing from Sierra Leone and other parts of Africa; and the hubbub is increased by the crossing of the Levant ("rising" or eastern) and Ponent ("setting" or western) winds: viz. *Eurus* (E.) and *Zephyr* (W.), *Sirocco* (S.E.) and *Libeccio* (S.W.). The names, the studied music of which delighted Milton, are partly classical, partly Italian.

741. "*Heavy, though in their place*": i.e. though at their proper centre or resting-place, where they ought to have no weight.

806—808. "*By which all causes*," &c. This was a famous aphorism of the scholastic philosophy, and is the same as the so-called doctrine of "The Relativity of Knowledge," which declares that things or causes are not known absolutely as they themselves are, but only according to the nature and powers of the minds or sentencies receiving impressions from them.

872, 873. "*pretended to hellish falsehood*": i.e. stretched in front of hellish falsehood, so as to mask it.

1073. "*attrite*," by rubbing or attrition.

1075. "*Tine*": i.e. light or kindle; an old word, conserved in *tinder*.

BOOK XI.

10—14. "*the ancient pair*," &c. In the classic legend Deucalion and Pyrrha, the survivors from the primeval Deluge, consult the oracle of Themis as to the means of restoring the human race.

15. "*nor missed the way*," &c. A reference to III. 444 *et seq.*, where the Limbo of Fools is described. See particularly line 487 in that passage.

128, 129. "*Four faces each*," &c. Ezek. x. 12—14.

131—133. "*Argus*," &c. The "*Arcadian pipe*" is the shepherd's pipe with which Hermes or Mercury charmed to sleep the hundred-eyed Argus, employed by Juno to watch Io; the "*opiate rod*" is the caduceus or wand of the same Mercury, which had the power of sending to sleep.

135. "*Leucothea*": the "Bright Goddess" of the Greeks, identified by the Romans with their *Matutina* or Morning Goddess.

185. "*the bird of Jove*": the eagle.

205. "*yon western cloud*." This implies that Michael approached Paradise on its western side; which is the more fit, as Mr. Keightley noted, because he was to expel Adam and Eve at the opposite side.

213—220. "*Not that . . . Mahanaim . . . Dothan*," &c. Gen. xxxii. 1, 2, and 2 Kings vi. 13—17.

242, 243. "*Melibæan*," from Melibœa in Thessaly, "*or the grain of Sarra*," i.e. the purple of Tyre, called *Sar* after the name of the shell-fish that yielded it. See note, V. 285.

377. "*In the visions of God*," Ezek. xl. 2.

385—411. "*His eye might there command*," &c. In this splendid geographical survey there is a certain order:—In lines 387—395 the eye sweeps over ASIA. It begins with the region there which was called Tartary in Milton's time (now divided between the Russian and Chinese empires), singling out the site of Genghis Khan's future capital of *Cambalu* in Cathay, and that of Tamerlane's future camp at *Samarcand* north of the Oxus; thence it stretches to China, represented by *Pagun* or *Pekin*; thence it returns by the Indian south, selecting *Agra* and *Lahore*, celebrated cities of the Mogul monarchs, and glancing at the East Indies as far as the *Golden Chersonese* or peninsula of Malacca: and it

concludes with a glance at the west of the continent, noting Persia with its successive capitals of *Ecbatana* and *Ispahan*, Russia or *Moscovia* (reputed to belong to Asia) with its capital *Moscow*, and Turkey with its capital *Byzantium* or Constantinople. AFRICA comes next, in lines 396—404. Here first we have Abyssinia, the Emperor of which is called "Negus" in the native Ethiopic, and the northernmost part of which on the Red Sea is *Ercoco* (Arkecko); then are seen the smaller maritime kingdoms of the east coast—*Mombaza*, *Quiloa*, *Melinda*, and *Sofala*; then the Cape is rounded, and we come to *Congo* and *Angola*, kingdoms on the west coast; and thence, by the Niger, we reach *Mount Atlas*, with the Barbary States of northern Africa, once included in the dominions of Al-Mansur (the second of the Abbaside Khalifs)—towns or divisions of which are *Fez*, *Sus*, *Morocco*, *Algiers*, and *Tremisen*. EUROPE is dismissed rapidly in lines 405, 406, with but a look at *Rome*. Lines 406—411 range to AMERICA, foreseeing *Mexico* (the capital of Montezuma, who was conquered by Cortes), *Cusco* in Peru (the last native ruler of which was Atabalipa, conquered by Pizarro), and that great city in Guiana which the Spaniards (called "Geryon's sons," after Geryon, a legendary Spanish king) longed to reach and named *El Dorado*.—The whole passage, besides illustrating the strength of Milton's geographical memory, is another illustration also of his art in the music of proper names.

486. "*moon-struck*." So here, and not *moon-strook*, though *strook* is Milton's favourite form (note, II. 165), and we had "*planet-strook*" a little while ago (X. 413). The reason is obvious. The sound *strook* would not do in conjunction with the sound *moon*.

487. "*Marasmus*": consumption.

632—633. "*Man's woe . . . from Woman*." Is this an intended play upon the words?

665. "*Of middle age one rising*." Enoch, represented as 365 years old at the time of his translation, not half the age attributed to the oldest patriarchs. See Gen. v. 24 and Jude 14, referred to also in line 700.

729—753. "*Began to build a vessel*," &c. Gen. vi. and vii.; but Milton has inserted recollections of descriptions of the Flood in Ovid (*Met.* i.) and other poets.

829—835. "*Then shall this Mount*," &c. Adopting the

opinion that Paradise was obliterated by the Flood, Milton here disposes of it very poetically. It was swept down "*the great river*," i.e. the Euphrates, to the Persian Gulf, where it took root as a miserable Island. See IX. 69—73, and note, IV. 223—246.

866. "*listad*," striped.

BOOK XII.

24—37. "*till one shall rise*," &c. : i.e. Nimrod. See Gen. x. 8—10.

38—62. "*He, with a crew*," &c. Gen. xi. 1—9. Commentators find no authority in the Bible for connecting Nimrod with the building of the Tower of Babel.

85. "*dividual*" : separate or separable. See notes, IV. 486 and VII. 382.

117—120. "*While yet the patriarch lived who*," &c. In the Biblical chronology Noah survives the Flood 350 years, and Terah, Abraham's father, was born 222 years after it.

131—146. Texts used in this passage are Gen. xi. 31, 32, Acts vii. 4, Gen. xii. 4—7, Numb. xxxiv. 3—12, Deut. iii. 8, 9.

152. "*faithful Abraham*," &c. Gen. xvii. 5, and Gal. iii. 9.

283—306. "*So many laws argue*," &c. Bishop Newton writes thus :—"Compare the following texts with the poet—Gal. iii. 19, Rom. vii. 7, 8, Heb. ix. 13, 14, Heb. x. 4, 5, Rom. iv. 22—24, Rom. v. 1, Heb. vii. 18, 19, Heb. x. 1, Gal. iii. 11, 12, 23, Gal. iv. 7, Rom. viii. 15. Milton has here, in a few verses, admirably summed up the sense and argument of these and more texts of Scripture." Most of the texts had been traced by the first commentator, Patrick Hume ; to the results of whose assiduity in this kind of comment on the poem throughout subsequent critics have added little. In all parts of the poem the reference to texts of Scripture is frequent ; but in the rest of this last Book it is incessant.

348—350. "*Returned from Babylon by leave of kings*," &c. B.C. 536. The kings meant are Cyrus, Darius, and Artaxerxes. See Book of Ezra.

353—358. "*But first among the priests*," &c. The events of later Jewish history so hurriedly skimmed in this passage

are as follows :—In consequence of a struggle for the high-priesthood between two rivals, Antiochus Epiphanes, king of Syria, was able to come to Jerusalem, where he plundered and polluted the Temple, and put the Maccabees to death (B.C. 173); the kingly power and the high-priesthood were united in Aristobulus, eldest son of the high-priest John Hyrcanus (B.C. 107); and the native dynasty was abolished by Pompey (B.C. 61), who appointed Antipater, the Idumæan, to the government. Antipater's son Herod, in whose reign Christ was born, became King of Judæa B.C. 38.

635. "*adust*," scorched, burnt (Lat. *adustus*).

636—639. "*whereat in either hand the Angel*," &c. Milton recollected here, as Addison pointed out, the behaviour of the Angels to Lot and his family (Gen. xix. 16).

648, 649. Addison thought that the poem would have ended better without these two lines: viz. with the words "*and Providence their guide*," line 647. Milton thought otherwise, and has left us this last sight of Adam and Eve after they came down from Paradise :—

"They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way."

END OF VOL. I.

